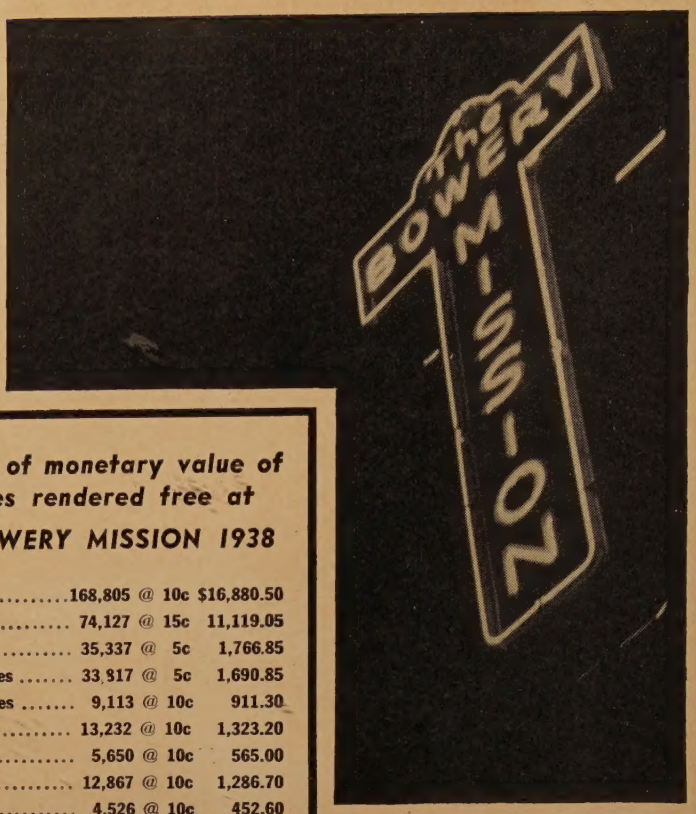
nuary
939

# CHRISTIAN HERALD

E3
S.F.T.S
LIBRARY
SAN FRANCISCO
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
Alcove
Case
Shelf

25¢ MORE THAN 20 FEATURES STORIES AND ARTICLES

Library of San Francisco
Theological Seminary
San Anselmo Calif
11/38-40 /2441/ 2177




**Estimate of monetary value of services rendered free at THE BOWERY MISSION 1938**

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Meals | 168,805 | @ 10c | $16,880.50 |
| Beds | 74,127 | @ 15c | 11,119.05 |
| Shaves | 35,337 | @ 5c | 1,766.85 |
| Washing Clothes | 33,917 | @ 5c | 1,690.85 |
| Mending Clothes | 9,113 | @ 10c | 911.30 |
| Baths | 13,232 | @ 10c | 1,323.20 |
| Shoe Repairs | 5,650 | @ 10c | 565.00 |
| Fumigations | 12,867 | @ 10c | 1,286.70 |
| Hair Cuts | 4,526 | @ 10c | 452.60 |
| Jobs Given | 10,206 | ? | |
| Letters, Stamps, etc. | 3,473 | @ 4c | 138.92 |
| Overcoats Stored | 354 | ? | |
| Clothes Given Away—Pieces | 11,879 | ? | |

**139,157 attended 524 religious services in the Chapel**

*As a Beacon Light guides ships on their way,*
*So the Mission Light guides men gone astray.*

# *Thank God* For Friends:

SITTING in the rear of the Mission Chapel the other evening, unknown and I think unseen, I felt sweep over me a great sadness for these men of the Bowery. No church congregation could have listened more closely to the treasured words coming from the speaker's lips; no group of men could have put into their singing more pathos and pleasure than did these men of mischance. As I listened to the testimonials of tragedy and of salvation, I wished the Chapel might hold four times the number of its present congregation. Men saved from the horrors of drink; men clutched from the ruin of despair; cured dope fiends,—all saved through Christ and now trying to tell their less fortunate brothers what He can do for them.

Were it possible to send these living proofs of God's power to talk before all the church congregations of the country, your Bowery Mission would not find its funds limited, its Chapel too small to accommodate willing listeners. Nor would we ever again hear the excuse that there was too much to do at home. You would know that these men are your own people whether they come from your state or your neighboring state.

Have you ever wondered how homeless men kept their bodies clean? What they did when their clothes were torn and dirty? What they did about shaving? About haircuts? I went to the Bowery Mission early one morning and saw men bathing their bodies, washing their clothes, shaving and getting haircuts. I saw a man mending wornout shoes, another one mending a tear in his coat. I saw a long line of men with clothes in hand waiting their turn at the wash tubs.

I saw men come into the Mission looking dirty and tired; I saw them leave the Mission with a new expression on their faces and I did not recognize them because of what a bath, a shave and clean clothes can do for a man without a home. I left the Mission thanking God for the friends of men in distress who made it possible for them to stay human.

**TO HIS FOLLOWERS WE SAY: LET THE BOWERY MISSION BE YOUR CHARITY AND SHARE IN YOUR TITHE. Help us reach church people for it is only from HIS followers that we can expect support. DROP A POSTAL addressed to the Bowery Mission, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City and ask us to send our attractive booklet to you and a list of your friends.**

# "All my life I have waited FOR THIS KIND OF BIBLE..."

HOW often, reading a review, have you made the mental observation: *"There's* a book I want to read and own,"—and then have done nothing about it! The Book-of-the-Month Club is solving that problem for over 175,000 perspicacious book-reading families.

One of its features, in particular, that all book-readers should know about is its book-dividend system. Over $2,500,000 worth of books were distributed free last year—not sold, mind you!—among the Club's members. As a member, you would get a free book—of the type shown at the right—*for every two books-of-the-month you decide to buy.*

Time and again you may have observed that the book-of-the-month chosen by our judges is of the very sort mentioned above—those indispensable new books one "must" read! When this is so, obviously it is of great advantage to be able to buy them from the Club, since they cost you no more—frequently less!—and since you get one of these book-dividends with every two such books you buy.

But, you may ask—would you not also have to buy from the Club some books you did *not* want for a highly selective library? Not at all. As a member, you can always do one of three things in any month: order the book-of-the-month; order any other book you prefer; or specify that none at all be sent to you. As a member of the Club, you pay no dues nor any fixed yearly sum: you merely pay for each book as you get it. Send the coupon below for full information.

*As a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club*

**YOU COULD HAVE RECEIVED ALL THESE BOOKS *Free***

BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS
*Edited by Christopher Morley and Louella D. Everett*
THE ARTS, *by Hendrik Willem van Loon*
JOSEPH IN EGYPT, (2 volumes), *by Thomas Mann*
THE LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON
*by Marquis James*
MADAME CURIE, *by Eve Curie*
THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE, *H. L. Mencken*
THE FAMILY MARK TWAIN
MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND AND THE ISLES, *by Stefan Zweig*
STORIES OF THREE DECADES, *Thomas Mann*
THE NILE, *by Emil Ludwig*
THE BIBLE: *Designed to be Read as Living Literature*
SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM, *T. E. Lawrence*

The retail price of the above books averaged over $4.00. There are many others—these are only examples. If you become a member of the Club you will receive a book like these free, with every two books-of-the-month you purchase.

A **FREE** COPY...TO NEW MEMBERS

# THE BIBLE

*Designed to be read as Living Literature • Retail Price $3.75*

THIS is the matchless King James Version, but with a difference. Time and again throughout your life you have promised to give yourself the final enjoyment of "really reading the Bible." Yet, somehow you have never done so. This is common experience among intelligent readers, and it is an enigma. A comment typical of hundreds, about this new Bible, is that of Dorothy Canfield: "The Bible has been printed for the first time like the great masterpiece of literature it is; as poetry when it is poetry; as drama, when it is that; as story when it is plain narrative. You cannot imagine the difference this makes, how readable the Great Book suddenly seems, how the meaning and balance and beauty of the familiar words stand out."

This volume was one of the book-dividends distributed by the Book-of-the-Month Club. If you decide to subscribe, after reading the booklet we shall send you, which describes how the Club operates, we shall send you this first book, free.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB Inc. A61
385 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

PLEASE send me, without cost, a booklet outlining how the Book-of-the-Month Club operates. This request involves me in no obligation to subscribe to your service. It is understood that if I decide to join I will receive a free copy of THE BIBLE.

*Name* Mr. / Mrs. / Miss .....

*Address* .....

*City* ..... *State* .....

Books shipped to Canadian members, DUTY PAID, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada) Ltd.

# Just Between OURSELVES

WHERE READERS AND EDITORS MEET TO EXCHANGE IDEAS AND TALK OVER THEIR PROBLEMS

Courtesy Methodist Book Concern

## A Real Pooch

Williams Bay, Wisconsin

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

Is it possible your art editor does not know what a "pooch" looks like? That nice little snooty dog on page 24 of your November issue is *no pooch.*

For five years we owned and loved the pooch Mr. Maxwell's poem describes. (Mr. Maxwell doesn't know this, but it's *our dog* he described.)

Enclosed is a picture of a real pooch, just for the enlightenment of the person who put the little aristocrat at the top of Mr. Maxwell's poem.

Sincerely yours,
Armilda B. Keiser

Our apologies. Mr. Maxwell told us he was an authority on "pooches" and we believed him, but once again our faith was evidently misplaced. —Editor

## Sixty Years Behind

Arthur, Ontario

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

From the days of my youth I have read *Christian Herald,* but during the last five years I have scarcely seen a copy. Picking up a copy of the October issue in a minister's study, I read it eagerly. I had not gone far when I ran across a cartoon on page 7—showing the "bad apple" of Communist influence. . . . Then over on page 38 I ran across half a page given to an address given by Mr. Joseph Cook in New York City, "The Infidel Attack on Property."

There is no God like property, and *Christian Herald* is its prophet.

Sincerely yours,
W. E. S. James

The article referred to, and all the other comments in that section of our October issue, were reprinted from the *Christian Herald* of *sixty years ago.*—Editor

## "Naive Eulogy?"

Brooklyn, New York

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

On page 16 of your November issue is a naive eulogy of the state of Nebraska and its economy program. Let me refer you to the "Survey Graphic" of October, 1938, and its leading article, "Stains on America's White Spot." It is a factual, first-hand survey, and not a blah article in the style of a tourist bulleting or a Chamber of Commerce Blurb. . . .

Faithfully,
David M. Cory

We're afraid Dr. Cory did not read the article very carefully. It is no eulogy of Nebraska, but rather a commendation of a man who has adopted the most effective means possible to prevent wasteful public expenditures. It is also a first-hand article, prepared on the ground. We wonder if the taxpayers of Nebraska consider it a "blah"?—Editor

## A Go-to-Church Sunday

Salem, Ohio

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

In your November issue of *Christian Herald* there was an article "Let's Ask Them To Come" by Alex F. Osborn. After reading it carefully, I decided to follow his suggestion for a city-wide Go-to-church Sunday and I thought you might be interested in the results. At a meeting of our Ministerial Association late in October, the plans for A City-wide Go-to-Church Sunday were discussed and the date was set for Sunday, November 20. Our committees started to work immediately. All civic clubs, culture clubs, The Business Men's Association, the Manufacturer's Association, some fraternal groups, the City Council, the Mayor, the Scouts, and all of the churches united in helping to promote plans for the day. The local newspaper and several printing offices helped us with a fine publicity campaign. When the time arrived all of the churches in our city were crowded and a careful check of the attendance revealed that it was doubled for the Sunday morning service. Many were present for worship that morning who had not been to church for many years, and a registration during the service has given us many new prospects for church membership. A careful estimate of the morning worship attendance led to the conclusion that it was higher than has ever been known in the history of Salem.

I want to thank you for your article. With warm regards and best wishes, I remain

Very sincerely yours,
S. Talmage Magann
President of Salem
Ministerial Association

We'll venture the opinion that the people of Salem, Ohio are not starting conversation these days with "The trouble with the church is etc. etc."—The Editor

*Table of Contents will be found on last page hereafter.*

## They Will Be in Hereafter

Laurens, S. C.

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

I have enjoyed so much the "Daily Meditations for the Quiet Hour," in *Christian Herald.* It has been so convenient to turn to that page, and right before me is the date, and the day of the week. I was so disappointed, therefore, in the November number to find only the date given and not the day of the week. So now I must constantly refer to the calendar. Would it be asking too much to beg you to put the day of the week along with the date of each Meditation?

Sincerely,
Mrs. R. Mace Langston

Thank you, Mrs. Langston, for calling our attention to this inconvenience. The days of the week have gone back in.—Editor

Editor, Christian Herald,

New York, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

You may be interested in the enclosed picture (shown above). This board was inspired by Mr. Osborn's article "Let's ask them to come."

Norman Vincent Peale, Pastor

# From Horace the Second . . to Horace the First— some very good advice about Ipana and Massage

***Never let "Pink Tooth Brush" threaten your smile— Help guard your gums with Ipana and Massage.***

DAD'S MARVELOUS! Gee whiz, he does fractions as easy as teacher. But there was one lesson dad didn't know—he'd never even heard about "pink tooth brush"—about the importance of gum massage to sound teeth and firm, healthy gums.

But dad knows all about gum massage now—and mother does, too—and their smiles are brighter! And the credit goes to Horace, Jr.—and to his teacher. For nowadays, in so many schools, children are being taught that *gums* as well as teeth need special care.

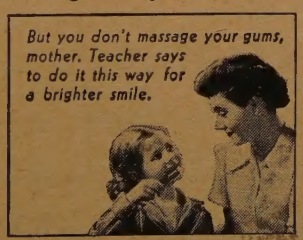
For, robbed of vigorous chewing by our modern soft and creamy foods, gums tend to become weak and sensitive—and, all too often, flash that warning of trouble, a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

If your tooth brush "shows pink," *see your dentist.* You may not be in for serious trouble, but let your dentist decide. So often, though, his verdict is, "just another case of lazy gums—gums that need more work and exercise." And, like so many modern dentists, he may suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

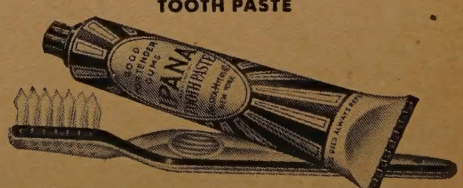
For Ipana is especially designed not only to keep teeth sparkling but, with massage, to aid the health of the gums as well. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana Tooth Paste into your gums. Circulation increases in the gums. They tend to become firmer, healthier. Teeth sparkle with a new cleanness and lustre.

Get a tube of economical Ipana at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you, as it has thousands of other men and women, to brighter teeth and firmer, healthier gums—a brilliant attractive smile.

**Let Ipana and Massage be your way to a Brighter Smile!**



**Ipana**
**TOOTH PASTE**




**Get the new D.D. Tooth Brush** —*The brush with the* TWISTED HANDLE (*see above*). *Designed with the aid of 1000 dentists to clean teeth clean and make gum massage easy.*

# This Book Was Printed for YOU

Here is the Ask Me Another of the Bible. Packed with 2119 questions and answers—a storehouse of helpfulness, information, entertainment for those who love the Scriptures and want to know them better. Easy to use, convenient arrangement. All questions and answers numbered to correspond.

## A BOOK FOR EVERY CHRISTIAN

The Bible Treasure Book is for pastors, S. S. teachers, superintendents, missionaries, church workers. A great *gift* for the *lonely*, the *bedridden*. Strictly undenominational, no personal opinions—an encyclopedia of facts about Bible characters, occurrences, cities, rivers, trees, plants, gems, Bible women, Old and New Testament miracles; too much to describe.

## A COMMENT THAT COUNTS

Says Dr. Albert Linn Lawson, in September *Christian Herald*, "This volume would afford many hours of entertainment to whole families, evenings, *and will be sure to increase your knowledge of The Book, and deepen your respect for its infinite range, covering the whole field of human history and endeavor.*"

## ORDER THIS FINE BOOK

today. Keep it a week and study it. Then, if you think it isn't worth more to you than the price of $2.50, return it in good condition and get your money back without argument. But you'll like it—everybody does. Mailed, postpaid, anywhere in the U. S., or Canada. Finely printed, on choice laid paper, brilliant blue cloth binding. A book made to last—and one you'll love and cherish. Put together by a lifelong student of the Book of books.

## CAUTION

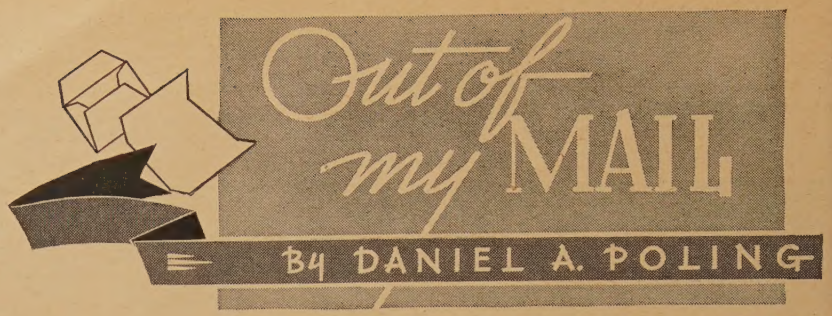
Avoid loss. *Don't* enclose banknotes or coin in envelope. *Thousands of dollars have been lost that way.* Use check, or U. S. Money Order for $2.50, payable to Treasure Book House. Please *type*, or *print* name and address so they will be clear and there will be no delay in mailing your book.

**TREASURE BOOK HOUSE**

430 CHESTNUT ST.

PHILADELPHIA PENNA.

*NOT TO BE HAD IN STORES*




ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL

### CLERGYMEN'S DRESS

*Do you think that clergymen should wear distinguishing garb? I have heard the question debated pro and con.*

I THINK that clergymen should suit their own preference in the matter. Of course, if the church with which they are associated requires a special garb, they should wear it. I read recently a story of Woodrow Wilson, suggesting that there are other marks than clothes to distinguish the clergy.

"You look very much like a minister," said an English gentleman to Mr. Wilson many years ago. "Have you ever been taken for one?"

"No," was the reply, "but I have been treated like one."

"And how was that?"

"Well," said Mr. Wilson, "There was a time when I waited six months for my salary."

### NARCOTICS VS. LONGEVITY

*Is there any evidence that liquor or tobacco shortens life? Some of the oldest men I know both drink and smoke. Does one neutralize the other?*

WELL, not being a scientific authority I am not qualified to answer, though I doubt it! Dr. Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins University said recently in a lecture, "The death rate among heavy smokers is definitely worse than among heavy drinkers until about the age of sixty; thereafter the heavy smokers do a relatively better job of surviving." And he added, "Neither group has anything to boast about in the matter of longevity."

### SUNDAY NIGHT CHURCH SUPPERS

*Do you think that a church is justified in serving a small supper on Sunday night, or in allowing such a program to be set up in the church?*

I SEE nothing at all to be criticized in serving a complimentary small supper at the church on Sunday night for the young people. My experience justifies me in the conclusion that nothing but good can come out of the arrangement, if the motive behind it is right and those in charge of the details understand the purpose in mind. I remember that Jesus himself served a lunch to thousands of people who came one Sunday to hear Him preach. This has become an immortal occasion in the life of the Christian church.

### COST OF REARMING

*Dr. Poling, what are the figures for rearmament, or are such figures available?*

OUR best authority is the "Armaments Yearbook," published by the League of Nations. Here we learn that in 1937 the nations spent three times as much in rearming as the amount spent annually in prewar years. The total is $7,100,000,000, on the old gold basis, or $12,000,000,000, devaluated. These are offered as minimum figures. Europe spent $4,500,000,000, or 63.4 percent of the total. The number of men under arms has increased in less than two years from six million to eight and one-half million men.

### SUNDAY SCHOOL ENROLLMENT

*What are the latest figures on Sunday School enrollment?*

SUNDAY Schools are conducted in 129 countries, only one land prohibits them—Russia. The United States ranks first in attendance with an enrollment of more than twenty million. England ranks second. (See James M. Ross' article on pp. 18, 19, 20, this issue—Editor.)

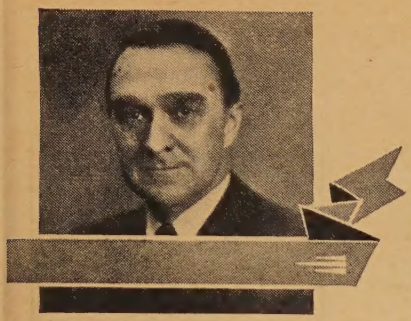
### INCREASING, NOT DYING OUT

*Are the minorities in our population increasing or decreasing numerically and what is their economic status? Is the American Indian dying out?*

THE American Indian is no longer "dying out." His number is increasing annually. A few years ago the American people were reconciled to the fact that the original and only one hundred per cent American was doomed, along with the American buffalo. But just as the American buffalo has been saved from extinction and is multiplying rapidly, so the Indian has found firm physical, social and economic foundations at last. It is interesting to note, also, that the American

**BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 419 Fourth Ave., New York**

Copyright 1938 by Christian Herald Association, Inc. Republication of any part of Contents without permission is forbidden.
Subscription Price $2.00 a year; $2.50 for two years. Foreign Postage: Canada add 50 cents a year; elsewhere add $1.00 a year. Notify us immediately of any change of address, as it requires a month for a change to become effective. . . . Entered as Second Class Matter January 25, 1909 at Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in the Act of February 29, 1925, embodied in paragraph 4, Section 538, Postal Laws and Regulations and authorized on September 13, 1928. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.



YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

Negro, in the sixty years since 1866, has made the following economic gains: homes owned, 12,000 to 700,000; farms operated, 20,000 to 1,000,000; businesses, 2,100 to 70,000; and wealth accumulated $20,000,000 to $2,000,000,000.

### THE MEANING OF COMMUNISM

*What is Communism? What viewpoints is a Communist supposed to have?*

COMMUNISM is of many principles and all degrees of social opinion and practice. Academically, it is a phase of extreme socialism, shading into anarchy and exemplified in France after the overthrow of Napoleon III in 1870. It is a social system in which there is a community of goods and machines—a theory of government in which property and instruments of production are held in common and profits derived from all labor are devoted to the "general good."

In some extreme cases Communism involves the abolition of the family, as in the practice of Wallingford and Oneida communities of the United States. Communism advocates the total or partial abolition of private property. Proponents of the theory make the point that the early Christian community was pure Communism. In this connection, however, four points must be noted:

1. In the early church, Communism was not forced upon any group of people. It was voluntary.
2. It was not political. It was never associated with such practices as have followed in Russia.
3. Always those who joined the early Christian community or commune were free to withdraw. It was never coercive.
4. As the Christian community enlarged and faced the problems of growth, the principle was modified and then abandoned.

No social order is perfect. Any social order must, we believe, become Christian to survive finally.

### TRUTH WILL TRIUMPH

*If England, America and the whole world prayed for peace, Catholics, Jews and Protestants alike, then do we not doubt God if we doubt the result of the Munich Conference, if we say that it is not peace? Why do Christian leaders encourage disbelief in the peace? Have we lost all our faith?*

CERTAINLY we may question the result of the Munich Conference without denying either God or our own faith in prayer. Always the prayer perfect is the prayer that concludes "Thy will be done." We cannot know God's mind. He moves in "strange mysterious ways His wonders to perform." Again and again in spite of prayer and faith yours, mine, the whole world of believers, evil has for some great moment prevailed; righteousness has suffered an eclipse. That which has been true in the past may be true now. Shall I then doubt the ultimate triumph of truth? Never!

### GOSSIPING TONGUES

*Dr. Poling, I know a young woman who has been the victim of a vicious tongue. Her heart has been broken and her life all but ruined by heartless things and untruths that have been passed from person to person. What can one do to halt such practice and to help one so hurt?*

THE question as it comes to me does not indicate the religious faith of the young person involved. She needs personal direction and comfort—she should go to her pastor, her rabbi or her priest. I should be glad to talk with her.

The one who is responsible for the falsehoods, the one who says these vicious things, is an evil influence in the community—as are all others with such a tongue. And almost as devastating as a vicious tongue may be a careless or a thoughtless tongue.

**CHRISTIAN HERALD**
**JANUARY, 1939 Vol. 62, No. 1**

Published monthly at 419 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., by Christian Herald Association, Inc. President . . . Daniel A. Poling; Vice President . . . J. Paul Maynard; Treasurer . . . Irene Wilcox.

## Jesus Set the Example of Early Morning Devotions

**(Read Mark 1: 35)**

"Begin the day with God" is the oft-repeated exhortation. Mark tells us that Jesus went apart, early in the morning, to pray and to commune with the Heavenly Father. If our Lord and Master felt the need of a spiritual undergirding for the day, how can we expect to fulfill our daily responsibilities without following his example.

**Four years ago THE UPPER ROOM, containing a devotional for each day of the quarter, by outstanding religious writers, was established as an encouragement and an aid to daily devotions for groups and individuals.**

The January, February, March issue of THE UPPER ROOM is full of the finest of devotional material leading up to the Lenten and Easter season. Place your order early or, if you have a standing order, make sure that the quantity is sufficient for your needs.

Ten or more copies at 5 cents, postpaid; single copy by mail 10 cents. Yearly subscription 30 cents, postpaid, foreign, 40 cents. Send all orders to

THE UPPER ROOM
Doctors' Building, Nashville, Tenn.

# *To Enrich Your Spiritual Life*

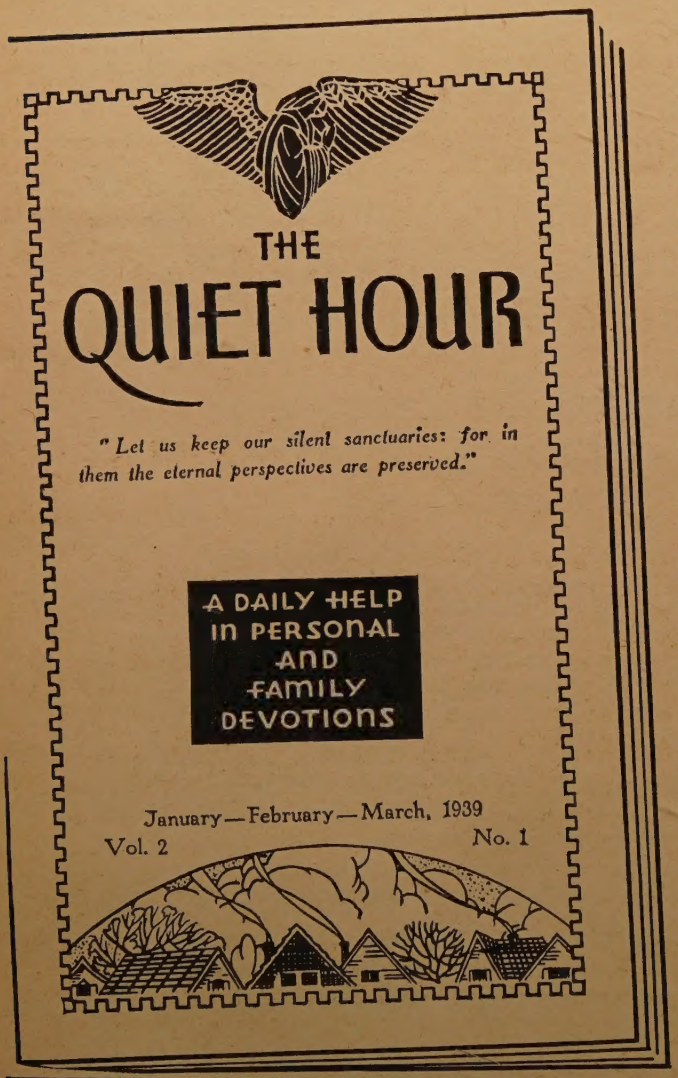
## RENEW IT DAILY

**The individual** who would enrich his spiritual life must set aside some portion of each day for meditation and prayer.

**The family** that would build strong spiritual foundations for the home must have daily worship.

**The group** that would have an increasingly vital influence must continuously nurture its own spiritual life.

## INCLUDE DAILY MEDITATIONS IN YOUR PROGRAM


THE
QUIET HOUR
"Let us keep our silent sanctuaries: for in them the eternal perspectives are preserved."
A DAILY HELP IN PERSONAL AND FAMILY DEVOTIONS
January—February—March, 1939
Vol. 2
No. 1

**The use of our devotional guide, THE QUIET HOUR, will make your moments of daily meditation supremely helpful. This quarterly contains a full page of inspirational, thought-provoking material for each day, including a meditation and a brief prayer. The meditations are written by men and women of great spiritual insight, those for each month in a quarter being provided by a different individual. Thus, the continuity so important for any successful series of devotions is insured. At the same time, contact with different spiritual natures is possible.**

### THE COST IS LITTLE

**SINGLE SUBSCRIPTIONS**

The price of **THE QUIET HOUR** for a single subscription is **25 cents per year.** This rate applies to subscriptions going to both the United States and Canada.

**GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS**

If five or more subscriptions are ordered at one time, to be mailed to separate addresses, the price of each subscription will be **20 cents per year.**

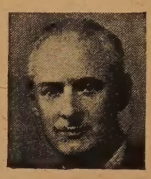
**CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS**

In lots of five or more subscriptions mailed to one person, the price is **4 cents per subscription per quarter.**

The above rates also apply to both the United States and Canada.

**Albert W. Palmer (Congregationalist). President, The Chicago Theological Seminary.**

**O. G. Herbrecht (Reformed). Director of Young People's Work, Iowa State Sunday School Council.**



**Robert George (Baptist). Member of the faculty, McGill University, Montreal, Canada.**

**Cleland B. McAfee. Well-known as Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. which position he so ably filled until his retirement.**

**The above are just a few of those who will contribute to The Quiet Hour during 1939.**

*Mail* COUPON *Today*

**DAVID C. COOK PUBLISHING COMPANY**
**23-A LINCOLN STREET, ELGIN, ILLINOIS**

Please enter subscription for ..... copies of **THE QUIET HOUR** for ..... quarters beginning with the ..... (Jan., Apr., July, Oct.) Quarter. I enclose payment for same.

Attached is list of names and addresses for gift subscriptions.

☐ Please send **Free** sample copy.

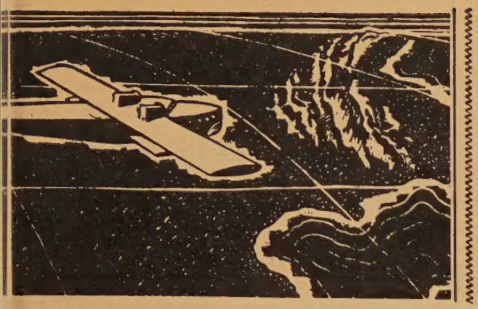
Mail to .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

..... Sunday School

**DAVID C. COOK PUBLISHING CO.**
*The House That Serves*
**23-A LINCOLN STREET, ELGIN, ILLINOIS**



# NEWS DIGEST *of the month*

A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

## *The Beginning of the End?*

TWENTY-FOUR years ago a peaceful world was roused out of its lethargy by the crack of a revolver shot at Sarajevo. Last month a wideawake and over-armed world was roused again by the crack of a revolver-shot in Paris. But the shot in Paris may announce peace, and not war.

There was irony as well as bitterness behind this shot. The murdered man, Naziman Ernst vom Rath, was about to resign in protest against the policies of the present rulers of Germany; his patience with their brutalities was exhausted. But he may be able to protest better in death than in life, for his murder was the perfect excuse for which the Nazis had been waiting. Long, long ago Hitler's men decided to take from the German Jew his last penny; all they needed was an "incident." The Paris murder supplied that, and the new purge of the Jew was on.

But what has happened as a result of that purge? For one thing, it has turned the sympathies of the last decent human in the world against Germany. Even German newspapers abroad, and some German societies abroad, have denied Hitler and all his works. Christian people from pole to pole are praying for the Jew, and begging God at the same time to pity the German people, for "they know not what they do."

There's the pity of it: the German people are not doing this. Ask any Yank who served in the Army of Occupation, and he will tell you that by and large, the German people are the most hospitable people in the world. But the German people are in the hands of a murderous gang; the gang-leader is not even German himself.

Now the hope in the situation is that these hospitable and representative Germans will be aroused by the purge which followed the shooting in Paris. It has happened before. It happened in old Rome, when the populace became disgusted with the blood-shows of the Colosseum; it happened in this same Germany, in 1918—the German officers who conducted the negotiations of surrender feared above all a rebellion of the people back home. There is every reason to believe that it will happen again. There comes a time when any human heart draws the line at more frightfulness.

When that happens, Hitler will go, and the fear of a world-war will go with him.

## AT HOME

**WASHINGTON:** Congress is in session. It is a Congress with a brand new face. In it are eight new Republican Senators, making it twenty-three Republicans in all; and seventy-eight new Representatives, giving the House G.O.P.'s a total of 166. That cuts down the former Democratic majority in both branches of Congress, and the Republican elephant is strutting with his trunk in the air over that. But the Democrats still have a majority. . . .

Now just what will happen as a result of this new lineup is uncertain. Certainly the President will have a harder time with his "must" bills than he had last year, what with these new Republicans and the Democrats he couldn't purge and the other suspicious Democrats who fear the "rubber stamp" label. What they do may be encouraging or discouraging, if and when they do it. But to this editor at least, what has already happened is very encouraging.

We are taking no sides politically. All we are glad about is this: the fact that forty million Americans turned out last Election Day and voted exactly as they wanted to vote, with no man daring to tell them that they must vote this way or that. There were no Storm Troopers in the streets, saying "You vote my way, or else. . . . " No castor oil, no fear, no threatening. Just forty million freemen picking in perfect freedom the men and women who will run their governments.

I love it. I still stand in awe at the presence of that mysterious something in the air of Election Day. It is not quite that awe which possesses me at Christmas, yet it drives into my mind, every year, the conviction that we are in this country a brotherhood of voters who can still be brothers when it is all over. That's worth keeping.

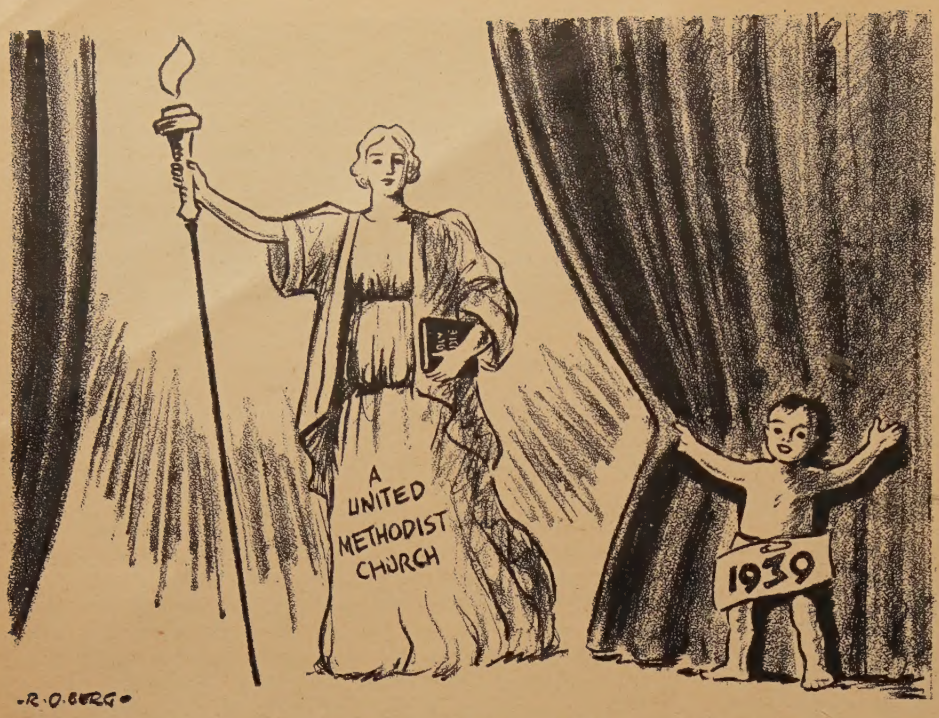
**SOUTHWARD HO!:** Mr. Hull and Mr. Landon are en route to Lima, as we write. The actions of the International Conference of American States will be history by the time you read this; you may have forgotten all about it.

But don't forget the presence of Hull and Landon at such a meeting. Politics aside, that was a clever stroke of the President. Clever, we mean, in its effect on those ambitious Fascist states with their eyes on South American markets. It was no more nor less than an announcement to them that when the welfare of the American continent is threatened, American politics presents a united front. It is saying, "We will stand together. Hands off!"

It also struck the necessary note of concord for the nations south of us. Said Secretary Hull: "The mere fact that the representatives of twenty-one nations can meet to discuss their problems in a spirit of trust, understanding and tolerance is a solid cause for hope in a world threatened today with despair."

**MARYLAND:** When England prohibited clandestine marriages in 1754, a blacksmith across the line in the town of Gretna Green, Scotland, did a thriving business marrying runaway couples over his anvil. It took some years for America to catch up with that idea, but catch up we did: we set up our Yankee Gretna Green at Elkton, Maryland, where taxicab drivers solicited marriage jobs for ministers, and as many as 2,308 marriages were performed in one month, bringing in a profit to Elkton of $250,000 in license fees to the town—and who knows how much to the ministers?

That's all over now. Last year the Maryland Legislature passed a law re-




"MAY I PRESENT—"

quiring a forty-eight hour wait between license-getting and marriage. Elkton demanded that the public vote on that. The public voted—voted down and out the famous (or infamous?) American Gretna Green. There is no joy today in Elkton.

But there should be joy in the heart of every man and woman who still thinks marriage is a solemn rite and obligation, and not a racket.

**OKLAHOMA:** On a breeze-swept hilltop near Oologah, a new statue has been unveiled. It is the bronze likeness of plain, peppery, lovable Will Rogers. There is also a museum here, costing $200,000, but Will wouldn't be much interested in that. He would have smiled if he could have seen his daughter Mary unveil the statue. He would have blushed at hearing Eddie Cantor say, "Every time you gave him a biscuit, he'd want to repay you with a barrel of flour."

This is the Will Rogers who said that he wanted carved on his tombstone the words, "I made fun of every great man of my time, but I never met a man I didn't like." We need another Will Rogers today, more than we need a "Great Leader."

**TEXAS:** There's an up-to-the-minute secession movement going on in the Lone Star State. The citizens of El Paso have long been talking about the difference, industrially and physically, between their section and the rest of Texas. They declare that the legislature at Austin (six hundred miles from El Paso) has consistently overlooked their interests.

Now a determined group of secessionists, led by Edgar D. Park, are demanding that this 600-mile strip be lopped off from Texas and turned over to New Mexico. Under provision of the Annexation Act of 1845, Texans are permitted to divide their state into as many as five states, without the consent of Congress. But whether or not a portion of the state can be handed over to another state is a question that will have to be argued out. Mr. Park and his fellow "orphans" say that it can, that it *must* be done.

We hope Mr. Hitler doesn't hear of this!

**NEW JERSEY:** Mayor Frank Hague, the Peck's Bad Boy of the Garden State, is losing out. Recent court decisions have ordered him to stop his fight against free speech and free assembly. More important than that, it is now open knowledge that federal patronage is being withheld from Hague; after the last election he is no longer a political asset to the Democratic National Committee.

Mayor Hague is of the race of old-fashioned political bosses which seems to be vanishing faster than the American Indian. Father Time's scythe is pretty sharp. . . .

**TYPICAL FAMILY:** Muncie, Indiana, is famous for having been made a "typical American town" in a book called "Middletown." This month, Muncie selected a typical Muncie family, sent it on a free trip to New York. The name is Craig; in the family are man and wife, two children. Newspaper men found out these typical things about the typical Craigs:

Mr. Craig was born in Ohio; parentage, Scotch-Irish; he makes $125 a month. Mrs. Craig hails from Birmingham, Alabama; married ten years, oldest child is eight. They live in four rooms, pay $20 a month rent, spend $40 a month for food, own a small car. Both attend a Protestant church. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. drink nor gamble; Mr. Craig smokes. She likes the movies. They entertain not very often at home. They do *not* play bridge. Mr. Craig belongs to no lodge. He has only a grammar-school education but he wants his children to go to college. He is a Republican, but he voted for Roosevelt.

Typical or not, it sounds a bit wholesome.

## ABROAD

**CHINA:** What with Munich and Orson Welles, poor China has been crowded off the front pages. That shouldn't be, for too much of world importance is taking place over there.

Japan, her military bag full of easy victories, turns now to establishing herself economically. Japanese development companies are moving in, seeking resources to develop and markets in which to sell Japanese goods. With a gun at their back, the Chinese are in a poor position to say, "No, I won't buy any of your nice Japanese oil." This step was logical; it is the way things are being done in our world. Military aggression first, then economic exploitation.

How long Japan can keep it up is still a mystery. Her "conquest" consists of a long, thin line of armed men guarding the Peiping railway, completely surrounded by millions of resentful Chinese. They also have Canton, but Chinese guerrilla fighters have turned up near Canton! Chinese ghosts flit around in the night, pulling spikes out of the railroad, wrecking trains, blowing up arsenals, sniping, harassing, worrying. Still Japan begins to talk seriously of fighting Russia soon, of putting England in her place, of watching the U. S. closely! That's courage, even if it doesn't make sense.

Mr. Norman Hanwell, investigator for the Institute of Pacific Relations, reports that three-fourths of China is still in the hands of the Chinese; also that the guerrillas are almost self-sufficient in their armament supplies and that they can carry on indefinitely.

Be that as it may, the Japanese plan to stay there a long time. They are building a vast war base at the mouth of the Whangpoo, near Shanghai. That may have quite some effect in squeezing out other foreign interests.

**LONDON:** Late British elections, the first since Munich, started no landslide of either Conservative or Liberal sentiment. The Liberals lost two Parliamentary seats, the Conservatives gained twenty, the Laborites lost seventeen and the Independents one. Which means that things will stay quite as they are, at Westminster.

At the closing session of the House of Commons, Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain asked for a vote of confidence on his foreign policy. He got it. Chamberlain won, 345 to 138, after plainly telling Commons that they could now expect an almost unlimited expansion of German power in East Europe and of Japanese power in the Far East. Commons swallowed that, and told him to continue.

Neville Chamberlain is probably the most sincerely hated and loved man of this generation. An officer from the Queen Mary told this reporter, last week, why Chamberlain held his power. Said he: "It's all right for you Americans, thousands of miles away, to condemn Chamberlain for 'selling out to Germany,'

but the British people are closer to things. We had a bit of a war over there in 1914, and we don't want another. During the Munich crisis, soldiers came into every home and measured father's and mother's faces for gas masks, and told them not to try to get their children out of school in case of an air raid! Do you wonder that Chamberlain is popular, since he stopped that war?" Truth to tell, we don't.

**MORE POPULATION:** A new wave of immigration has struck Puerto Rico. Thirty-five males, four hundred females and nobody knows how many babies have been brought ashore at Santiago, where they will have their own colony and where, it is hoped, they will multiply. They are to be used for experimentation by the doctors at the nearby School of Tropical Medicine; they will be inoculated with all sorts of germs and diseases.

Cruel? No, these are not men and women. These are rhesus monkeys, imported from India. The rhesus is that playful little fellow with the long tail; you love to watch his antics at the zoo. He has been selected by the doctors because he has one important characteristic in common with humanity—he suffers from many of our diseases. So he is a good subject for experimentation.

The anti-vivisectionists and don't-torture-the-animals society are already in full cry about it; the doctors answer by saying that it is quite ethical and moral to save men by sacrificing monkeys.

**PALESTINE:** The Partition Plan for slicing up Palestine between Jews, Arabs and British was announced in July, 1937; now, a little more than a year later, the Plan has been abandoned. A royal commission headed by Sir John Woodhead says it is impracticable; the other two Palestinian parties say it is impossible. So it's out.

Britain now announces that it will continue its League of Nations mandate over the Holy Land until a satisfactory solution is found. Moreover, Jew and Arab leaders have been summoned to London to talk it over. Arbitration is usually a good method, but we have a feeling that this conference will fail before it starts. Why? Well, the one party that has been causing the greatest part of the trouble in Palestine has been left out, uninvited. The extremist Arabs will not be represented; Amin el Husseini, ex-Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, will not go to London.

If the conference fails, the British will "announce a new policy which they propose to pursue." Which is probably exactly what the British want.

**RUSSIA:** We all think of Russia and Germany as being ready hourly to go to war: Communism and Naziism seem poor bedfellows. But Walter Duranty, careful and wise reporter for the American press at Moscow, cables this:

"When you came down to brass tacks, there is no obstacle now to Russo-German friendship, which Bismarck advocated so strongly, save Hitler's fanatic fury against what he calls "Judeo-Bolshevism." But Hitler is not immortal and dictators can change their minds and Stalin has shot more Jews in two years of the purge than were ever killed in Germany."

And *that's* something to think about!

**COLONIES:** Eighteen million square miles of land inhabited by 655 million people are owned and ruled as dependencies of foreign powers: they are what Europe calls "The Colonies." Thus, colonies make up thirty-one per cent of the earth's surface, an area six times larger than the continental United States. Thirty-five per cent of the world's population are subject peoples.

Great Britain owns most; she controls one-quarter of the globe and one-quarter of the people on it. France controls almost five million square miles and 66,523,000 colonials. Holland has the most valuable single colonial possession in the world: the Dutch East Indies.

Germany lost her colonies at Versailles; now, through spokesman General Franz Ritter von Epp, she demands them back: "Our claim is to all our former colonies. . . . We shall never attempt to solve the colonial problem by military force." Perhaps she will not, and perhaps. . . .

Last week swarthy Minister of Defense of the Union of South Africa, Oswald Pirow, was hastening from Portugal to France to Belgium to England to Germany, trying to prevent the raising of the swastika over South Africa. He has a job on his hands: this colonies question is the touchiest question on the Continent. Some say it will cause war. Seventy-eight per cent of the British public is declared ready to go to war to hold Britain's colonies.

We wonder why Germany wants them at all. They never were worth much to her, when she had them. In the last twenty years that she held them, her colonial expenses exceeded her total colonial trade by thirty million marks! Would Germany really fight to get back such a bad apple?

## CHURCH NEWS

**TERCENTENARY:** Presbyterians all over the world have been interested, during the last year, in a Tercentenary Celebration: it is just three hundred years since that handful of Scotchmen took their lives in their hands and drew up the National Covenant of Scotland. A 1938 "Convention of Covenanters" gathered in Glasgow and Edinburgh to honor the founders of the three Reformed Presbyterian Churches of the world; these churches are not large in point of numbers, but they have inherited a great creed and a great tradition.

The conflict of their Covenant fathers was one between men who wanted to be religiously free, and a King who wanted to keep them religiously bound to *his* church. How appropriate that their descendents celebrate their martyr deaths in a day when all the world is concerned afresh with the fight of the individual conscience and the Christian Church against the jealous might of anti-Christian dictators!

**METHODISTS:** Far and away the big event in American Protestantism in 1939 will be the meeting of the Uniting Conference of the Methodists in Kansas City, in April. Preliminary conferences already held or being held have decided to take the following steps at Kansas City: 1. To have thirty-eight bishops assigned for service in the six geographical units known as "jurisdictions" into which the new Church will be divided; 2. Two new bishops will be elected from the membership of the Methodist Protestant Church. 3. There will be little change in the present assignment of bishops, but the law of the new church provides that no bishops may move out of the jurisdiction he serves without an invitation from some other jurisdiction; thus, some bishops will serve a lifetime in that part of the United States to which they are assigned next April; 4. There will be but one Board of Foreign Missions, one Board of Home Missions and Church Extension, one Board of Women's Activities, etc.

All this is important. And all this is highly indicative of the fine spirit with which all three branches of Methodism are approaching the union. All three have shown themselves ready and willing to give a little on their individual ideas of organization and procedure for the benefit of the whole. Some Board members will certainly lose their jobs, when the Boards are combined; some of these churches, suspicious of episcopal control, have surrendered that suspicion in the interests of a united front, and that means a great deal. The churches are not so far apart as some folks like to think; denominations can get along together; when there is a will to union, there is always a way.

Speaking of this Methodist spirit, it is worthy of note that two men of widely different political views will be delegates at the Kansas City Convention: Their names: Alfred M. Landon of Topeka, Senator Robert F. Wagner of New York. We predict cheers when they shake hands on the platform.

**CAMPUS CHRISTIANITY:** Stanley Jones, Christianity's roving ambassador, recently arrived in the United States from India by way of the South Sea Islands for his "Third Missionary Journey to the Americans." He is leading a preaching mission to the colleges. Helping him is a notable group, among them a Chinese Christian leader, a negro dean from Howard University, Margaret Bonfield of England, an assorted company of Americans. It seems to have caught on. Dr. Jones has created a wave of campus enthusiasm by declaring to life-loving youth that religion must get away from the idea that this earth is just a bad place to be passed through quickly; it is the training school of the Kingdom. His address on science and religion packed the great gymnasium of Oregon State College, at Corvallis, to capacity. (See picture on page 10.)

Says Dr. Jones at the half-way mark of the Mission: "I had visions of a cynical, blasé, fed-up type of college youth. To my surprise, I find American youth unspoiled, wholesome and interested in life." In our hearts, we all knew that.

**EPISCOPALIANS:** Lest you think the Protestant Episcopal Church is 100 per cent ritualistic and a little cold evangelically, ponder this: the Forward Movement Commission of that communion is

**This throng of students and professors is gathered in the big gymnasium of Oregon State College at Corvallis, to hear E. Stanley Jones and others of the College Preaching Mission**

engaged right now in an aggressive evangelistic campaign to bring Christian principles into everyday life. A series of "team visitations" to the dioceses of the Church is being made by a carefully selected group of leaders; the object is to train a company of lay and clerical leaders to carry on a more intensive program of revitalization in the churches. Fifteen hundred dollars has been put aside for experiments in radio and motion pictures and 9,000,000 pieces of literature have been issued to date.

Down in North Carolina there is an Episcopalian Church boat, the "Josephine Marshall," sailing out to isolated coast regions and carrying the gospel to long-neglected communities, some of which have not seen a preacher for more than two years! Services are conducted on deck, on docks, in homes and in village grocery stores; involved are long treks over swamp trails filled with poison ivy, mosquitoes and sandflies. Romance in religion is not dead; there are still pioneers, still frontiers. This editor would rather sail on that boat than preach in a great cathedral.

**LUTHERANS:** The Lutherans are stubbornly determined to join their forces; one by one the old stumbling-blocks that made them just as stubbornly determined to stay apart are being torn loose and cast aside. Now a joint committee has been formed between the American Lutheran Church and the Missouri Synod. If these two alone could get together, their united church would embrace four thousand ministers, two million adherents.

Union is being approached not by route of cooperation in externals, but by doctrinal discussion. There is as yet an open disagreement with regard to the doctrine of Inspiration, but all signs point to an agreement soon. Doctrinal unity is harder to achieve than mere organizational unity, but it is a safer foundation. A common mind works miracles.

**PRESBYTERIANS:** The Oklahoma Synods of both northern and southern branches of Presbyterians have signed a joint petition urging a merger of the two great branches. It will be placed before the General Assembly this year. That will put the Presbyterian house in order for the proposed merger with the Protestant Episcopalians, which by this time assumes more than the proportions of a dream. Already the two churches have outlined a series of "things believed in common and things that might be undertaken in common." This is hopeful. The things that we hold in common—the great truths that make us great—are so much more vital than the little things that keep us apart!

**COLLEGE PREACHING MISSION—** The Preaching Mission which has been speaking to student bodies throughout the country seems to have been meeting with the same pronounced success, and arousing the same intense interest and enthusiasm as its predecessor, the National Preaching Mission last year. From Corvallis, Oregon, word comes of the throngs of students who packed the halls at every session during the Mission's stay at Oregon State College. The college is a flourishing coeducational institution, with more than four thousand students. Attendance at the meetings of the Mission was optional, but the students thronged to hear the speakers eagerly. Fraternities and sororities on the campus invited the visitors to speak to them at dinner. The speakers, representatives of the college, and members of the student Committee met every morning at breakfast, to discuss the day's program. Among the speakers were E. Stanley Jones, T. Z. Koo, Dr. Paul Braisted, Maxwell Adams of Philadelphia, Bishop Benjamin Dagwell, and many others.

**RADIO:** The country is still talking about the "terror broadcast" of Mr. Orson Welles, and post-broadcast developments are still coming in. Mr. Welles has made out pretty well as a result of it—he has a five-year sponsor now, and Hollywood is calling. Columbia Broadcasting Company is turning down requests for a re-broadcast. United Artists, film producers, speeded up release of a film version of the H. G. Wells fantasy on which the broadcast was based and German Nazis dismissed the whole thing as just a "Jewish plot."

But the broadcast really accomplished something. For one thing it proved that there are still a lot of people in this world with too little common sense; the "terror" was ridiculous and not, this writer thinks, as bad as the newspapers made it seem. It proved, for another thing, just how terrible the invasion of a foreign air-fleet might be. And it called forth a big change in radio broadcasting. Latest news from Washington tells us that the heads of our two greatest radio chains (NBC and CBS) have agreed to restrict the use of the word "Flash!" in broadcasting. That's a good move. It might also help to check a little some of the news commentators who seem to do their best every evening to frighten us all out of a night's sleep with their alarmist shoutings; then we wake up with the dawn and find it not even mentioned in the morning paper.

The broadcasts during the recent Munich crisis were typical. It was bad enough to have some of the commentators frightening the whole country with their wild predictions; it was worse when we realized that a lot of them had never been outside the boundaries of the United States, knew nothing whatever of European politics and psychology, and knew little if anything of the situations they described so fluently.

This department is no more for radio censorship than it is for press censorship. But the time seems to have come when a check rein should be put on some of the bogey men of the air waves who put the worst possible interpretation on the most insignificant news.

**Above, Dr. N. P. Neilsen, Supervisor of Seventh Day Adventist Missions in South America, aboard the SS Argentina, just before the ship sailed for Buenos Aires**

# TEMPERANCE

**EAST, WEST:** The old claim of the wets, that one section of the country has no right to speak out about the wetness or dryness of another section, doesn't bear much weight in the minds of Judge Zottoli of Boston and Judge Medin of South Dakota. They see nothing local about the ravages of alcohol, nothing provincial about the method necessary to control them. Says Zottoli of Boston: "Five years of repeal have failed to reduce the number or proportion of arrests for drunkenness" (in relation to his court), and that, on the contrary, "Prohibition was more effective than license in lessening the flow of alcoholic victims to public institutions." Says Medin of Dakota: "94.4 per cent of the last 198 persons sentenced for felonies" (in his court) "were drinking men. . ."

Out of 129 cases of divorce, says Judge Medin, seventy-seven were caused by drink; out of his last 195 felony cases, all but eleven were drinkers. And "Furthermore, each and every civil action" (mostly automobile accidents) "with the exception of one, had liquor involved in the action. This in the fall of 1936." He concludes: "In my opinion there is no more reason for licensing the sale of intoxicating liquor than to license the sale of narcotics."

Hear ye, hear ye, the honorable court is speaking—and the honorable court *knows*.

**PENNSYLVANIA:** As a result of the recent elections, the Republicans have returned to power in Pennsylvania. Most people missed the return of a considerable number of drys to the State legislature.

Says Dr. F. Scott McBride of the Pennsylvania Anti-Saloon League: "There is more legislative sentiment now than there has been in ten years for a dry program. The recent election . . . has presented the biggest leap from wet to dry that we have witnessed in any State or in any contest for a quarter of a century. . !" It still can happen, here.

**NEW YORK:** Frank Smith, seventy-five years old and drunk, asked bartender Frank Kunkel for another drink. Kunkel refused. When Smith became drunkenly abusive, Kunkel had him haled to court. Said the Judge to the bartender:

"You acted wisely. Someone should buy medals and give them to men like you. Bartenders who see a man drunk and then don't give him 'just one more drink' certainly deserve medals."

Aye, a bartender like that is *news*.

**GOING DOWN:** Believe it or not, there has been an actual *decrease* in liquor consumption in 1937-38, as compared with 1936-37, according to the figures of the U. S. Bureau of Internal Revenue. The decrease involves all types of spirits, malt liquors and wines. The per capita consumption of all types of booze in 1936-37 was 14.79 gallons; in 1937-38 it dropped to 14.37. Not much, but encouraging.

Before 1936, there was an alarming rise in gallonic consumption; those who studied it closely said that an increase in beer-drinkers was responsible for that. But beer-drinkers today, in spite of millions spent in an effort to make beer respectable, are helping the *decrease* just reported. Despite the fact that the brewers have put on an amazing advertising campaign, it is rumored that sixty per cent of them are losing money.

Maybe even the drinkers of lowly beer are becoming disgusted.

## PREACHERS' PELLETS

**In the 900 years between the opening of the 7th and the beginning of the 16th century, Mohammedanism won from Christianity a larger proportion of the latter's adherents and territory than any other rival has succeeded in doing. The 18th, 19th and 20th century skepticism of the fascist, socialist and communistic totalitarian states of the 20th century have not yet cost Christianity nearly so large a percentage of its professed followers as did Islam from the 7th through the 15th century.—Kenneth Scott Latourette.**

**Opinions never accomplish anything. It is convictions which change the world.—Bishop E. M. Stires.**

**A change of heart on the part of mankind and a return to the principles of Christ will see the return of prosperity. Excesses are now the order of things, but the gospel is the one system of checks and balances to keep men in the straight and narrow.—Orval W. Adams.**

**We believe it useless to train young men and women unless we bring their minds under a sovereignty of the living God and into the service of humanity.—Pres. Marts of Bucknell.**

**Far from being in conflict with religion, science has become an ally of religion. By increased knowledge of nature we become better acquainted with the God of nature, and the part we play in the cosmic drama.—Dr. Arthur H. Compton.**

**Thank God for the people who say in every generation, "We will not conform to changing moral standards, to certain modern ideas. We declare ourselves Pilgrims."—Bishop Francis J. McConnell.**

**FUNNY, OR TRAGIC?** "Ye're drunk," charged Cassidy. Said Casey, "It's a lie, Cassidy. An' if Oi was sober Oi'd make ye prove it." Said Cassidy, "An' if ye was sober, ye'd know ye was drunk!" (From *The Voice.*)

**EXPENSIVE:** Dr. Arthur Hunter, actuary of the New York Life Insurance Company, claims that every drink a man takes reduces his life expectancy by twenty-five minutes. His statement is based on a survey of the records of sixty life insurance companies, and it involves more than two million persons.

From the insurance company's standpoint, says Dr. Hunter, a merely moderate drinker is not a good risk; his expectancy is reduced four to six years. As for the heavy drinker, he is to be refused insurance at any rate at all. He isn't even a poor risk.

**INDIA:** "God willing," said Mahatma Gandhi in 1920, "Prohibition has come to stay." He said that just after the Indian National Congress had voted Prohibition at a cost of $40,000,000 in revenue; the Congress accepted the loss readily, refusing to count the material cost of a great moral principle. Today, after eighteen years, India is more than ever for Prohibition; voting on the issue over the land, Prohibition has polled 75 per cent of the votes cast.

The U. S. government should be interested in that!

**GOING UP**—From the Calendar of the Wichita (Kansas) Council of Churches, we clip the following:

"We have been requested to publish the Statistics on Spending, quoted by Dr. D. M. Edwards at the last meeting of the Council. We give them herewith as they have been compiled by the National Stewardship Council: Jewelry, twenty-four per cent increase; Army-Navy, thirty-nine per cent increase; Theaters, forty-one per cent increase; Tobacco, forty-three per cent increase; Automobiles, one hundred eighty-eight per cent increase; *Whiskey, one hundred per cent increase;* Steel Production, two hundred seventy-five per cent increase; Radio sets, two hundred twenty per cent increase; Beer, six hundred two per cent increase for 1933-1937. Decreases, causing crises—Churches nineteen per cent; Church Benevolences, twenty-eight per cent; Community Chests including Hospitals, twenty-two per cent, less than 1932."

Comment is unnecessary.

**A LIVE CORPSE**—The Anti-Saloon League of America held its thirtieth national convention in Columbus, Ohio, December 15-18, 1938. The general theme of the convention was, "Organization for social protection against existing liquor evils." The program is planned to answer why, where, and how such a program can be made effective. Every phase of the present beverage alcohol problem was considered and the most recent developments were presented by eminent speakers.

It was at the convention of the Anti-Saloon League in Columbus in 1913 that the plan of organization was affected to secure national prohibition. The principal objective of this year's convention was to outline the procedure to meet present-day conditions growing out of repeal.

Speakers included Dr. Ernest H. Cherrington, of the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Morals of the M. E. Church, Dr. C. S. Longacre of the American Temperance Society of the Seventh Day Adventists, Hon. Viola D. Romans, President of the Ohio W. C. T. U., Dr. Haven Emerson, of Columbia University, an outstanding authority on the effects of alcohol, and many others.

So the Anti-Saloon League is dead, is it?

# Preparation

By Grace Noll Crowell

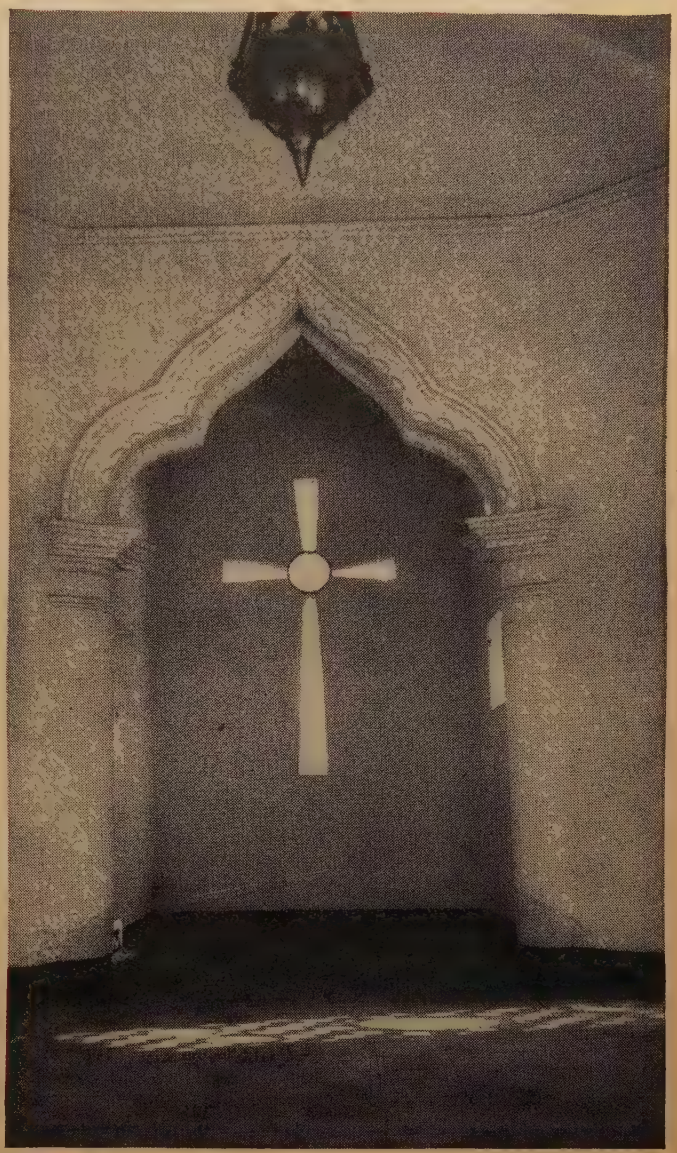
What shall I take into the coming year?
And what shall I leave behind? I asked my heart,
And quick came the answer: "Lay all doubt and fear
And anxious care aside before you start.
Take life's stark necessities along:
The Word of God, and daily study it,
The staff of faith, the lamp of hope, a song
Of high and dauntless courage; fill your kit
With laughter, and take happiness to wear,
'Twill cloak you on the bleakest, coldest day;
And take an apple and a loaf to share
With one who may be hungry on the way.
Fill your canteen from a wayside well,
You may grow thirsty," said my cautious heart,
"And Hark! across the world a midnight bell
Peals out a summons—it is time to start!"

January 1939

CHRISTIAN HERALD

ESTABLISHED 1870

A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR MEMBERS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS



*The cross which is suspended over the pulpit in the church at Ushagram, India. The Jaipur lamp hangs from the center of the large mud dome*

# Out of the Mud Came the Dawn

By RICHARD T. BAKER

IT WAS that dull time in a newspaper reporter's life between Christmas and New Year. The town had retreated into its homes. Scientific gentlemen with pince-nez were reading learned papers to their societies. Hotel lobbies were swarming with conventioners, playgoers, roisterers with approximately as much news value as a plate of scrambled eggs.

Somebody dropped the remark that there was a fellow with a newsy idea out at Teachers' College on Morningside Heights. Name, Williams. Subject, mud.

In Bancroft Hall, a five-year-old boy opened the door. In his hand was part of a Christmas toy. Mrs. Williams came to the door. The apartment was a confusion of household goods concentrated about three open trunks.

"We're getting ready to sail on New Year's day," Mrs. Williams explained. There were books, clothes, papers, toys scattered about, and a Christmas tree was shedding its last needle over in one corner.

We closed a trunk and sat on it. "Mud —that is why I'm here," I said.

"Well," she began, "we built a school out of mud, my husband and I, and that is how it all started." She named a town in India and explained that there she and her husband had built their school. It was unique in India to have students soil their hands while they filled their heads with facts.

"We built a village of mud huts, which the Indians named, 'Ushagram,' meaning 'Village of the Dawn.' In this village our students live and work. They govern themselves with a council of elders. They raise their own vegetables. They operate their own cooperative store and bank, and they have a common farm. During certain hours they follow an academic schedule, of course."

Part of the Williams' news punch lay in the fact that they were founders of a work-school in a society that bore two deeply-ingrained traditions against any kind of vocational emphasis in education. The Indian tradition itself is a clean-hands system. The learned one is a professional intellectual, and it is breaking caste for him to do any kind of manual labor to support himself. The imported British tradition is almost as severe. Cambridge and Oxford examination standards keep the emphasis on language and cultural history. So here was Fred Williams, putting the finishing touches on his Doctor of Education degree at Columbia University, a clear case of man-bites-dog. And around Dr. Williams and his school a real news story evolved.

It was a year later, almost to the week, that the Punjab Mail, rattling its dusty way from Calcutta to the Khyber Pass up the long Ganges valley, dumped out its assortment of passengers at the little station in Asansol, Bengal. Asansol is a coal-mining center, 132 miles up the Gangetic plain from Calcutta. The town is inhabited by railway, steel, and mining executives and the usual depressed classes that form the bulk of the population surrounding any major industrial center.

We hailed a tonga, India's ubiquitous two-wheeled pony cart. "Have you ever heard of Ushagram?" we asked. He

nodded and told us to pile in. The sun had gone down when the tonga bounced between the gateposts of Ushagram and we were at the famous work-school we had heard about a year earlier in Bancroft Hall, New York City.

The next morning, when the sun came up, we found ourselves in the midst of a cluster of dusty gray cottages, each neat and trim, roofed with tile or thatch, arranged on the landscape in regular order. As far as the eye could see to the south, north, east, and west, stretched the stubble plains of India. Broken up into small fields by ridges which serve as paths, the Indian countryside lay dry and glaring in the sun.

"There is India; take a look at it," said Dr. Williams.

About three-quarters of India's people live in villages, and an estimated nine out of ten of them are in someway dependent upon the soil. This unnaturally heavy ruralization of the country has provoked most of the social and economic problems with which the society is beset—superstition, ignorance, debt and poverty, no sanitation, disease, malnutrition, and extreme spiritual depravity.

The landscape around Ushagram, with its wide plains disappearing into the dusty haze and broken here and there by villagers' low huts, grouped beneath the few trees which can be seen, is typical of India. Here the average Indian lives.

The average Indian has a number of important characteristics: he has a one-in-three chance to survive the first year of his life, he gets about a seventh as much food as you or I, he earns between ten and fifteen cents a day for himself and his family, he owes hundreds of rupees, he owns practically nothing, he dies at the age of twenty-three.

India's most progressive leaders know that the country's problems must be attacked first in the rural areas. Pundit Jawaharlal Nehru, brains of the Congress Party and No. 2 champion of Indian nationalists (the ill Mahatma Gandhi is still No. 1), said, in an interview to us at the Congress Party headquarters in Allahabad, that his party's first aim was to bring order to the rural chaos of modern India.

The Congress Party holds its annual conventions in small villages. The 1938 session was held in a town that had five hundred people before the 300,000 conventioners arrived. In seven of British India's eleven provinces, the Congress Party is the governing agent. Each of the provincial assemblies is turning its attention to the solution of the agrarian problems, redefining ownership and tenancy, restoring land to a productive schedule, abolishing land debts, lifting the terrific pressure of absenteeism.

Fitting into this emphasis—and probably its pioneers—have been the Christian missions. From the outset, Christianity has found its readiest listeners among the socially oppressed in the villages. Christian workers have known, long before the government knew, that the cancerous condition of Indian society at the grass roots was the source of ill health in the entire social organism.

So the obvious thing happened. The missions sent evangelists, colporteurs, medical units, visiting nurses, teachers into the villages. In fairly well developed centers, they erected churches, large enclosed buildings with Gothic arches. The Indians marveled at such temples, but it took them years to share in them. Mission compounds grew up in strategic centers, a series of bungalows, western style, modified to the Indian scene, a school building, perhaps some dormitories, and perhaps another church. The entire program was an expeditionary force. What went out in the morning came back at night.

Fred Williams at Ushagram had another idea. Christianity ought to live in the villages, he believes, and it is that ideal which motivates Ushagram, the village of the new day.

The roots of Ushagram go back to two schools, one for boys and one for girls, which were built in an early day of mis-

Boys at Ushagram building a cottage, using the native Bengal clay

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. Williams at Ushagram—built of mud. Right, Dr. Fred G. Williams, Mrs. Williams, and the two boys, Gerald and Malcolm

Young woman student at the Mission school

Ushagram church, with mud walls, roof of tile, sides open to the air. The congregation sits on the floor, so there are no pews

sions on the crest of a small hill two miles outside of Asansol. Typically language-centered schools, they did their work well, prepared youngsters for the Calcutta University matriculation exams, served a motley crew of village day scholars and boarding students from farther away.

Then, sixteen years ago, Irene and Fred Williams arrived. They saw the high wall around the girls' compound. They looked at the classrooms, at the boarding hostels. They were flatly displeased. The first revolutionary move that they made was to tear down the wall.

Coeducation is not the custom in India, and there were audible gasps among the villagers and throughout the missionary movement in general. Williams was daring, and his more cautious friends began to advise him with their brows knit and their heads shaking sadly.

"I tore down the wall, and I told the boys and girls what the rules would be," Dr. Williams explains. There are no walls between them in their villages, and this was to be a model village. So the wall went down. "I have never had occasion to regret it," he goes on. In fact, he is inclined to think there is a lot less "monkey business" since the girls no longer have a wall to hide behind.

Ushagram girls are known far and wide for their liberated spirit, their sense of equality, their courage and their preparation for heavy jobs in their villages.

One of the senior girls went out the other day to her home village and told her Hindu compatriots she was going to start a school. Everybody, even including the herd boys in the fields, hooted at her. The impossible idea of a girl who presumed to know enough to teach them anything. For two weeks she tried to assemble a student body. No one would pay any attention to her. One day, while visiting in one of the homes and pleading for her school, she found the mother of the house trying to sew. It was a miserable job, and the Ushagram girl gave her a helping hand.

She had clicked. Suddenly she knew what her job in her village was. Not a woman there knew how to sew decently. She told the mother to be ready to learn tomorrow. She told her to pass along the word to her friends. She raced for cloth and thread, and the next day there were fifteen women at her feet learning how to sew. For an entire summer the work went on. She held to her ideal of service until she found her place!

Dr. and Mrs. Williams went into the student hostels. They found them dirty, inadequate, dark, even worse than the homes of the villagers in many instances. This would never do, they determined. Ushagram is here to teach village youngsters how to live, they said, and dirty homes here will never produce clean homes in the villages.

It was a critical decision that had to be made. Most Americans would have been tempted to do the easy thing—write home for money and put up handsome brick buildings with concrete floors which might have hopped right off the campus of the University of Southern California.

Maybe it was fortunate there was a depression. Surely it was fortunate the Williamses had other ideas. They tore down the old hostels, opened them up so air and sunlight might get in, and laid plans for their dream, the Dawn ("usha") Village ("gram").

"When my wife and I made plans to build and live in a mud house, our friends threw up their hands in horror," Dr. Williams tells of those early days. "One very kind friend gave us just two years to survive. He said that a person from the west could not survive the humid conditions of Bengal under a ceiling of less than fourteen feet." The Williamses built their ceilings at nine and eleven feet, and they have found that the clay of western Bengal has no superior as a building material there.

The special problems of the mud house are protection of the walls from the driving monsoon rains, protection of the roof from fire and wind, protection of the rooms from heat, vermin, snakes, and thieves, and, of course, ventilation and sanitation.

The worst ordeal the Williamses have yet experienced in the keeping up of their mud cottages took place once in a windstorm when the head of the house had to spend a few trying minutes as an anchor upon the tile roof of their porch.

Dr. Williams took his lessons in the building of mud houses from the age-old methods of the Bengal villagers. He adapted the Indian methods and materials, learned how much money to spend. Then he went back to Ushagram and put everyone to work. It was fun building houses, first laying out the wall plans, puddling the clay, slapping the mud into the forms, letting it dry for two days, then adding a layer an inch thick with the sun's baking rays between, leaving space for windows, building chimneys (both windows and chimneys were unheard of), finally putting the roof in place. The cottages went up, one or two a year, each one an improvement on the one before. Some were two stories high, a decided innovation on the Indian landscape.

"As time went on," Dr. Williams says, "clay as a building material began to be woven into the very philosophy of life at Ushagram."

When Ushagram wanted to build its church, India was in store for another surprise. It was a mosque, some said. Others declared it was a Hindu temple. True, it had Saracenic domes, just like the Mohammedan mosques. True, it was open-air and without walls, like the temples. The pulpit was a raised dais with a mat for the preacher to sit upon as he spoke. There were no pews. The congregation was expected to leave sandals outside and sit on the floor inside.

Today, the National Christian Council of India, Burma and Ceylon, after careful investigation of mass movements in rural areas, is recommending that "church polity, orders of worship, architecture, policies with reference to festivals, social customs, discipline, and leadership be adapted as much and as speedily as possible to national and local conditions, subject, of course, *(Continued on page 48)*

Wide World Photos

# EVERY DAY IS

CROWD BEFORE THE GREAT CROSS AT THE EASTER SUNRISE SERVICE ON MT. DAVIDSON, NEAR SAN FRANCISCO

IN THE winter of 1935, the railway companies, looking about for means of increasing business, experimented with the idea of people going out of town for a weekend of exercise in the snow. They advertised a "snow train," with baggage cars fitted to carry skis, sleds and other articles for sport. The enthusiastic response gave a boost not only to the railroads but also to general retail business for many of the big stores opened departments where snow costumes and sports articles could be purchased. During the two seasons since the experiment was introduced, nature has not been very cooperative in her supply of snow, but in spite of this deficiency, the New York Central has taken about a thousand young people out of New York each weekend, while the New Haven Railroad has carried a greater number. The Boston and Maine and other roads out of Boston have undertaken a similar business, and the New York Central even ran a special streamlined express to the Far West last winter.

This new program of the railroads is an imitation of the cruise schedule of the steamship lines, who have run short cruises to Bermuda and Nassau for the last ten years with conspicuous success.

These new ventures in travel raise a pertinent question for Christian people as to what is going to happen to the observance of Sunday in our cities and suburbs. For many years the summer has been a slack season for the urban churches. The regular members of the congregation moved out to the seaside or the country, and a church which during the winter months had a congregation averaging five hundred or one thousand people would find itself reduced to fifty or a hundred, plus such tourists as entered its doors. But after the middle of September the congregation began its return and the church filled up. The minister came back from his vacation full of new ideas for sermons and parochial activities reopened.

But these snow trains and steamer

Wide World Photos

Page 16, left, the "Junior Snow Train" heads out of New York for Connecticut. Right, first Winter Sports Special leaving for Bear Mountain, New York. On page 17, the bicycle comes to the fore again

# SUNDAY

By RALPH SADLER MEADOWCROFT

cruises raise the question of whether the religious observance of Sunday is in real danger in urban America. Obviously travel possibilities for winter weekends are only in the first stages of growth. One hundred years ago only the richest of people went away at all, even in the summer. Since that time the vacation idea has become so widespread that many now consider it a necessity. And if the winter weekend should grow in comparable fashion to the summer vacation, the time may come when the urban church will have small Sunday congregations for fifty-two weeks in the year.

Of course, the present development is largely for young people. Older folk prefer a quiet weekend at home to rushing off by aeroplane, train or automobile for a vigorous weekend in the country. But if the young never get trained for regular Sunday worship is it reasonable to expect them to attend church when they have grown older? For in addition to this new possibility of city evacuation, the Sunday now offers every conceivable form of pleasure and entertainment in the movies, theaters and restaurants. This is spectacularly true of our great American cities, and is becoming so in the centers of the "blue" Sunday. Even in Glasgow, Scotland, there is now a large movie theater open on Sundays, from which the proceeds, minus expenses, are devoted to charity. Which is possibly good for charity but bad for a Sabbath Sunday; for the people who go to that movie are not thinking of furthering the cause of charity, they are finding pleasure for themselves and would go just as willingly if the theater pocketed all the funds.

Does this tendency indicate another defeat for the church? Must churches which have seen a dwindling Sunday congregation for years now prepare for the time when they shall have no congregation at all? This is a possibility which some good church people are sadly anticipating.

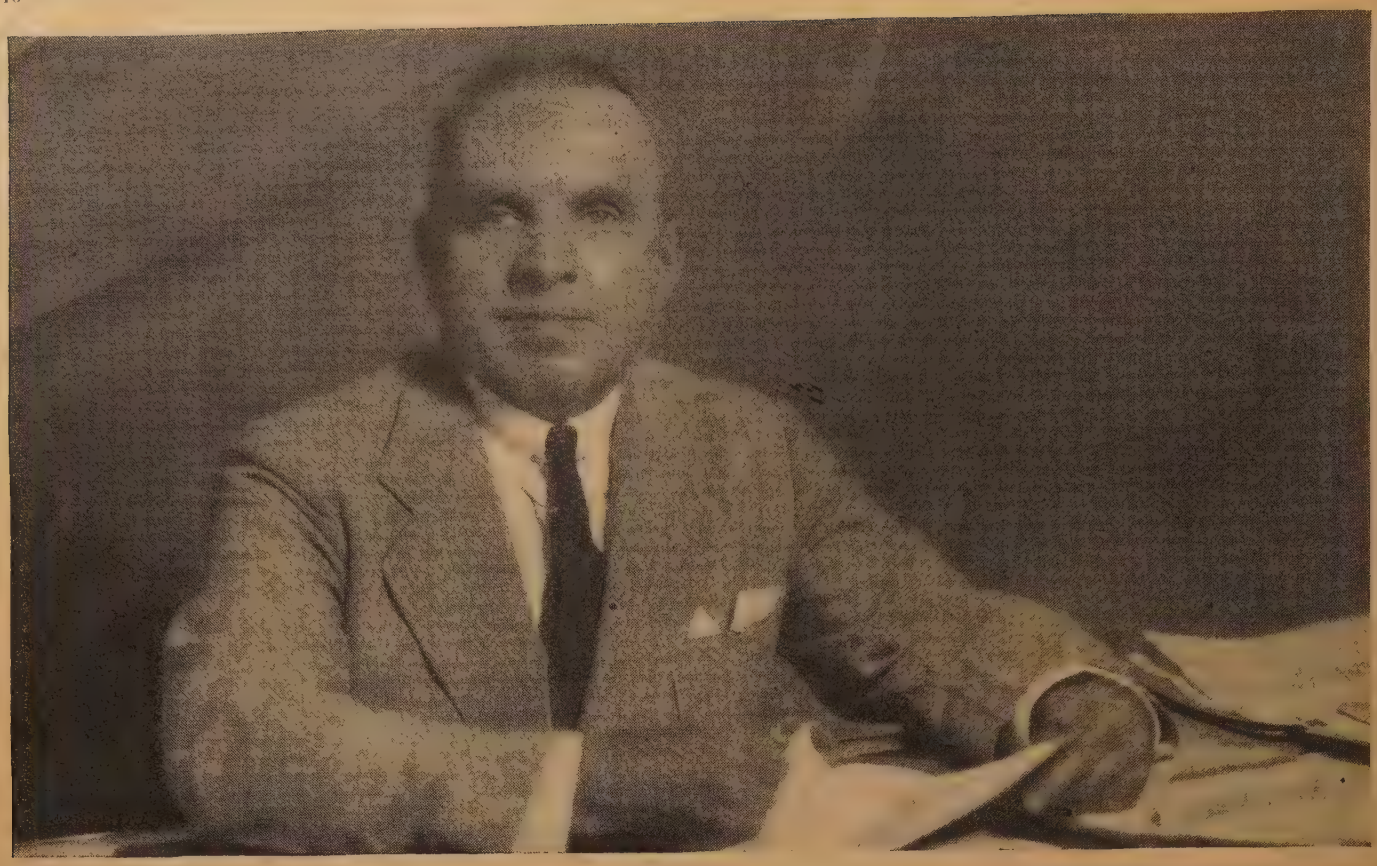
But such expectation is not born of a living faith, nor is it in any way demanded by the facts. For the Christian religion has shown its ability time and again to adapt itself to new conditions and still keep its spiritual power. Instead of taking either a defeatist attitude that we are losing our place in the world, or the negative spirit of denouncing still another evil, would it not be better to face the issue and ask what we can do about it? For the Christian faith has faced problems just as difficult as the problems of our generation and has overcome them.

Two things the church can do have come to the attention of the writer this summer. The first of them occurred in a delightful suburb of New York. In this village a large number of young people spend the months from June to October. Many of them are the children of church-going parents and feel a real interest in the church which the older people attend. But until this summer they never came to the church themselves other than at Christmas and Easter time. Their weekends have been occupied to the fullest possible extent in sailing. Many of the husbands travel down on the evening train from New York each Friday, are met at the station by their wives, and go to their boats shortly afterwards. They sail off to some chosen spot and do not return home until late Sunday evening. Others, whose boats are not fitted for sleeping, will spend Saturday cruising around, come home for the night, but be off again by eight o'clock on Sunday morning. Getting these young people to church appeared to be a hopeless task. But four years ago a young man became minister of that church and last fall he approached the young people with an interesting suggestion. "I can see that you dislike to give up your weekend on the water," he said, "but I am going to have a regular service during the week." The young people discussed it together and said they would come. In cooperation with their minister they chose Tuesday evening for the service and put the hour as late as nine o'clock, so that the men after the hot day in the city could take a swim upon getting home and have a leisurely dinner. The first service began in June and the minister entered the church with the hope that perhaps a small number would attend. To his great joy more than four times the anticipated number came and this result continued throughout the series. Indeed the congregation exceeded in number the usual attendance at the Sunday services. Young men and women who had stated their willingness to attend "once or twice" enthusiastically attended every one of the series. And unanimously the idea has been incorporated into the regular program of the church's work for future years.

Now, here is an idea so simple that one wonders why churches have not adopted it long ago. Mr. Roger Babson, speaking at the convention of the Congregationalist Churches last June, cautioned the clergymen not to "hog" the weekend. Many urban churches in America could adopt this idea, with possibly as great success as this church in a New York suburb. It is true, the Sunday morning congregation of that church was somewhat reduced, but the total of the two services was more than double the average for the Sunday services of previous years. And in addition, it made a contact with a number of fine young people who otherwise might never attend church and who in years to come will more probably come on Sunday than if they remained unchurched.

The other illustration of a method by which the church can meet the problem of a traveling public was brought to my attention while over in England this summer. On the coast of Lancashire, about forty miles north of Liverpool, is the huge seaside resort of Blackpool. It is one of the most popular seaside places in the British Isles and several times in the year is crowded with visitors from all parts of the country. But the first two weeks of August are the occasion of Blackpool's greatest crowd. The cotton mills of Lancashire send their hundreds of thousands of workpeople on vacation and to Blackpool the vast majority of them go. The promenade along the sea front is a mass of people for these two weeks. From an aeroplane one would imagine that a man could walk on their heads, so densely are the people packed together. Years ago the churches became cognizant of their opportunity, for here were crowds of people with little to do, who never entered a church building. The churches rented the theaters and brought the outstanding preachers of the day to hold great popular services on the Sunday evenings. But the Bishop of Manchester adopted a still better way of getting into touch with the people. They had come to Blackpool for a holiday and for the invigorating air. In the open air the Bishop decided to preach his message. They had come to lie upon the sands. Then upon the sands he would hold his services. So the experiment has grown with the years. And now, at different points along Blackpool's golden beaches, bishops and clergymen of the church conduct services and preach the Word of God to the vast crowd who are staying there. A number of men come to the arranged spot some time before the service with shovels and by the

*(Continued on page 56)*



# ALARM CLOCK FOR FORTY MILLION CHILDREN

## *By James M. Ross*

*The Story of*

**ROBERT M. HOPKINS**

**General Secretary of the World's Sunday School Association**

★

A QUIET man, broad-shouldered, sturdy, with kindly face and mien radiating spiritual power, sits at a desk facing the door of his office on the twentieth floor of the building at 51 Madison Avenue, New York City. Wherever the Banner of God is aloft his name is known.

This man is Dr. Robert Milton Hopkins, and he is the alarm clock of conscience which motivates forty million children in all parts of the world to arise every Sabbath, wash their hands and faces and hurry off to Sunday Schools. Dr. Hopkins is the general secretary of the World's Sunday School Association, and is a most commanding figure in the cause of Christian education the world over.

He knows what Sunday Schools everywhere are doing; he knows when and why attendance increases or falls, even though this may happen at the furthest reaches of the earth. He studies with concern and plans to meet with action the design of certain governments to crush Sunday School work within their lands.

"It is not the will of the people which has brought about these conditions," Dr. Hopkins declared to the writer. "It is the enforcement of Nationalism—the mechanization of God-fearing folks under the regime of paganism. I have confidence that these harmful influences will be overcome and that the inhabitants of the countries affected will be permitted to return to the worship of their faiths."

It is a striking—even thrilling—life that Dr. Hopkins leads, and has led for more than thirty years, since he took up the mantle dropped from the shoulders of his father, the Rev. Alexander Campbell Hopkins, when the end of his busy years came. The father was named for the famous Scottish preacher who came to America nearly 150 years ago and laid the foundation for what is now the Disciples of Christ denomination—the Christian Church, as it is known in some sections of the country. The Rev. Alexander Campbell Hopkins was long active in Bible School expansion in Kentucky—the family home being in Louisville, where Robert Hopkins spent his boyhood—and early became imbued with the Sunday School spirit.

The elder Hopkins was Kentucky's pioneer Sunday School worker and was known in every part of the commonwealth. He was called "Sunday School Evangelist," and his work led directly into the formation of churches and Sunday Schools, resulting in thousands of converts. He conducted Sunday School institutes, distributed Bibles and church literature, especially song books. He compiled books of songs, one of the series, "Favorite Hymns," being especially popular. He taught people to sing new songs and brought them to see the value of music in the church. He was a fine singer, this leader of another day, and is remembered in Kentucky by many people as "The Sweet Singer of Israel," the name by which he was called during his life. And today, in commemoration of the work of this Man of God, the Chair of Religious Education in the College of the Bible at Lexington is named for Alexander Campbell Hopkins.

Bob Hopkins in his first youth wanted to become a lawyer. His native State was

nted for its orators and men who were ccessful in the legal profession, and e boy saw his opportunity among the llowers of Coke and Blackstone and ent. As a youngster, he took the re- ired preparatory courses at Culver- ockton College at Canton, Misouri, and en entered the University of Michigan Ann Arbor, to be trained in torts and on.

A few days before "Bob" was to gradu- e, the venerable father was stricken tally ill. The son rushed home, arrived ast before death entered. The funeral ver, the family counseled, the mother ointing out to Bob that he, as the eldest on, was now head of the family and it as necessary that he take the lead in upporting his mother and his sister and ounger brothers.

While at the University of Michigan, oung Hopkins had become increasingly nterested in religious work. Professor . P. Coler, who maintained the first "Bible Chair," (now called School of Religion) at Ann Arbor, was his warm friend. Professor Coler said to him shortly after the elder Mr. Hopkins passed away: "Young man, this may be an act of Providence. You must take up your father's work." The Professor apparently did not care particularly for the bar and bench as the forte of his protege.

Providence may have had a part in the developments, but Dr. Hopkins believes that the Professor "said a good word" for him, for the boy soon received a letter from the Kentucky Bible School Association asking him to return and follow in the footprints of his father. Bob remained at Ann Arbor only long enough to graduate. Then he put his lawbooks on the shelf and went back to his homeland.

It was on October first, 1900, that Bob Hopkins entered upon the duties which have engaged him ever since. "I have never done any other type of work, never wanted any other and never will have any other," he told this writer: However, there was the matter of looking after the economic situation, so his mother would be taken care of, and one day he asked his Executive Board what his compensation would be.

"We will pay you $800 this year—if you raise the money," was the answer. The organization had just $175 on hand.

Hopkins took the job!

Now, Kentucky's Bluegrass region is a veritable "garden spot," and is so called by the enthusiastic residents. But there are vast stretches where grim mountains frown; dark valleys which are rarely favored by a glint of sunlight; where in the days of Bob Hopkins' embryonic work, feuds raged among highland clansmen. Outsiders were not warmly welcomed in some localities, and many persons hesitated about going into the wild hill country. But Bob Hopkins went. He traveled mountain byways day and night. He invaded sections where few "foreigners" had ever ventured to penetrate before.

There were moonshiners in the hills, too, and mountaineers as a rule suspected every stranger to be a "revenuer," as Uncle Sam's liquor plant raiders were then called. Even if the visitor was not a "Guv'ment man," he had no business there, anyway. Now, Bob Hopkins did not look any more like a revenue official then than he does now, but wolves occasionally go about in sheep's garb; so he was stopped many times on lonely roads and compelled to tell who he was, why he was there, how long he expected to stay, and so on. The questions were promptly answered, because the mountaineers traveled in groups and each man carried a rifle over one arm or had a pistol at his waist.

Hopkins replied to their queries, promptly and fully, and never had any real "trouble," as it is called there. Some of these guardians of what they saw as their inalienable right attended meetings he conducted. "I knew I was all right, but I had to convince these people of the fact. After we became acquainted I found the average hillman hospitable and kindly, and I recall my experiences among them with pleasure."

Bob Hopkins carried movies to the mountains. Nobody in those highlands thirty-odd years ago had ever heard of motion pictures, to say nothing of having seen them. In the formative stages of his work he found difficulty in attracting people to his meetings at which he forwarded the cause of Christian education. He studied the problem and decided something just had to be done. Now, his father had used a stereopticon set, projecting still pictures on a screen, and this always attracted attention. So he took his instrument and slides into the hills. But stereopticons had been seen there before, so he decided that a drastic move must be made. He learned that a stereopticon manufacturer had worked out a small device which could be hitched to a motionless picture so that the film could be jiggled in such a way that it moved. An excellent shivery motion made the unsophisticated think the pictures were in motion. The film, of course, ran on sprockets and the motive power came from a small tank of gas.

This new method of showmanship made an instant hit. People flocked to Hopkins' meetings. The pictures were placed at a strategic place on the program to insure that nobody would go away for lack of interest. Converts multiplied—there had never been such an awakening of religious zeal as the hill country saw then. The piece de resistance of the galloping scenes was "The Explosion of a Battleship." Nobody thereabouts ever saw a battleship, nor anything like one being blown up. This view was put on when and if the audience began to exhibit traces of boredom, the smoke and flames, with bits

**The Sunday School at Nazareth, where Jesus lived when he was a boy**

★

## 40,000,000 PUPILS

**The World's Sunday School Association was organized in 1889. It has approximately 40,000,000 pupils in 129 countries.**

**There have been twelve World Conventions. The first was in London in the year of organization, when the total enrollment of children was 19,715,781. When the last convention took place in Oslo, in 1936, the enrollment was 37,285,519.**

***Officials of the Association are:***

**President, Sir Harold Mackintosh, Bart., J. P., Halifax, England; Chairman World Council, Luther A. Weigle, Ph.D., New Haven, Conn.; Chairman North American Committee, Hugh R. Monro, LL.D., Montclair, N. J.; General Secretaries, Robert M. Hopkins, D.D., LL.D., New York; James Kelly, D.D., Glasgow, Scotland; Recording Secretary, F. E. Parkhurst, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; Treasurer, Paul Sturtevant, New York.**

of guns and sea-fighting armor being flung about, always brought them back to close attention.

Young Hopkins then decided to give his auditors something better. Thereafter, just at the instant when the ship burst into flames he whacked the gas tank with a hammer, and this brought the audiences up standing. One night, he recalls, an ancient mountaineer sat through the program quietly until the explosion came. When Hopkins' hammer struck the tank, this old fellow sprang to his feet as if shot and blurted loudly: "Well, I'll be d——!" So it was that Bob Hopkins introduced sound movies in the hills long before Hollywood moguls ever thought of them, even before David Wark Griffith, motion picture pioneer from Hopkins' State and also the son of a minister, ever thought he would be famous for his spectacles in the realm of pictures.

Oh, yes, he more than raised his $800 salary!

Bob Hopkins' success became "norated about," as local nomenclature has it. He was given an office in Louisville, whence he directed others in carrying on the work he had inaugurated. Then he published a Sunday School paper. He built up a competent staff, and finally it dawned upon his Board and high officials in similar work over the nation that Kentucky had under way just about the most progressive program in behalf of the Disciples of Christ that was being done in all America.

In 1910, Hopkins became Bible School Secretary of the American Christian Missionary Society, with headquarters in Cincinnati, Ohio. When the United Christian Missionary Society was formed in 1920, he became its general secretary in charge of the Department of Religious Education. As a delegate to the Glasgow Convention of the World's Sunday School Association in 1924, he had much to do with the reorganization of that body, being a member of the executive committee. When this was done in 1928, Dr. Hopkins was elected one of the coordinate secretaries for the world-wide work, the other being Dr. James Kelly, of Glasgow. Dr. Hopkins became general secretary of the Association in 1928, and since has studied Sunday School work at first hand by visits to every continent in the world.

In the meantime, Culver-Stockton College conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, as did Birmingham Southern College and Boston University. In 1931, Transylvania College at Lexington, honored him with a LL.D.

While Dr. Hopkins, during his travels over the globe, has often faced hardship, sometimes danger, he had one of his most stirring adventures while traveling across Angola, in Africa. It was here that he was met by a big snake! The reptile may or may not have been a descendant of the serpent which tempted Eve, but it happened this way:

With three other men, Dr. Hopkins missed the Leopoldville plane from Fort Franconi and they hired an automobile for the 2,000-mile journey, having to take a roundabout way because of the harsh roads and the fact that the country was not too safe anyway—there were sometimes marauders in circulation in those wilds of Angola and the Belgian Congo. The trip required ten days, whereas the plane makes it in two. One morning, after a coolish night, the party started out blithely and as the engine warmed up a large and lusty snake poked his head from under the hood and surveyed the travelers.

"That snake looked right at me," Dr. Hopkins told his interviewer. Someone jabbed at the reptile, which withdrew his head, but in a few minutes the ugly head emerged again, this time the glittering eye being fixed upon the chauffeur. This was too much. The car was stopped and a council of war held. Stick and clubs were obtained, the hood of the automobile lifted, the unwelcome stowaway slain, and the body cast upon the highway.

"He was a fearful looking fellow," Dr. Hopkins recalled, "about five feet long. We did not know the species. Evidently he had found the hood a refuge from the cold and when the car shook him up a bit he decided to see what it was all about." Therefore, curiosity proved as fatal to this snake as legend says it sometimes is to a cat.

"The Sunday School has been an ecumenical work longer than any other organization except the Y. M. C. A.," he said, "having been organized as a world-wide body in 1889, fifty years ago, under the official title of the 'World's Sunday School Association.' Sunday Schools are now conducted in 129 countries, with a total enrollment of around forty millions among nearly all peoples and races.

"I am thrilled when I think of the Sunday School in Nazareth, where Jesus grew as a boy to become 'the Lowly Nazarene.' In the historic Church of the Annunciation, down by the Well of the Virgin, this Sunday School was established, more than seven years ago, by Hanna Nissar, with whom I was placed in touch through another young Arab, a member of the Greek Orthodox Church. This Nazareth Sunday School is now the largest in Palestine, having an enrollment of 540 boys and girls. All are Arabs, instructed by Arab teachers in the Arabian language. There is never a word of English spoken there, but the Love of the Living God and the Spirit of Jesus Christ are being implanted in the minds and souls of these children. I spent a Palm Sunday with them, and my heart sang at the results being achieved as a direct outgrowth of the World's Sunday School Association.

"In the ancient Armenian Church in such cities as Damascus, Hama, Aleppo and Lattaquie, Levon Zenian, a leader in the Armenian Apostolic Church, has organized within the last few years many efficient Sunday Schools, enrolling children numbering well into the thousands. I have had the privilege of seeing nearly all of them. In Palestine and Syria, under the leadership of George Scherer, widely-known in Near Eastern religious education, the Sunday School enrollment in the last ten years has increased more than 150 per cent.

"In old Egypt, where the Pharaohs made the history which is so graphically told in the Bible, there are now 600 Sunday Schools. Among them are many 'Street Sunday Schools,' in which Sheikh Dewairy, long a most devoted worker, leads the world in reaching neglected children by this method. The Coptic Church, which has been the slowest of all Eastern churches to respond to our approaches, has awakened at last.

"But Greece is leading all in the Near East. Twelve years ago, there were just seven Sunday Schools, all in Athens; now there are in Greece over 600, enrolling more than 40,000 pupils. The Z. O. E. movement within the Greek Orthodox Church is heading a genuine revival, bringing life to all within that church. This movement is responsible for the largest share in this vast expansion. I have never witnessed anything like it.

"In spite of the great outreach of our work, we have grave difficulties, but we are not dismayed. There are no Sunday Schools in Russia, for example. In all this vast country, one-sixth of the globe's area, there is not a single Sunday School because religion is being stamped out by law. There can be no legally-conducted religious education in Russia for any person under eighteen years of age.

"But this I see as one of our greatest opportunities. If the way to wipe out religion is to prohibit religious education, the way to propagate religion is to promote it. This is a challenge to establish Sunday Schools there. I went to Russia to study the situation, but found there is absolutely nothing we can do, as yet, with the approval of the authorities, to remedy the situation.

"In the Far East, the region most congenial to the Sunday School movement has been the little land of Korea. It has a Sunday School *(Continued on page 44)*

## THANK GOD

**Thank God for Faith that dropped each sleeping seed**
**Within the bosom of a Mother's care**
**Where gentle rain and sun were waiting there**
**And nourishment to meet a seedling's need!**
**Thank God for hands that ousted every weed**
**And gave each plant a place in ambient air!**
**Thank God for growth that lifted to prepare**
**A bounty that would direst needs exceed!**

**No mortal mind can understand how grows**
**Our staff of life from out the sweating sod;**
**There nothing was except in calm repose**
**A tiny Something in a common clod.**
**But Faith saw food dispelling Famine's woes,**
**A trust embedded in a living God.**

***Ruby Dell Baugher***

☆ ☆ ☆

# WHAT THE WORLD MOST NEEDS

## By Dorothy Thompson

IT OUGHT to be noted, as one of the signs of the times, that there is a spontaneous revival of interest in religion, and in the emotional, aesthetic and ethical forces and attitudes that are part of the religious life. I say "spontaneous" because the interest is not adequately measured by increased church attendance, nor does the new impulse come wholly, or even perhaps chiefly, from organized churches. It is surely important that four of the most popular plays on Broadway last season dealt with some aspect of religion: one, to be sure a comedy, rather trifling, and owing no doubt a large measure of its success to the acting skill and delightful humor of Miss Gertrude Lawrence—I refer to Susan and God; one an attempt to reconcile us with death—On Borrowed Time; and two plays of distinguished merit and great beauty—Shadow and Substance, and Thornton Wilder's deeply moving Our Town. In London, T. S. Eliot's Murder in the Cathedral was one of the great box-office successes of the season; a Federal Theater Project produced it here, and the English company had a brief hearing.

A renewed interest in Shakespeare may be attributed in some measure, I think, to the same impulse—to the disturbances that people feel over problems of right and wrong, and the relation of the individual personality to standards above himself. When Orson Welles produced Julius Caesar last winter, he did it in such a form as to make it an attack on contemporary Fascism; but Mr. Welles did not rewrite Shakespeare, nor did he turn out by his stage management a "left wing" play. His hero, Brutus, remained a Roman aristocrat, who hated the immoral nature of despotism and the tawdry seduction of helpless masses; like all Shakespeare's heroes, a man concerned with the problems of the human soul.

The great German novelist, Thomas Mann, in a series of lectures which he made from coast to coast last spring, talked about the problems of Democracy, and over and over again he stressed its essential ethical and spiritual basis. Rejecting the technical-political definitions of Democracy as wholly insufficient to define the Democratic principle, he described it as "the form of government and society inspired above every other with the feeling and consciousness of the dignity of man." And the dignity of man, he found, derives from his spiritual nature. Doctor Mann's attack on Fascism, therefore, was centered on the fact—as he sees it—that it frees man of conscience, and his hope of its defeat lay in the resurgence of moral ideas and the positive affirmation of Christian principles.

Although science has been held partially responsible for the growth of both skepticism and materialism, many of our greatest scientists have divorced themselves absolutely from this conception of the role of science. Notably among them is Albert Einstein, who some months ago asserted that the world was relapsing into barbarism through the rejection of Biblical injunctions regarding human conduct.

And surveys conducted by the *Ladies' Home Journal* and other magazines indicate that despite the fact that this is a largely skeptical and agnostic country, the religious instinct and the religious need are still very much alive. One such survey discovered that women consider that there is more need for religion than there is for economic security. I found this highly significant; first, because women by nature crave economic security more than men do, if only because of their greater physical closeness to their children and apprehensions in their behalf; second, because they control the family budget, spend most of the national income, and know even more precisely than men exactly how much food, shelter, clothing, recreation and medicine the family budget will or will not buy; and third, because in this country they are usually the family authority on manners and morals. Finally, the family is structurally the only existing communist society, however microscopic. The pure communist doctrine of "from each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs" holds, by and large, in the family and in the family alone. And mothers know, only too well, how often this doctrine founders on Susan's selfishness, Jack's laziness, Jill's extravagance, Paul's lack of consideration, father's self-indulgence or mother's bad temper. It would seem that women need more help in teaching their children how to behave than in feeding them.

The growing prestige of religion in this country—and, I believe, among all other democratic nations—may also be partly due to political reasons. In our generation we have seen every conceivable sort of political and economic Utopia planned and put into action, but not one of them has yet produced a society living the "good life" according to the terms and requirements of the most simplehearted Christian. Furthermore, we have seen that the very organizations and parties which seek to destroy existing religions have so much respect for the religious instinct that they attempt to divert it into channels which they can control and to use the emotional powers which religion engenders in the service of their own ideas.

But the sorrows of mankind are by no means entirely economic, even in Russia. Mothers still see young children die, lovers are still subject to broken hearts, and everybody has, sooner or later, to suffer old age and death, and it is certainly doubtful whether either Lenin or Stalin is as comforting for inescapable tragedies as Jesus is.

The religious spirit has created such concepts as "truth," "beauty," "justice," "kindness," "charity," "brotherly love," most of the inhibitions which somewhat restrain the predatory proclivities of the human animal, and most of the dreams of a decent social order—the very word "decent" betraying the ethical basis of all reform.

(Reprinted by special permission from the Ladies' Home Journal. Copyright 1938 by The Curtis Publishing Company.)

*This is a photograph of the real Parsonage Candlestick —for it is a real one—made by Marion Wesp, a friend of the author*

# The Parsonage Candle-stick

## By Mary Heald Williamson

LAST night I heard my mistress talk about me. She was carefully holding me on her lap as we bounced over some back roads on our way home. I overheard her say to the Parson, "What a tale our candlestick could tell."

I've thought about it all day, the story of my life here in a country parsonage. I've been remembering all the events I've had a part in, including the candle-lit wedding we went to last night in a little country church. It is very quiet and very late. All the lights are out in the village homes. It is still at last in this home that seems alive with people coming and going, with thinking and planning and studying long after other homes are at rest. Here I stand on the place of honor, an old cherry table. My mistress was delighted when she found it in this parsonage. "A lovely old table," she said with a glad note in her voice, "just the place for the candlestick." And so they put me here, under the picture that the family looks at often, a picture of a man, plainly garbed in clothes of long ago, a man blessing the breaking of bread in a simple home.

I must confess I wondered a lot about it at first. But then I'm used to being set in new places, used to moving around. My, the experiences I've had in that moving! How different my life is anyhow from the one I've dreamed of.

I should like to be modest, but my friends in the silversmith's shop had all told me of the grace with which I held my tapers, the delicacy and intricacy of my design. One day two women entered the shop. "I should like to see a silver candlestick, something very lovely," the younger one said. "But Jean," remonstrated the older woman, "why don't you get your friend a practical gift? For the same money you could buy warm blankets or so many pots and pans."

"But Mother, she'll have those, and she may be starved for beauty."

And so they bought me, a candlestick that had dreamed of at least gracing a cathedral altar.

Strangely enough my first trip was to church. There I was placed on an altar. I was surrounded by many other candles. There were sweet-scented flowers and rolling tones of organ music. There was a girl in misty white who rested her eyes on me when she wasn't saying queer words to a sturdy young man at her side.

Then I was very carefully wrapped up and put in a queer dark box, a suitcase, I heard them call it. I was next unwrapped in a bare little room that was sweet and fresh as the wind from a pine-bordered lake blew through it. There, late one evening they set candles in me and by their light read from a worn little black book that the young man took from his pocket. They seemed deeply stirred. I wondered why, just the two of them, the candlelight and the little black book.

Then we moved again. There was a long ride this time in the black suitcase in a bumpy little car. I heard them talk about seminary and school. They seemed pretty old to be going to school! Next they set me up in a dark little room, high up in the air. I heard the young man say he didn't like the city. If that was what made the smoky smell in the air, I agreed with him. But there were some gay times in that little student apartment. My young folks would put their tallest candles in me and there I was in the center of a little table with all the wedding present china around me. Then more couples would come in bringing good-smelling dishes. How they would talk and talk until my candles sputtered lower and lower. It was all about something they called the Church and how they longed to serve that Church. A question they often discussed was, "How could they be good ministers of Jesus?" Jesus. That was the name of the man in the picture who had lived so long ago. Why should they want to serve Him?

The women talked, too. How could they be good minister's wives? If only they, too, could study and prepare themselves. The seminary had no courses in building family altars and religion in the home, in all the many possibilities in the spiritual side of homemaking, in working with women and in developing, organizing and conserving their own energies. They all argued and discussed. Sometimes it was hard to believe they were friends, but they seemed so eager to

come again they must have been. Many time after they went home, my mistress would say, "How the candlestick helped make this a festive occasion. I just managed to save enough money from the groceries for three candles today. They're my one luxury!"

Then, after many happy, carefree days, we moved again. How excited they were, my mistress and her Parson, as she called him. Their first meal in their first parsonage. I shall never forget it. They were dedicating their home they said. Things weren't straightened out very much but I had been packed near the top of a big box. They seemed to forget the hard work as they held hands and ate their simple meal by my light. Would their people love them? Could they make their dreams of their ministry come true? Those were the questions they talked so much about.

MANY years have flown. Ten they said the other day. What full, hard, yet happy years. I've known the seasons change as different-hued candles have burned in my holders. Gay red ones when many ladies dropped in to what they called a Christmas tea. Again the red ones burned when a crowd of merry young people sang Christmas carols. In a country parsonage window I stood, beckoning with my fingers of flame to singing youngsters, suddenly stilled. You see, my mistress was holding a tiny, wee squirming thing in her arms, their son who reached in vain for my flickering light.

There would be bright orange candles for merry Hallowe'en parties. Pale yellow ones gleamed when Easter bunnies and candy eggs were found by parsonage boys hidden in what certainly looked like grass at my feet. There were white ones when I journeyed over to the country church for candlelit Easter services and for Christmas pageants. Then many folks sang so happily and watched with reverence some of our own young people who said they were shepherds and wise men honoring the baby Jesus. Jesus, that name again. How it ran like a shining thread through all this pattern of life I saw in the countryside!

There was the never-to-be-forgotten time when candles, the deep green of pine woods burned in me as I rested on a huge mantel of stone. It was a cabin they told me. Many women were around me, their camp, the first vacation in many years, I heard some of them say. They lit tapers from mine as they told of those qualities they wanted to build into the lives of their families that year.

SOME of the very happiest times have been when folks have dropped in to supper, and I have been in the very heart of the fellowship around me. There was the young man and woman who seemed so unhappy and discouraged. I knew my mistress was especially anxious for everything to be nice, for she polished me until every flower design upon me shone. "Bob and Esther are about ready to leave the country church," I heard the Parson tell my mistress. How long and earnestly they all talked that night when Bob and Esther came. I heard all about the great need of the countryside, the young people growing up there who must re-people America, the responsibility for making life Christian at its source. "Some time," I heard the Parson say, "we will be paid not because of where we serve but *how*. Can you extend your parish? Aren't there some unreached marginal folk? Can't you work with other pastors in your community? Cooperation not competition, that is the way out today. Then, too, you will have a sense of mission, not determined by the numbers you serve. Always remember that growth is a slow process, and never forget to love unceasingly."

There was sincere prayer before they blew my tapers out, prayer that they might all hold true to their dream of serving the country church, that they might be aware of the slow, tedious process that rebuilding the rural church would be, prayer that somehow their financial needs, on the simplest standard they could keep, might be met, that a measure of security and some beauty might be their lot. Above all they prayed for their people, that all these needed good things of life might be theirs, too.

There was the night when a young college girl who had been helping in vacation school was eating with us. She told

★

## CHINESE VILLAGE WOMEN

**I sat beside a wayside door,**
**The morning sun shone on the floor.**
**The village, riddled, ruined, stood**
**Below the green ancestral wood.**
**The enemy's vindictive horde**
**Had swept the land with fire and sword.**
**Now men were gone, and men were dead.**
**"Yet walls must rise," the women said.**
**"Fields must be planted, children fed."**
**So silently along the road**
**With tools and carry-poles they strode.**
**Involuntarily I stood**
**And bared my head to womanhood.**

*Edith G. Traver*

★

my folks she had decided to give her life to work with children and young people in the countryside. Nowhere else could she see as big a challenge or opportunity. Where should she go to school? Would she be sure of a position when she came out? I could see as my light flickered in my parsonage folks' eyes that they were happy at her decision. I could see, too, that they were grave as they told her that in spite of the need, young women were not finding enough opportunities opening up, lack of money was a handicap, surely the field would open.

Then there was the night when a dear little couple with hair silvery like myself dropped in for supper. They told of their pioneer days in one of the Dakotas, wherever that may be. The woman told of the long journeys she had taken with her husband in the old carriage. "One time," she said, "we were driving in blinding snow. I turned to John and said, 'John, there isn't anyone else but you and me in all these Dakotas who would be fools enough to leave their home on such a day.' But you know our children are so responsible and fine. They had to take responsibility. They felt a real share and pride in our work, and now the girls and most of the boys are working for the church." They told, too, of the way they bought ice just like wood in that land of little rainfall. They would melt it in boilers behind the stove. "I didn't have sense enough to feel sorry for myself when I couldn't turn on a faucet, I was just so very grateful for that lovely soft water for my babies' flannels. But, oh, my dears, now that we have retired, we look back and know that in every little charge there was at least one person that needed something we had to bring. We always knew that a wise heavenly Father had placed us in that particular spot at that particular time because we were needed." I could see that evening meant a lot to my parsonage folks.

THERE was the time, too, when they were having a late Sunday night lunch by my light and talking over the day. "One of the nicest times in the week" they would always say. The active, happy crowd of young people had left for home after their Sunday night meeting. What joy there would be over a new family that had finally started to church, or over one of the young folks who was making such a splendid church school teacher. A call came; "Would the parson come?" I must not tell you about that. The mistress waited a long time. But how happy they seemed to be as they finished their interrupted meal. "Wasn't it queer," I said to myself. "They are really glad to be kept up late and bear others' burdens. Does this man Jesus have anything to do with that?"

And so I've caught up with the story of my life. There's just this wedding that we went to last night. I recognized the young couple the Parson was marrying. I knew what the words meant by now for I had lighted more couples as they said their vows in the parsonage living room. "The first church wedding," my mistress said. I remembered this couple, for one night they had sat around my light after a long conference in the study. Then they talked with my mistress about their wedding. They wanted a church wedding they said. They didn't want to run away to the Justice of the Peace. They wanted their friends around them in the church that had meant so much to them. They were very happy. They were going to live in a little tenant farmhouse. They had been picking berries together and both mothers had helped in the canning. They were well and strong and so sure about each other. They wanted to build into their home and life together all the ideals of marriage and family life they'd been discussing in young people's meetings and camps and conferences. My mistress said, "I am praying that they will have candlelight hours in their lives, and always a place for beauty."

BEAUTY. That was what the girl said long ago when she bought me. I am grateful as I think over my life that I belong on a simple stand in a country parsonage and not on a cathedral altar. Glad that my place is under the picture of that Man, who I know now is the source of all the real beauty I've observed around me. Glad that I can have a small part in bringing beauty through dreams that my parsonage folks are striving to put foundations under.

# KOREA'S FEMININE KAGAWA

***The story of a brave girl who, in the face of incredible difficulties, gained an education and became a leader***

**By**

**WILLIAM L. STIDGER**

★

I FIRST met Induk Pak in The West Gate Prison in Seoul, Korea in 1919.

She was one of half a dozen girls from the Methodist Schools in Seoul who had been arrested and thrown into prison, in what I then thought and still think was a ruthless, barbarian fashion. At least one of those girls was beaten to death.

It was all because of the Korean Independence Movement. Japan had taken over Korea in typical Japanese fashion, by right of superior power and intrigue. I happened to be in Korea at that time. There was a mass meeting of the Korean Independence Movement in a field outside of Seoul. These Korean girls, cultured, educated, beautiful of form and face, full of spirit, attended—or, at least the Japanese gendarmes said that they did, and I guess that they did, for which I honored them then and do now.

In any case the Japanese gendarmes came one evening (they always make such arrests by night) to the doors of our girls' school and demanded these girls whose names they had with them.

But of all the girls who were arrested Miss Pak was given special treatment. The other girls were put in solitary confinement, almost starved for six months; one of them beaten to death; were never permitted to have visitors; all books taken from them; most of their clothes; but Miss Pak was saved all of this for a peculiar reason. The Japanese wanted what they called "a model prisoner" to show off to foreign visitors. Induk Pak was called that "model prisoner." She was given special concessions. She was given a clean, warm room; she was given good food; she was permitted to have her Bible. And it was she who was shown to visitors from foreign lands when they came to visit that terrible West Gate Prison in which political prisoners were kept. Among the interested foreign visitors who went to that prison in 1919 I was one.

But now we shall jump back a few years to get Induk Pak's "Believe it or Not" story; because it just happens to be one of the most bewildering, improbable and adventurous stories it has ever been my privilege to put together.

Her father was a Chinese scholar, took the Royal examination three times and passed it in Seoul. The last time that stately old Korean father took his examinations, he walked one hundred and eighty miles to take them, taking ten days each way over the Black Diamond mountain range. When we think of that dignified old father, then we come to understand the eager search for education, the courage, the fortitude of this frail, slant-eyed, brown-skinned, beautiful Korean girl, who literally thrilled thousands of people in churches all over the United States with the story of her life and her even more exciting and appealing story of her movement to build cooperatives in the country districts of Korea for Korean women.

When we know that the general idea in Korea has been for centuries that a woman should be seen and not heard; should remain humbly in the background and never seek to get an education; and that it was, back in the first of this century, an absolutely unheard-of thing for a Korean girl even to think of wanting an education; then we shall know what a daring thing it was for this girl to decide that, though all the powers that be were arrayed against her, she was determined to get one.

It was not only from her old scholarly father that this seed was planted in her soul, but the missionaries from America came along with the same ridiculous idea and ideal; that women had as much right to an education as men. Induk Pak's Mother said: "If they won't give girls a chance for an education I'll make a boy out of her. I'll train her to act and think and play and dress and live like a boy."

So, for a year, that audacious mother trained her girl to act and live and think like a boy. She had her daring plan, one of the most unheard of procedures in human history.

There were no schools for girls anywhere in Korea. Therefore that brave mother decided to dress Induk Pak up as a boy and send her to a boy's school. But in order to do that it was necessary for that girl and her mother to move to another village where they were not known, for, of course, they could not get by with any such unprecedented social rebellion and deceit as that in their home village. So the whole family moved a hundred miles away. That mother dressed Induk Pak in boy's clothes and she wore them on that overland journey—every step of it on foot, as her father before her had taken his journey to the examinations. That mother even changed her name to a boy's name.

When Induk Pak told me about her first day in school, she said: "I shall never forget my first day in a boy's school dressed as a boy. My mother told me: 'Remember, you're a boy and not a girl. Remember that a boy can sit anywhere he pleases, and any way he pleases.' That suited me for I always did like to sit cross-legged on the floor. In Korea the one who reads loudest gets the first prize, and believe me" (she has since learned American slang,) "I got first prize, for I loved to yell like a boy. I learned to climb up a tree like a boy; to climb to the eaves of the houses to gather bird's eggs as Korean boys did; to spin a top, to enter a running race, to jump ropes, to fly kites. Flying kites—that was a most lovely thing. The boys made their own kites, with a square box-like design and no tail. I made my own kite. I played football and competed with fifteen-year-old boys. I was only nine. I joined a Sunday School for boys in the village church.

"Then when I had gone to school two years as a boy, some missionaries started the first school in Korea for girls and mother said: 'I think you'd better go to the girl's school now.'

"When I went to say good-bye to my

**INDUK PAK,** the Korean girl whose wonderful story has thrilled thousands in this country and Europe

teacher and told her that I was a girl she said: 'I can't believe it. Are you really a girl?' It was a terrible scandal in the village, for girls were not even allowed in the same room with boys; and even grown-up women were never permitted to eat at the same table with the men—even with their own husbands and sons."

Following Induk Pak's Grammar School experience, when she dressed and lived as a boy in order to get the start of her education, she and her mother decided to send her to Ewha (meaning Pear Blossom), a Methodist Girls' School in Seoul. They did not even know enough to take the precaution of writing to see if they would take her into that school. Her mother wove cotton cloth. Finally that mother saved up $1.50 and put her on a train for Seoul to go to the girls' school.

Says Miss Pak: "I had never been on a train in my life before and it was an exciting journey. It rained all day long but I didn't care. I had never seen an electric light until that journey. I couldn't figure out where the light went when it was turned off. They told me a man named Edison had invented that light. From that minute on I always wanted to see the man who made that invention, and on my first trip to America I went to Fort Meyer and saw his laboratory and met that great man.

"The next day I went to the school in Seoul. I had never in my life seen a fair, blue-eyed, blond woman. When the principal of the school came to the door I was speechless. She looked like some Princess to me. I could not believe my eyes—that there were fair-skinned, blue-eyed girls in the world. It was like discovering a new continent to me. I just stood there with my little bundle of clothing with all of my worldly possessions, and stared at her.

"She smiled down at me and said: 'What do you want?'

"I said: 'I have come to go to school here.'

"'But who is your sponsor?'

"I didn't even know what a sponsor was, but when I caught the general idea I replied: 'I have none.'

"'Have you any money?' she asked me.

"I showed her the ninety cents I had left and said: 'Teacher, I have ninety cents. My mother paid my way on the train, and gave me more than a dollar to spend on the way. And—I have saved ninety cents to go to school.' That seemed like a fortune to me. I had never seen even that much money before in all my life. It was colossal." (I loved her American vocabulary.) It also was colossal.

"'But we haven't room for you, child. We are overcrowded now,' said that teacher of that Mission School.

"'Can't I sleep on the floor? Haven't you just one little corner in which I could lie down at night? I have always slept on the floor. I don't even need a mat to sleep on. And, I'll keep out of the way and I won't go to sleep until all of the other girls are in bed.' She answered,

"'Yes we could find a place for you to sleep, but we haven't even enough food to take care of another girl,' said that kindly woman.

"'But,' I replied, 'don't the other girls ever leave anything, pieces of bread, scraps—rice? I could eat what the other girls leave behind and don't eat. I won't eat much, lady? I'm not used to eating much—just a little—just what a bird eats—that's all!'

"My eager determination evidently won her heart for she took me in, even though the school was overcrowded; and there I stayed, working my way until I graduated from that school—and later became its principal."

Induk Pak had never forgotten that electric light she saw on the train going to Seoul—and she had never forgotten the man who invented it. During her four years in the Missionary Girl's School in Seoul she learned to speak English, read *Christian Herald,* every issue; loved its stories and illustrations—learned American ways; the spirit of America through her teachers; the idea of freedom for women as it was lived in the United States; wanted finally to get to America more than she had ever wanted anything else in all of her life, even an education. And what can stop a beautiful attractive, smiling, vivacious young woman, who in her girlhood was willing to disguise herself as a boy for two years in order to get that education? The answer is: Nothing can stop such a personality and nothing has.

One day a blind man named C. G. Steinhart, from Wilmington, Illinois, reading about Induk Pak in a church paper wrote and told the school authorities, because he was so moved by her courage and daring that he would send her five dollars a month for seven years to help further in her education. But let her tell it herself:

"I prayed for six years that I might get to America and see my benefactor. I heard of Wesleyan College in Macon, Georgia. I wrote to them and told them my story. That was the same school from which Madame Sun Yat Sen graduated when she was Li Soong, wife of the first president of the Chinese Republic—he who overthrew the Manchus. They let me come. I spent two years there, from 1926 to 1928. I wanted an A.B.. I didn't even know what an A.B. was when I landed in the United States. I talked to God and I said to Him: 'God you've just got to open up the way for me to get through and get my A.B.—and He did. He did it in various ways. He always has various ways to help, I find. People gave me gifts. I went about among the churches of the South and told my story. In 1927, I wanted to go to the Student Volunteer Convention in Detroit. It cost $75. I didn't have seven dollars. But it came. It always did. It always does if you pray and trust and work. I spoke at that Convention on 'What Does Christ Mean to me?' And believe me" (some more American slang) "He meant a lot to me—He meant everything I had become; he meant getting me to the United States—everything. He was—what you call it in your song—'He was My Everything.'

"In February the Field Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement invited me to travel for *(Continued on page 51)*

SCREEN TRAVELER PHOTOS, FROM GENDREAU

Above, left, is the beautiful Sugar Loaf Mountain, in Rio harbor. Right, llamas in a Cuzco, (Peru), street. Below, the great statue of Christ on top of a mountain at Rio

# *It's time to call on* OUR NEIGHBORS

*By* B. A. DECKER

YOU may be planning to visit South America, since that continent is so much in the limelight. We hope so, for you'll have an unforgettable experience, and you'll see as fine cities, as beautiful scenery, and meet as charming people as there are in the world. The South Americans, except of the lowest classes, are a progressive, educated people, who excel us, very often, in courtesy.

The first thing to do if you've never visited our Southern neighbors, is to make up your mind that you know extremely little about them—and that the little you think you know is probably wrong. We in North America are reprehensibly ignorant of these, our neighbors. It's time we were calling on them, and getting better acquainted. And you will find just as much that is new and interesting as you would in Europe—and a great deal that Europe cannot offer.

Then, too, disabuse your mind of the notion, all-too-common among North Americans, that you are going into an extremely hot climate. Montevideo and Buenos Aires, in the South Temperate Zone, have a temperate climate, ranging from fifty-nine degrees to eighty-two. Rio de Janeiro is not so many miles north of the Tropic of Capricorn, but the trade winds temper the climate; even in the Amazon Valley the climate is not oppressive. If you go this winter, you'll find it summer when you visit these cities, but you'll not suffer from the heat—it is nowhere near as hot as in some American cities in summer. (And if you decide to take one of the many excursions to the West Coast of the continent, take your overcoat along.)

Your first South American stop will probably be at Rio de Janeiro (commonly called just Rio), the splendid capital and metropolis of Brazil—the United States of Brazil, to be accurate, for Brazil is a Federation, similar to ours. And you may be surprised to learn that its area, 3,285,319 square miles, is over 250,000 square miles more than that of our United States, which is 3,026,789 square miles.

Here the official language is Portuguese; and another thing—don't wear a sun-helmet when you go ashore . . . that offends the Brazilians, and is distinctly not needed. But you'd be well advised to take along a pair of colored glasses, for the luminosity in Brazil is very high.

If you're interested in such things, which, to me, form one of the major enjoyments of travel . . . there are 30,000 species of butterflies in Brazil and more than 10,000 varieties of orchids. Could you ask for better guarantee of color and beauty, when nature itself makes such a wonderful start?

Rio is about as far south of the equator

This month's cover depicts an Indian girl descendant of the ancient Incas of Peru, near the ruins of Mattu-Picchu, discovered several years ago by former U.S. Senator, Hiram Bingham. They can be reached only by horseback. The cover is from a photo by Dmitri, courtesy the Grace S.S. Lines

SCREEN TRAVELER PHOTOS, FROM GENDREAU

**Top, Prada Floriano in Rio, with the splendid Municipal Theater in the background. Center, street scene in La Paz, Bolivia. Below that, Indians—"Cholos"—in Peru, all dressed up for a special occasion**

as Havana is north. The name Rio de Janeiro means "River of January." It has a population of about a million-and-a-half, with fine schools, churches, museums and art galleries.

The beauties and wonders of Rio de Janeiro have been extolled, often. Briefly, the entrance to Rio harbor, whether by day or night, is a spectacle not duplicated anywhere in the world. You cannot but thrill to its marvelous white marble promenade, five miles long . . . its palatial buildings, beautiful statuary and fountains and luxurious verdure.

If it's your good fortune to bathe at Copacabana Beach you'll talk of it for years to come . . . and the beautiful drive along the Avenida Beira Mar that skirts the Botafogo and Flamengo beaches.

Have I forgotten Sugar Loaf Mountain? Not at all. Nor will you. From its peak you'll get the magnificent view of Rio to the southwest . . . and marvel that what you do see could be a harbor. After all, don't harbors have wharves and factories? Not in Rio! Instead beautiful avenues and drives skirt the harbor.

And when you are in Rio, don't feel inclined to boast about Fifth Avenue or Main Street. Rio's Avenida Rio Branco is more than a mile in length, 108 feet wide, and is studded with trees down its center as well as on either side! Its ornate buildings, banks, government offices, School of Art, National Library, Supreme Court and Municipal Theater make it one of the most interesting avenues in the world. It far outclasses anything "The States" can offer.

The National Library, founded in 1810, contains more than 500,000 printed books and many rare manuscripts from the Royal archives of Portugal.

You should know, of course, that if you visit Montevideo, in the winter, it will be summer there, (the seasons are reversed in the Southern Hemisphere,) so that you mustn't be surprised to find the beaches the center of attraction, Pocitos beach, a short ride from the city, in particular. The South Americans and Continentals seem to be able to do things with their beaches that lift them out of the "beach" class and into "resorts" . . . seaside resorts . . . that beggar definition. Maybe it's because they like natural beauty, cleanliness, comfort and dignity more than the average North American does.

Montevideo, the beautiful capital of Uruguay, is one of the great cities of the South American Continent. It is situated on the north shore of the La Plata river—meaning river of silver—and has a population, including suburbs of about 650,000. The "Plate" river, as it is known to sailors, is really an estuary into which flow the Uruguay and the Parana. It is over a hundred miles wide here. The name Montevideo means "I see the mountain"—in this case the Cerro, which overlooks the city. Like most South American cities, it is splendidly built, and has many handsome buildings. The Legislative Palace cost $12,000,000, counting it in American money. There are also the beautiful National Botanical Gardens, well worth visiting—we haven't anything approaching it in this country. The city includes a large British colony, with a British Hospital and a King Edward VII Sanatorium.

You are now approaching the pampas country, the great wheat-growing and exporting region of the continent. You will wish to visit the city of Buenos Aires, also on the Plate river, which even here is forty miles wide. The elevation at Rio is only sixty-five feet, and it never snows, but there is no extreme heat. Its population of over two million makes it the metropolis of South America. Buenos Aires (good air) is a fine modern city, and like the others already visited has splendid public buildings, theaters, museums, and what is believed to be the finest newspaper building in the world, that of the great daily, La Prensa. Visitors who are church members will wish also to see some of the many fine churches—the San Francisco, the La Merced, the Holy Cross, and many others, including the Santo Domingo, whose walls still bear the marks left by English bullets in 1806. Since B.A.—as travelers commonly call it—has large English, German, Scottish and American populations, the Anglican and Scottish Presbyterian churches are well represented. The American church is Methodist Episcopal.

Buenos Aires is thoroughly modern: for example, it contains more air-conditioned buildings than any city in the United States. Its principal streets are wide and handsome, particularly the Avenida de Mayo—usually called simply the Avenida.

South America, so much in the spotlight at present, is an outstanding example of what pioneering work has done and can do. How many readers of this article, for instance, are familiar with the nearly a century of plugging in South America done by W. R. Grace & Company . . . the Grace Line? Pan-America Grace Airways? I'll venture ninety-nine out of a hundred think only of the Grace Line through its four famous *"Santa"* liners which ply as regularly as clockwork between New York and the Caribbean and South American ports.

Anytime you want an evening's most interesting and pleasant reading, however, secure a history of the Grace Company.

There is a great feeling of friendship between North and South America now.

Yours is the chance to cement it and help it to progress to mutual benefit. Now is a favorable time for the trip, since the rate of money exchange is very much in our favor, and the cost, in U.S. dollars, is surprisingly small.

# A LAY SERMON

*By Hilton Gregory*

"AND WHEN HE WAS COME NEAR, HE BEHELD THE CITY AND WEPT OVER IT"—LUKE 19:41

★

I SUPPOSE everybody has one sermon he would like to preach —an idea that has taken hold of him so completely and with such certainty that he must proclaim it. Nothing but a sermon will suffice to make the meaning clear. It may not be a scriptural sermon, but it is a homily, a plan of thinking built around a central idea, a didactic message he feels like delivering.

Though I am only a layman, I have a sermon to preach. If I had only one to preach or if I had a lifetime of sermons I had to preach, I think it would be the same story in the end. There are plenty of texts for it, but the natural one, the one that tells the whole story with that remarkable brevity and power of condensation the Bible exhibits, is taken from the 19th chapter of Luke, the 41st verse: "And when He was come near He beheld the city and wept over it."

No single passage in Holy Writ seems to me to tell a fuller story or one more sharply suited to our day. Here in a single vignette of an act we have the heart of the religion of Jesus and the ethic of that religion. After all, the Sermon on the Mount is abstruse. It is cryptic, it is cast in language of passing beauty but it is nonetheless hard for us to comprehend. The eschatology supplied by the incidents of the life and death of Jesus has been the moot gibberish of theologians for ages, and each new interpretation has confused us and darkened our understanding. But none of us can miss the picture which my text depicts. We may not be able to understand hard ethics or transcendental theology; we can understand the act of weeping.

What I get out of this text can be briefly put. It is the story of simple, personal, human compassion in the face of grave problems. Today we would not weep over the city; we would make a survey of it, or pass a law in its behalf, or redivide the wealth, or change the political system. We have lost almost completely the honest personal response to the clumsy, wretched, and complex world in which we live. Our approach to that world is one of theory and opinion and comment. We have opinions about the world but no feeling for it, save an occasional feeling of cynicism and despair.

A certain disturbed percentage of us are bent on making the world over in the image of a vague ideal; a certain other group is perfectly content to see the world go hang. The vast majority are indifferent to the outcome or so perplexed by the maze of problems confronting us that there is no room left for a mood of tenderness. Indeed it seems almost out of place in polite society to mention a notion as soft as that of pity. Immediately the impression spreads that what you are talking about is a characterless sentimentality, a feeble and unholy exhortation that everyone ought to be good.

This of course merely shows how far we have come from the perfectly human response to human society. There is only one other record of Jesus' weeping. That was at the death of Lazarus. His tears were stirred by the loss of a friend. It is significant, then, that he wept not only for a friend but for a city. His feeling for the city was as real, as uninhibited in its concern, as it was for a friend.

Now most of us find it dreadfully hard to think of society with the same earnestness or gentleness that we think of our friends. In certain great novels, as in those of Tolstoy, one gets occasionally a glimpse of this overpowering tenderness for the struggles of the race, some quick flash of consuming pity that lights up the landscape of history now and then. But in the vast stretches of contemporary literature, in magazines and books and newspapers, there is mostly admiration for man, idolatry of him, shifting to hopelessness for the state of the society he has formed. There is no pity.

We of the middle classes—we teachers and ministers and editors and professional men—have no gift for identifying ourselves with the great and baffling struggle of the race. We are not a part of what we see or meet. We have lost, if we ever had, the capacity to place ourselves wholly and immovably in the position not of the other fellow but of all fellows who ever lived or breathed or died or aspired in the perplexity of life on one of the minor planets. We have lost our sense of wonder that there is such a thing as the human race and that we are a part of it —its savagery, its hopes, and its grueling disappointments.

Not long ago I visited in New York. I had been there often before, but usually on some errand of business that fettered my attention. This time I had no lofty purpose in the city. I merely wandered with the absurd and ennobling absence of purpose that is essential to sight. Had Jesus gone to Jerusalem to sell camels or spices, had He been bent on making the proper contacts with the merchants of the place or getting privy to the councils of the Sanhedrin and enlarging the scope of His influence, He would not have wept. He would have had no time, no insight to start the tears.

Well, I went to New York without passport of business—just loafing on a holiday. For the first time I saw and felt the city. Used to its consistent and practised coldness, I was prepared to see beyond its front. I was never more moved to pity, never more taken by the strange sense that here in modern life is the same blinded and imperfect human race that rose out of primeval ooze, that has suffered and wrought through thousands of endless years. In night court and among the shuffling bums of the river front I understood that the story of these men, caught as they were in the mesh of circumstances, is the story of every man. We need to rid ourselves of the notion that there is such a thing as "civilization" or "society" or "internationalism" and all those things designated by big words that have burned themselves out. Society in its realest form is simply that kid across the subway aisle and the charwoman with *(Continued on page 52)*

# MARGARET SANGSTER'S PAGE

## I Promise Myself

WHEN the New Year dawns I always greet it with gladness and an overwhelming sense of hope and vigor. I feel as if I am standing upon the threshold of a wide and pleasant room—a room that I have never, as yet, been privileged to enter. I thrill to the knowledge that the room will contain books and flowers and easy chairs and warming hearth fires and windows that show a far vista of trees, and hilltops and blue, blue winter sky.

When the New Year dawns I promise myself that I will never do anything to mar this room—that I will never in any way cause it to be less charming or beautiful. I make myself a mental and spiritual pledge that the corners will be free of dust and disorder, and that I will keep the hearth well brushed and the windows shining. For if the hearth becomes choked with cinders, the fires are apt to flicker out—and if the windows grow dull, the brave view will lose much of its splendor.

*I promise myself!* Some folk might call my promises by another name. Resolutions are the symbol of the New Year, but I dislike the very word! Resolutions are easily discarded, but a promise—if it is made honestly—is seldom broken.

When it is New Year's Eve I find myself watching the clock with impatience and, yes, with longing. As the hands move slowly toward the place where they will meet, cutting the night in twain, I review the failures and sorrows and dismays of the twelve months that have passed. I think of dark days when storm winds buffeted me, and—as the hands come together—I feel a sense of blessed relief. It is as if a heavy, hampering chain has been broken. It is as if I am free to go ahead with my courage undaunted, and with my own immortal soul to keep me company!

The death of the old year is invariably greeted with reveling and mirth—most folk, I guess, feel as I do. In the city whistles blow and horns toot—in the country church bells chime across snowy fields . . . Sometimes I wonder if the baby year pauses, in momentary consternation, at the thought that—twelve months hence—the bells will be ringing and the horns will be sounding to bid him farewell!

When I was a child I used to measure worth by weight and bulk alone. I was desperately disappointed when someone gave me a tiny parcel—I coveted large packages tied with large ribbon bows. My mother—in an effort to placate me—used to quote the old adage that "Great gifts usually come in small bundles." But it is only as I have grown older—and a shade wiser—that I have come to accept the truth of the saying.

Looking back across the length of the discarded year, I realize that many of my bulky, heavy plans have vanished as a balloon vanishes when it is pricked by a pin. In place of ponderous possessions I have less than nothing . . . I realize also that some of my tiny, apparently insignificant plans have rolled up—as a snowball rolls up—until they have become impressive.

As the New Year approaches, I promise myself to look for true value in the future. To accept the fact that small beginnings do not always stand for minute endings—and to admit that inflated, conceited, over-sized dreams are doomed, often, to become nightmares!

As the New Year dawns I promise myself to be fair—fair to my business and social acquaintances, fair to the casual folk who are only transients in my life. I promise myself tolerance and sympathy and understanding—for the world, and—if I need it—*for me.*

I promise myself truth. Truth that will go below the surface of loveliness and see the bony structure upon which that loveliness is built. For loveliness is heartbreaking when it begins to sag—and if there is no foundation, to speak of, the sagging process starts all too soon!

I promise myself that I will be kind—especially so to old people and children and animals. Kind not only in tangible ways, but in the sometimes more important, intangible ones.

I promise that I will not leave gentle things unsaid—and that I *will* leave unsaid those things which are not gentle! Furthermore, I promise that I will answer the letters of my dear ones, and of my distant friends—and of the friends that I shall never meet.

As the New Year dawns I feel that I am standing upon the threshold of a room. It is unlike any room that I have ever known, and yet there is about it a familiarity and a sweetness. I feel that I am all ready to enter in—and make myself at home. And, earnestly, I promise myself to keep that room immaculate. And oh, friends of mine, I do more than promise *myself.* With bowed head and bended knee I promise God that the room will be, in some measure, His temple. That, in His name, it will be a shelter and a sanctuary for those who need it. . . .

## Question

The New Year smiles a winsome smile
And waves a hand in greeting,
And with a thrill of joy I know
It is a friend I'm meeting.

I know that we will journey far,
This year and I together—
That we will share glad sunny days
As well as stormy weather.

The New Year hurries to my side,
His lips are brave with laughter—
This is a year that I will prize
No matter what comes after!

He suits his step to fit my own,
He seeks, I know, to cheer me—
The New Year is a friend indeed,
For twelve months he'll be near me!

Some day another year will pause
Where criss-crossed roads are winding—
But will I know, as I know now,
It is a friend I'm finding?

★ ★ ★

## My Letter of the Month

MY LETTER of the month is an answer to the article which I published in November. It comes from Iowa—and it speaks for itself.

Dear Margaret Sangster:

I have just finished reading your page in the November Christian Herald. It takes me back twenty-five years to a Sunday afternoon in the winter of 1913. I was reading your first talk to girls, in which you asked us to write to you. And you said, "You may be lonely, away out in the country in the midst of a great white snowstorm." I wrote you a letter in which I said: "I believe your article was meant for me because I am lonely away out in the country in a snowstorm. I am so glad that we girls are to have a page of our own. And I shall think of you, not as an editor away off in an office, but as a really-truly girl friend." In a short time I received a letter from you and it made me so happy.

Twenty-five years have passed since then but I am still a girl at heart. I have been a public school teacher and many precious friendships have come to me from my pupils, some of whom are men and women now. And I am sure that yours is a heart that is ever young and that your page will be the same help and inspiration to girls that it was a quarter of a century ago.

E. H.

# Mrs. Caleb's Boarder

[PART FIVE]

*Synopsis:* Bruce Hardy, a young minister, enters his first pastorate at Millvale, a factory town. He boards with motherly but gossipy Mrs. Caleb. From the start he is well liked. Among his supporters are Deacon Hart, Col. Knowles and his pretty daughter, Mary, to whom Bruce is strongly attracted. Tom Moore, a foundry owner and Mandy Peel, Tom's eccentric old aunt. His only avowed opponents are Squire Clouse, landlord to the Spigers, a poor family, and Blair, the Squire's dissolute and tricky son. Bruce's efforts to help Gwen Dale, a pretty but flighty girl, are misinterpreted by the town gossips. He ignores them, and turns his attention to helping Bill Spiger get rid of the drink habit. He gets Bill a job in Tom Moore's foundry. Young Dan Spiger joins the church. The Clouses attempt to spread some scandal about Bruce, but are squelched by Col. Knowles. A movement is started to build a new church. Col. Knowles subscribes ten thousand dollars, and Bruce, elated, subscribes a thousand which his father had left him, and goes to see Silas Hart about others. Now go on with the story:

## *By* Arthur C. Baldwin, *Illustrator,* Henry Luhrs

TWO hours later he returned and settled himself in Mrs. Caleb's rocking chair.

"Deacon Hart knew all about it," he informed her. "I might have realized that. He and the Colonel are pretty close. Of course he's for it."

"Did he tell you how much he'd put in?" demanded Mrs. Caleb looking up with keen interest from kneading some pie crust.

"Not exactly. He'll do all he can. He's got some land up north that he wants to sell. The more he gets for it the more we'll get. He thinks he can make it five thousand."

"That won't be bad for a start, fifteen thousand." Mrs. Caleb was carefully adjusting the upper crust of a dried apple pie. "Did you see John Dale?"

Bruce frowned. "Yes I did. I went to the store and had a talk with him back in his office. He wasn't so encouraging?"

"That's queer. John's usually interested. He knows it's good business. He likes to be at the top of a subscription list."

Bruce hesitated. "The fact is I couldn't seem to get his attention on the church at all. He's bothered about Gwen."

Mrs. Caleb carefully inserted a pie into the oven, closed the door and wiped her hands upon her apron. Then she sat down and waited for her Pastor to say more.

"You know she hasn't been in church for some time."

Mrs. Caleb nodded. "That ain't surprisin'. She took to it too hard when you first came. I knew she'd get tired of it." Her eyes gleamed. "If you'd taken up with her, shown a mite of interest, mebbe she'd have stuck longer."

Bruce laughed in his turn. "If that is the only way I can keep our girls in church I am afraid they will have to be heathen. I told Gwen I'd be a brother to her and that was going farther than I will with a lot of them."

"Have you tried bein' a brother to Mary?" Mrs. Caleb asked eyeing him keenly.

Bruce flushed and grinned. "I guess she doesn't need a brother."

"She needs a sight better man than Stephen," Mrs. Caleb persisted.

"I don't know about that but the matter seems to have been settled between themselves," Bruce retorted with finality. "I was starting to tell you about Mr. Dale. He got to talking about Gwen. She's been out a lot with Blair Clouse since he came

The child came on the porch and in response to Bruce's invitation climbed into his lap. To Bruce the moment was sacramental

*Illustrator* HENRY LUHRS

back," (Blair had ventured back to Millvale recently) "and they've been going to some places that are a bit shady. I don't know that he blames me, but he thinks the church ought to get hold of her again."

"If there's anybody to blame for Gwen, her father and mother can find 'em by lookin' in the mirror," declared Mrs. Caleb with conviction. "They've spoiled that child ever since she was a baby, gave her everything she wanted and then some. I've no patience with such works."

"It's too bad," Bruce went on, "I could have pointed out to John that some of those places he thinks are bad for Gwen are taken care of by Sam Darnley's machine and he's Sam's man, you know."

Mrs. Caleb shook her head soberly. "Seems to me, Mr. Hardy, you're sort of hipped about Sam and there's one thing you've got to do, if you're goin' to get this church started—you've got to drop these politics. I don't care whether it's Sam or Stephen or what it is, you can't afford to get mixed up with 'em."

She paused to open the oven door and scan the cooking pie. Then she faced her Pastor determinedly. "What do you think is goin' to happen if you up and oppose Stephen Hoag for Mayor the way you said you was goin' to? Mebbe he ain't the best man in the world and I wish Mary would drop him, but as long as she don't, what's she goin' to think—and her dad—if you fight her man? And there's the Wallaces. Bob's goin' to marry Kathryn. You don't have to guess what Kathryn will do when she hears you are fightin' her father and what Bob will have to do when she gits after him. Bob may be your friend but he'll have to do what she tells him or I'm no prophet, and it will affect his dad too. And then there's the folks the Squire can influence—"

She paused and Bruce eyed her soberly. It was a sad picture and the worst of it was that it was probably true. It would be easy to split the church just as she imagined. He did not like to think how Mary would feel. Only a few days ago she had told him she and Stephen were to be married that fall, probably after election.

There had been more in that conversation. It had started with a discussion of blue-eyed Betty Trask.

"She's just crazy over Spike Gregory," Mary had said. "Isn't there something we can do to stop it?"

And when Bruce suggested that it was a rather difficult thing for a young pastor to interfere in a girl's love affairs, Mary had seemed more impatient than he had ever seen her. There was something in the Bible about being unequally yoked together. Betty's life had been in the church and near it. She never missed choir practice. It was not right for them to permit her to go on in a way that meant nothing but unhappiness. If they asked Bruce to marry them, she hoped that he would at least say something to discourage it.

It was then, perhaps in response to what he was thinking, that Mary had spoken of Stephen. Of course Stephen was not a church man, she admitted, but his ideals were high and his devotion to his work so wonderful that she felt it atoned for this lack. She only hoped she could prove worthy of the trust he put in her; and when they were married, she sincerely hoped she could bring him into the church. Bruce found himself strangely depressed by this conversation.

Back in his room, he pursued the train of thought which Mrs. Caleb had suggested. Yes, it was likely he would start something if he openly fought Sam and Stephen. Mary was loyal to Stephen to the last degree. She idealized him. She could not see that when he teamed up with Sam it meant that he would be a puppet for a long time. For her pastor to oppose her lover meant she would be terribly hurt and then what?

Steadily, Bruce faced the issue. Gradually it was becoming plain. The condition of a building campaign was peace within the church. To have this peace he must compromise his conscience and be still. If he steered his craft along the course that duty demanded, it would be through stormy waters. To maintain peace, Bruce had only to decide that religion and politics do not mix.

John Dale had come up to Sam Darnley's office and was engaged in conversation.

"I was wondering," he began. "If it might not be better for you to drop Steve and go along with Mahoney."

"Why?" The big boss was settled in his swivel chair. His dark coat fitted over his broad shoulders like a glove, so that fat and muscles plainly bulged through. His broad, heavy face seemed devoid of expression, but under his dark, heavy eyebrows his eyes were cold and alert.

The merchant nervously cleared his throat. He was carefully groomed in the sartorial perfection that was daily demanded by a host of feminine customers. The present role of appearing to object to Sam's plans was not pleasant to him. Certain conditions in his store that an officious fire inspector might criticize demanded that he keep in favor with political powers. Just now he faced an embarrassing choice. The present administration with Mahoney at its head and Sam in the background had been lenient to him. Now Sam wanted to substitute Stephen Hoag for Mr. Mahoney and the latter objected to being superseded.

"It looks as though Mahoney is going to fight," Mr. Dale explained, "and there's quite a few will fight for him."

"Steve will go through with bells on," said Sam laconically.

"I wish I thought so," returned the merchant worriedly. "The Mayor's got more friends than you think, and some of them have been coming to me. They don't think you are giving him a square deal. They talk of an independent ticket."

"All right, let 'em."

"How about Elder Smalley? He's Mahoney's pastor. You don't want to get him down on you?"

Sam grunted. "Whenever he wants some money for charity he comes to me. He won't bite the hand that feeds him. He thinks the church must keep out of politics."

"I wish our Pastor felt that way," said Mr. Dale with feeling. "Maybe he'd have more time to look after our young people. I'm worried about my girl, the way she's been going, and he don't seem to be able to do anything about it. I was talking with him yesterday and he had the nerve to ask me what I thought he could do. What do you think of that?" Indignantly, he looked to Sam for sympathy but Mr. Darnley said nothing.

"He's bringing politics right into the church. A couple of weeks ago, he had Tom Moore speaking to his young men. I dropped in. Jim Knowles was there and some others. Tom was kicking about his assessments and blaming it on the organization. He said Mahoney was all right if he could be let alone. I—I guess you have been putting the screws on Tom."

Mr. Dale eyed the boss kindly but Sam's face remained impassive.

"What is Mr. Hardy saying?" Sam demanded after a moment's silence.

"Well, after Tom got through, he jumped in with something about Gregory's. He told them the machine seemed to be satisfied to have Gregory do all the business he wanted to. He said it was time to clean up and they cheered him." Mr. Dale wiped his brow with an impeccable handkerchief and continued to frown. "Ever since Blair had that little trouble, it seems like Mr. Hardy has been on the rampage and I'm afraid he's making an impression."

Sam shook his head slightly. "He can't pin any of that stuff on us. Even if he did, we've got the votes. You can tell 'em that's nothing to do with Steve. There's a *man*. I'll bank on him." Mr. Darnley's eyes lighted with real admiration. "That fellow's great for a front. He don't know what it's all about and he don't want to. He's going to keep unsullied as he calls it. And look at his connection—marrying the Colonel's daughter. With the votes the Squire's got and what Gregory handles and the most of the town staying home on election day. Why John, it's in the bag."

"Maybe it is, maybe it isn't," responded Mr. Dale ominously, "but Mr. Hardy can stir up an awful mess if he wants to."

Sam looked unconcerned, but inwardly he was more impressed by John Dale's opinions than he cared to reveal. "Why don't some of you church people shut him off?" he demanded at length.

"Shut him off? You can't do that." The merchant threw up his hands. "Nobody can. He's self-willed, that young man. I told him kindly one time that the Spigers were objectionable. They were coming into my pew, but I didn't mention that. I was afraid they were not clean. There ought to be a mission for such folks. And you ought to have heard the way that man carried on. You'd think I was a messenger of the devil himself. Even now, after all the talk, they tell me that Dan Spiger did more than anyone else to get that young men's class started and Bill comes in and goes to sleep there and you can smell the liquor all over the room. The thing is a scandal but there's nothing you can do about it. You can't stop him," said Mr. Dale with conviction.

"Mebbe we'll have to buy him," suggested Sam as Mr. Dale rose to go.

"How would you go about that?" The merchant paused at the door.

"You've heard about the new church?"

"He was in to see me yesterday but I didn't give him any encouragement."

"Supposing I do. Mebbe I might make a subscription." Sam's face was very serious.

Mr. Dale was equally serious. "You can do it if you want to," he snapped, "but you can't buy that young fellow, and there will be a back kick if you try."

Left alone, Sam Darnley pondered. He was not worried. John was a timid soul and apt to exaggerate. After all there was little even Mr. Hardy could do. Jim Knowles was not going to see his prospective son-in-law turned down and the Squire had a mighty hold on his tenants. There was Blair too. Sam permitted himself the luxury of a smile. Thanks to him, Blair, with a state inspector's job, was on Easy Street. That gave him another hold on the Squire. Again he thought of what lay ahead. Stephen was ambitious. He wanted to go higher and would be easy to handle in the Mayor's chair. Comfortably he thought of the juicy contracts that were on the way, the new jail, the courthouse, extensive paving. Automobiles were a good thing he reflected. Roads had to be made for them and they cost money. Where there was money to be spent there was always a way of getting some. But it was not necessary to take needless chances. Sam Darnley reached for the telephone and called the Pastor's number.

*Mrs. Caleb*

"Drop in some time when you are going by," he said. "I would like to talk with you."

When Bruce came in obedience to this summons, Sam nodded curtly. "I've been talking with Jim Knowles," he said abruptly. "You're going to have a new church at last and I'm interested. Guess you need the building." The boss nodded with more cordiality than he was accustomed to show.

"We certainly do. The old place is badly located and all run down. It will cost too much to repair it, and if we did we would only have an old building on our hands."

"My wife and girl are there," Sam went on with heavy affability. It was as if he felt some sort of explanation was in order. "Mebbe you don't know it, but my grandfather helped organize that church more than seventy-five years ago. Seems as though the Darnley name has been on the books ever since."

His lips stretched into what was meant to be a smile and Bruce felt his prejudices disappearing in spite of his fears. There was a real light in the man's face. His cold eyes had softened with the reminiscence. Never had he seemed so human and approachable.

"I wish you were there to carry on the tradition," Bruce exclaimed impulsively.

"Oh no, Dominie, that's no place for me," replied Darnley good humoredly. "I'll help in other ways. You are doing good work, they tell me, and now you've got a big chance. That's what I wanted to talk with you about." He waited a moment his eyes intent on the other's face. It was as if he was trying to read the Pastor's inmost thought. Then he said abruptly, "I've got a lot down there in the center of town, the old Shipley place. You know it?"

Bruce nodded wordlessly. Know it? Of course he knew it. A vacant mansion lying back from the street, the lot with a frontage of nearly two hundred feet and an equal depth, it had been lying idle since before Bruce came, held at a prohibitive figure so that eager business had been unable to secure it. "There isn't a better place for a church in all Millvale," he said with conviction.

"That's what I thought," said Sam calmly. "That's why I've been holding it. I thought someday it would be a sort of Darnley memorial, perhaps, something with our name on it, you know."

"Say, that would be wonderful." Bruce was on his feet, his face glowing. A place for the new church. Not only a place but the best one that could have been picked out and without cost.

"You'll want more than a lot when you get going," Darnley suggested at length. "You can tell 'em I'll put some money in when you start getting subscriptions. Oh, that's all right," he waved his hand as Bruce stammered his thanks. "The sooner you get started the better."

"That's the way I feel," Bruce laughed boyishly as he took his hat.

"There's another thing, Dominie," said Darnley quietly, as Bruce was on his feet. "They tell me you're having a lot of men in your class."

"About forty," Bruce nodded proudly. "Not so bad for six months."

"What was it Tom Moore was saying a couple of weeks ago?"

Bruce stiffened. It was as though he expected a blow. "He was telling us about his assessments and taxes. His business has been growing with some contracts from Electric City and it looks as though somebody is trying to take it away from him."

"Huh, that's some more of Mahoney's work." Sam Darnley's clenched fist rapped the desk. "He's been having his way too long. It's his men who do the dirty work and then they try to blame the organization." Darnley's voice was a rasping growl and he seemed thoroughly aroused. "That's why we won't renominate him. It's time to make a change. We're going to put up Steve Hoag, the brightest, smartest young lawyer in the county. And I want my friends to sup-

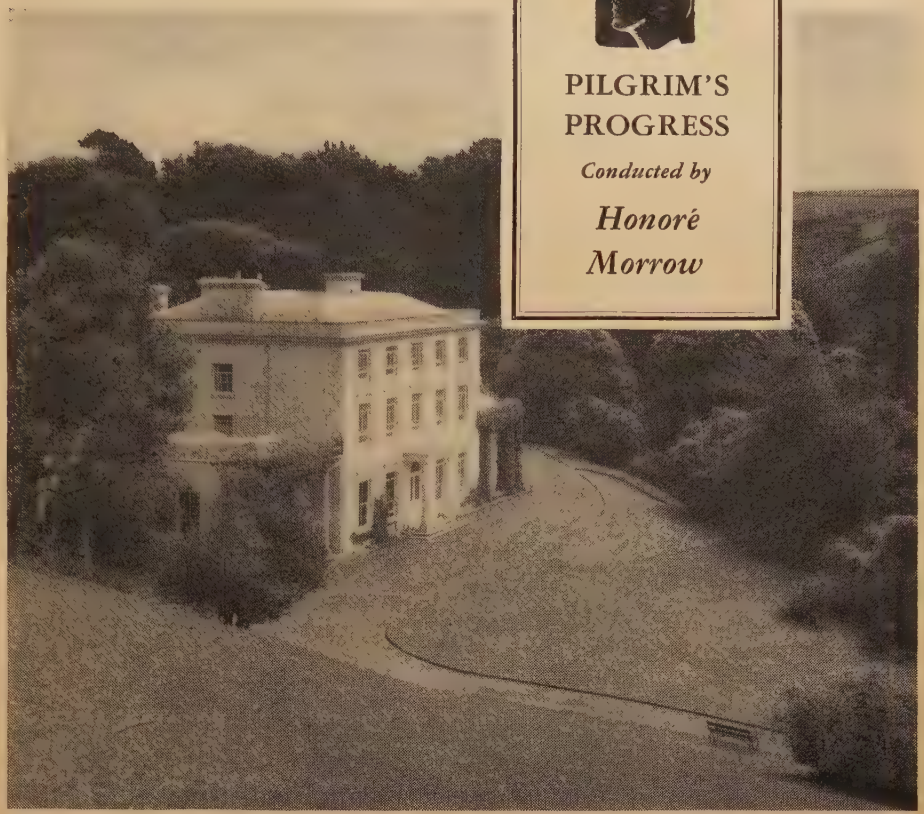
*(Continued on page 43)*

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

*Conducted by*

*Honoré Morrow*

*This beautiful English home—Greenway House, near Hearthstone—and thousands of homes, great and small, would be in danger of destruction from the air should war come*



# PRAYER ..in England

IN MY report of progress last month, I left us safely and happily philosophizing in Geneva about the League of Nations. We went, after that, to South Germany, and I had proposed to describe in this issue our pleasant experiences there. But after the experiences here in England this last fortnight of September, I find myself cut off from those cheerful August days by the shadow of a horror back of which I do not care to look. For, as I write this, Mr. Neville Chamberlain has only just returned from Munich!

As you know, the wireless, in England, is nationalized and is under a single control with only about half a dozen stations. Whenever there is a national crisis, the Government takes over whatever hours or stations it requires to keep the populace informed. There will be a sudden silencing of a concert or a variety show and then the solemn words, "London calling all stations and the Empire." And then your heart turns over and you clench your fists and wait, as we did last week when a Bach recital was halted thus. The Naval Reserve men were called. The Aerial Observers (of enemy planes) were called. Warning to all shipping of mines in the North Sea. All Naval leaves canceled, all listeners must call at once at their nearest Air-Raid Precaution (A. R. P.) headquarters for gas masks, must ascertain where they would find the nearest dressing stations, must immediately make one room in their houses gas proof and if possible dig a trench to which to retreat in case of bomb warning. It was believed that a ten minute warning could always be given.

This was about ten o'clock at night the day before Mr. Neville Chamberlain announced he was going to Berchtesgaden. The next morning Searle came to my study and we discussed what preparations to make. We decided to seal up the long, high-ceilinged room next to the study which Penn uses for a sort of music room and general "glory-hole." It had only two windows and more than one exit. It was big enough to hold us all, birds and gold fish (said Searle) as well as cat, dogs and family. The trench we'd dig in the terrace just back of the music room. We'd make it like a cyclone cellar, big enough for everybody in the family.

"When shall we make a start?" asked Searle. "Shall we wait another day?"

We looked at each other and something within me said "Wait." So we waited.

That night Mr. Chamberlain's trip was announced. It looked like a reprieve, but the Radio Department kept on calling in the men on leave in all Services and the nightmare shadow on all our thoughts, on all our activities, remained. I found it quite impossible to concentrate on my work. Then the Archbishop of Canterbury got on the wireless and like a general addressing a mob of panicky soldiers, told us to pray—told us how to pray with faith that what we asked for was already ours, and to let what we asked for be not our own little selfish preservation from death. We were to ask that all mankind would be turned from the wickedness of war. "Pray now, as I speak to you." He paused while we obeyed. "And pray continuously. Don't be afraid. Trust God. And pray."

And suddenly you got the conviction that the only reality was God. And that you could reach that reality through prayer alone.

England prayed, without self-consciousness. All day and all night, the churches were open. Old and young went in and out continuously. Laborers on their way to and from trench digging knelt beside men with top hats under their arms. Girls from offices and shops, women from their homes—no creed, no color, no class distinctions counted. At the grave of the Unknown Soldier in Westminster Abbey, people waited in long queues for an opportunity to kneel in very special pleas.

Mr. Chamberlain came home. He went back again to Godesburg. God uphold his hands! God help Herr Hitler to see the light. Mr. Chamberlain returned.

At long last, Brixham decided to do something! The Council called a mass meeting and we all packed ourselves into the Town Hall. An A.R.P. man, someone trained by the Government, spoke to us. We must organize at once, he insisted, to meet the horror from the air and this horror he described in detail.

The thing I noticed most was the complete calm of the people. There were mothers there with babies in their arms being told how to protect babies too tiny for gas masks. There were young men there who must go as soon as war was declared into some hell from which there was no escape. There were older men who had lived through the World War and must return to it again. Yet there were no signs whatever of consternation. And it was this that was so appalling. For the disaster was so huge that no ordinary acts or words were worth using. The street of Brixham was still, as if it were Sunday. In the intervals of the speaker's flow of instructions, the great hall was silent except for a baby's whimper.

Well, there we knew what to expect and what to do. And we went home like people in nightmares. And yet, such is the priceless gift of religion to its adherents, in spite of horror, in spite of a sort of despair over human kind, that something within me kept saying "It will never be —God will never let it come. Just believe. And pray."

In the kitchen, when I got home, Searle and Mrs. Searle were talking to Mr. Potter, who has *(Continued on page 53)*

# EDITORIAL FORUM

CHRISTIAN HERALD, *always a crusading journal, has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of* EVANGELICAL CHRISTIAN FAITH. *To support* WORLD PEACE: *that it may be world-wide and lasting;* CHURCH UNITY: *that it may be an organic reality;* TEMPERANCE: *that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those who are in need. To champion those forces . . . wherever they appear . . . that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a* CHRIST-LIKE WORLD.

DANIEL A. POLING, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

## A New Year's Resolution

A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION may be either a bane or a blessing, a farce or an earnest of life. I began making New Year's Resolutions when I was a very small boy—it was the custom in my village. Later, the childhood practice became a fixed habit in a young man's life. There are old diaries to which I sometimes return that remind me of the serious, prayerful purpose with which I left each old year behind. I am very sure that in the life of one man, at least, the New Year's resolution has filled a worthy place.

But twenty years ago my practice changed. Since that time there have been no new resolutions. But each year, and often through the year, that resolution of twenty years ago has been reaffirmed. I share it with you: *God helping me in my whole life everywhere I will be Christian.* This I have found comprehensive and complete, timely and imperative. With it I have sought to meet each new circumstance of life and in it I have found the strength to attempt the given task.

But it is not with the resolution that this editorial, which is one man's confession of faith to those who may read his lines, is chiefly concerned. It is rather with the occasion that called it forth, an occasion which the present disturbed state of individual and public affairs gives essentially a rebirth.

Twenty years ago, I sat at luncheon in New York City with a group of earnest friends. We were all just back from France. We had all seen the war, measured its horror and were sensing at least its futility. We discussed a program for future action, a possible organization to unite a great company of men and women, young and older and living in all lands, who would dedicate themselves to a ceaseless campaign for peace and brotherhood. Into the conversation came the proposal for an absolute pledge against participation in any future armed conflict, a pledge similar to that signed by many clergymen during the past fifteen years, if not identical, and promoted by exceptionally devoted ministerial leadership in the Greater New York area.

While I was in complete agreement with the spirit of those with whom I sat at that luncheon, I could not bring myself to accept the pledge. In stating my position, I used these words: "For me there is a certain immorality in pledging a specific action in advance of a particular event, the details of which cannot be known." My associates respected my conviction.

It remains my conviction today. I had seen men who were pacifists before the fever of war ran through the blood of the nations, recall their pledge, support armed conflict, and go to the front. I had heard them speak—I followed them to France twenty years ago. I believe that, under similar circumstances, multitudes of men would do again what we had done, and that in the presence of the event itself, earlier words and vows would be abrogated. I found my soul torn by the eternal conflict between idealism and realism. For me, "God helping me in my whole life everywhere I will be Christian," was the answer. For me, it reconciled then, as it does today, idealism and realism. What I shall do in the presence of some future and unknowable circumstance, I am unable to say. But I do know that these years have settled me into the conviction that "God helping me I will be Christian."

Is there risk in this, danger that I shall be swept from my convictions by tides of popular passion? Yes, risk there is. But in any other course lies the same danger, and with a possible added moral debacle that has overwhelmed even some great souls who have pledged their lives, mortgaged their future action in advance of events that required the rethinking of previous decisions.

Beyond this, there are yet other moral implications. During the Abyssinian incident, men and women who had signed absolute pledges demanded the imposition of sanctions against Italy. But sanctions had now become a war measure. Had war resulted would not these peacemakers, whatever their personal pledges, have shared responsibility for that war? Would not the death of men who died in that war have been in some measure the responsibility of those non-participants who, by what they regarded as action for peace, had helped create armed conflict? Could I in any future war escape my share of responsibility merely by remaining at home, or going to Leavenworth, or dying for my convictions before a firing squad? By voice and pen, speaking for peace and by pledging not to participate in any war, I may play a part, and a potent part, in sending others, the sons of my friends, my own sons, to their brutal death on sea and land and in the air.

In Manila three years ago, I stood before a great company of young men and young women. Scores were there who, in the spell of an inspired Christian leader, had signed the absolute pledge. Later events had led them to rethink their former position. That night I looked into the eyes of tragedy. I did my best, and perhaps with some measure of success, to meet the challenge of their bitter words, "We have been deceived—our youthful ardor has been betrayed."

That night the answer that met the need of those young people was the answer that had satisfied my own spirit when, fresh from the bitterness of a great war, I sought escape from moral disaster to my own soul with "God helping me in my whole life everywhere I will be Christian."

Again it becomes my New Year's resolution. With it I shall face whatever may come to my life through 1939. In peace or in war it shall direct my feet and "I will trust and not be afraid."

DANIEL A. POLING

### *Pray for Hitler*

Pray for Hitler!

If God feels outraged at his acts as we do, how perilous, how unspeakably perilous is his state.

If he is responsible, as it seems to us, for damage and destruction of human bodies and torture of their souls, all in the name of the God of Right for Germany and the Germans, how deep is the black damnation he is seemingly heaping upon himself. How can God be merciful to him?

Pray for Hitler! Pray not against Hitler. Judge him not lest you yourself earn something of the portion preparing for him.

The Jews, the Catholics, and the Protestants may be robbed of their goods, but not of their souls. Though they die, they shall live. Help them, honor them, rejoice in them.

But Hitler, with millstones accumulating, the sea of punishment and despair awaiting him when he is brought to understanding!

Oh! Pray for Hitler! Oh that his leadership should rise above the level of the battle lords and do battle for the Lord of Hosts:

Pray—Pray *for Hitler!*

JOHN, BAR DAVID.

# The Best in RADIO

## Selected Programs on January Airwaves

**[All Time is Eastern Standard]**

*olumbia Broadcasting System—WABC, WCAU, and affiliated stations.*
*ational Broadcasting Company—BLUE Network—WJZ, WFIL, and affiliated stations.*
*ational Broadcasting Company—RED Network—WEAF, KWY, and affiliated stations.*

### DAILY

9:00 A.M. Richard Maxwell's Songs of Comfort and Cheer—CBS.
9:45 A.M. Edward MacHugh. The Gospel Singer, except Fridays—RED.
11:45 A.M. Getting the Most Out of Life. Dr. William L. Stidger—BLUE.
12:30 P.M. National Farm and Home Hour. Guest Speakers—BLUE.
12:30 P.M. Time For Thought—A program composed of various series by outstanding Christian ministers—RED.
2:00 P.M. Irene Beasley's R. F. D. No. 1. Songs and comment of rural America—CBS.
2:30 P.M. American School of the Air—CBS.
3:45 P.M. Between the Book Ends—Ted Malone reads poetry—BLUE.
6:45 P.M. Lowell Thomas, commentator—BLUE.
7:00 P.M. Country Seat. Dramatic serial of a small-town druggist—CBS.

### SUNDAYS

9:00 A.M. From the Organ Loft—with Julius Mattfeld, organist—CBS.
9:30 A.M. Wings Over Jordan. Negro choir and talks by Negro leaders—CBS.
0:00 A.M. Church of the Air. Talks by religious leaders—CBS.
0:00 A.M. Radio Pulpit. Dr. Ralph W. Sockman—RED.
0:30 A.M. Music and American Youth. Series of musical programs picked up in various cities featuring music by students of the public schools of those cities—RED.
1:30 A.M. Southernaires. Negro spirituals—BLUE.
2:00 Noon Radio City Music Hall of the Air—symphony orchestra, soloists—BLUE.
1:00 P.M. Church of the Air—CBS.
1:30 P.M. Europe Calling. Talks from European capitals—CBS.
1:45 P.M. The Farmer Takes the Mike. Farmers interview scientists on advances in farm problems—CBS.
3:00 P.M. Philharmonic Symphony orchestra of New York directed by John Barbirolli—CBS.
4:00 P.M. National Vespers. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick—BLUE.
6:00 P.M. New Friends of Music. Chamber music concerts—BLUE.
7:30 P.M. Seth Parker—Sunday night get togethers of the Jonesport Neighbors—BLUE.
9:00 P.M. Ford Sunday Evening Hour. Fritz Reiner conducts through Jan. 15; Wilfred Pelletier, from January 22—CBS.
9:30 P.M. American Album of Familiar Music. The Haenschen Concert Orchestra—RED.
10:30 P.M. Headlines and Bylines, with H. V. Kaltenborn, Gilbert Seldes, and Ralph Edwards—CBS.
10:30 P.M. Cheerio. Inspirational talk with music—BLUE.
10:30 P.M. Peace—How Long and How. Col. Frederick Palmer—RED.

Note: It is not the purpose of this page to suggest programs which are broadcast during the Sunday church service periods; but the difference in time between the East coast and the West is four hours; therefore it is impossible to list any Sunday programs which do not conflict somewhere with a church service.

### MONDAYS

12:00 Noon Mary Margaret McBride, air columnist—CBS.
12:15 P.M. Her Honor, Nancy James. Dramatic serial of a woman judge's fight against slum conditions—CBS.
12:30 P.M. Opportunity. Dr. Daniel A. Poling—RED.
2:00 P.M. Adventure in Reading. Purpose of program is to heighten interest of listening school groups in works of outstanding living American authors—BLUE.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of all Churches. Direction Joe Emerson—RED.
3:00 P.M. Concerts by Curtis Institute of Music—CBS.
6:00 P.M. Science in the News. Dr. Arthur H. Compton, speaker—RED.
6:45 P.M. Father and Son—Dramatic serial—RED.
7:15 P.M. Lum and Abner. Rural sketches—CBS.
7:45 P.M. Science on the March— BLUE.
8:00 P.M. Cavalcade of America. Dramatizations of America's history—CBS.
8:30 P.M. The Voice of Firestone. Richard Crooks alternating with Margaret Speaks; symphonic orchestra Alfred Wallenstein conducting—RED.
9:00 P.M. Hour of Charm, with Dorothy Thompson—RED.
10:00 P.M. Carnation Contented Program—orchestra direction Marek Weber; soloists—RED.
10:30 P.M. National Radio Forum. Leading figures in the nation's life presented from Washington—BLUE.

### TUESDAYS

12:00 Noon Kate Smith, commentator—CBS.
12:30 P.M. Time For Thought—Our Spiritual Life—Dr. John Sutherland Bonnell—RED.
12:45 P.M. Music Makers conducted by Dr. Joseph E. Maddy—RED.
1:30 P.M. Consumer's Program of Gen. Fed. of Women's Clubs—RED.
2:00 P.M. Science Everywhere—a junior science feature—BLUE.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches—RED.
3:15 P.M. United States Army Band—BLUE.
4:00 P.M. Highways to Health. Prominent doctors on various medical subjects—CBS.
5:00 P.M. Music For Fun. Howard Barlow and Columbia Broadcasting Symphony—CBS.
8:30 P.M. Information Please. Clifton Fadiman, questions and answers program—BLUE.
10:00 P.M. Dr. Christian. Jean Hersholt stars in dramatic serial of a country doctor—CBS.

### WEDNESDAYS

8:30 A.M. Greenfield Village Chapel Choir. Old fashioned hymns and psalms—CBS.
12:00 Noon Mary Margaret McBride, air columnist—CBS.
12:30 P.M. Time For Thought—Homespun—Dr. William Hiram Foulkes—RED.
1:15 P.M. Let's Talk It Over, with June Hynd—RED.
6:30 P.M. Music Is My Hobby. Guest non-professional artist—RED.
6:45 P.M. Father and Son—dramatization—RED.
7:15 P.M. Lum and Abner. Rural sketches—CBS.
8:00 P.M. One Man's Family—dramatic sketch—RED.
9:30 P.M. Wings For the Martins. Educational Drama—BLUE.
10:30 P.M. It Can Be Done, with Edgar Guest—CBS.

### THURSDAYS

12:00 Noon Kate Smith as commentator—CBS.
12:30 P.M. Time For Thought. Timeless Truths Made Timely—Dr. C. Jeffares McCombe—RED.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches. Joe Emerson—RED.
3:30 P.M. Pop Concert directed by Howard Barlow—CBS.
6:00 P.M. Metropolitan Opera Guild—RED.
8:00 P.M. Interesting Neighbors—Jerry Belcher talks on people in other lands—BLUE.
9:30 P.M. America's Town Meeting of the Air. Dr. George V. Denny, Jr. moderator—BLUE.

### FRIDAYS

12:00 Noon Mary Margaret McBride, air columnist—CBS.
12:30 P.M. Time For Thought. Meeting Life—Dr. Alfred Grant Walton—RED.
1:15 P.M. Let's Talk It Over. Guest speakers—RED.
2:00 P.M. NBC Music Appreciation Hour—Dr. Walter Damrosch, conducting—BLUE.
6:45 P.M. Father and Son—dramatic serial—RED.
7:15 P.M. Lum and Abner. Rural sketches—CBS.
8:00 P.M. Cities Service Concert. Lucille Manners, soprano; Frank Black's Orchestra—RED.
8:00 P.M. Warden Lawes' Criminal Case Histories—BLUE.
10:45 P.M. Story Behind the Headlines—Cesar Saerchinger—RED.

### SATURDAYS

10:30 A.M. Child Grows Up. Talk by Katherine Lenroot, Chief of the Children's Bureau U. S. Dept. of Labor—BLUE.
11:00 A.M. Cincinnati Conservatory of Music—CBS.
11:30 A.M. Eastman School of Music Concerts—RED.
12:00 noon Kate Smith as commentator—CBS.
12:30 P.M. Call to Youth. Dr. George Stewart—RED.
1:55 P.M. Broadcast from Metropolitan Opera House—RED.
6:45 P.M. Religion in the News—Dr. Walter Van Kirk (after Jan. 7th)—RED.
7:45 P.M. Lives of Great Men—Dr. Edward Howard Griggs—RED.
8:30 P.M. Professor Quiz—CBS.
9:30 P.M. Saturday Night Serenade, with Mary Eastman, Bill Perry and Gustav Haenschen's orchestra—CBS.
10:00 P.M. NBC Symphony Orchestra—BLUE.

# ON THE AIR

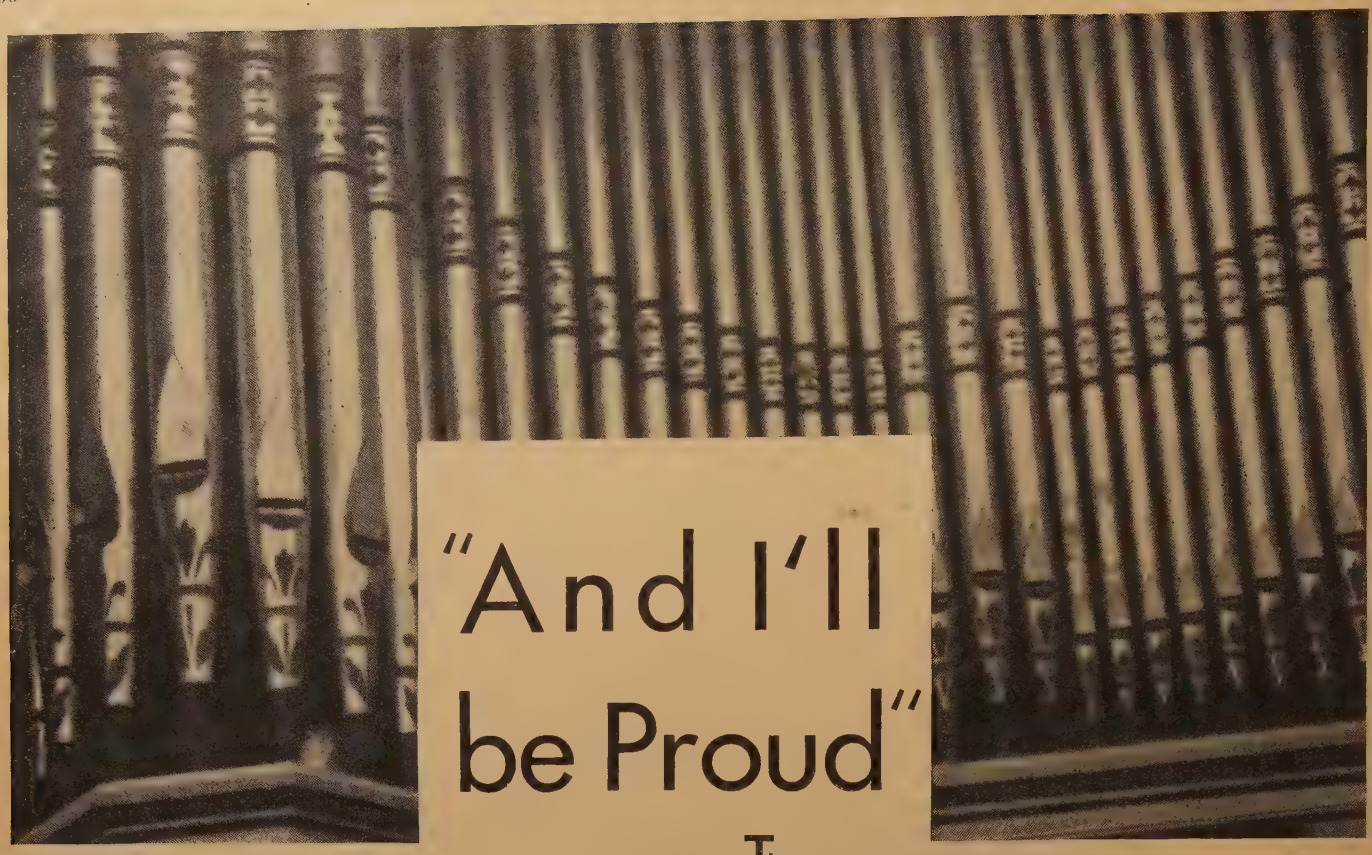
## By Aileen Soares

THE Columbia Broadcasting Company is going to vitalize poetry and make it more entertaining and understandable. That is the function of the new series "Words Without Music," broadcasts of unique dramatized readings of poetry designed by Norman Corwin. "Words Without Music" will be heard Sundays at 5:00 p.m.

RADIO on Tuesday, January 3, brings into our homes the opening of the 76th Congress of the United States in a nation-wide broadcast over the NBC networks beginning at 12:00 noon. President Roosevelt's message to a joint session of the Senate and House also will be broadcast.

IN RESPONSE to many requests, we have prepared a mimeographed list of all Red, Blue and Columbia broadcasting stations, including the Kilocycles of each, which will be sent to any who desire it, for ten cents. Address Radio Editor, Christian Herald.

"FAMOUS MUSICAL EVENINGS" is a good program not to miss. It features the Columbia Concert Orchestra and soloists directed by Bernard Herrmann in a series of re-created musical events drawn accurately from history. Each program is devoted to a concert given in one of the famous music halls, or salons, or courts of Europe, with continuity centering on the "presence" of an important personage. The program is heard every Monday at 10:30 p.m. over the CBS Network.



# "And I'll be Proud"

**The autobiography of a famous old pipe organ, a story seeming to support the theory that "Greater sermons are preached from organ lofts than pulpits can express."**

## By Hayden Hall

☆

THE other day I sat alone in the auditorium of Bowery Mission, dreaming away an afternoon. But it wasn't just an idle visit. I was there to celebrate an anniversary, the anniversary of the storied old Bowery Mission organ, one hundred years old that day.

Only accidentally, while brushing up on the fascinating history of the Mission, had I learned of the organ's birthdate. And, apparently, I was the only person aware of the significant centenary, for I was the lone celebrant.

Yet somehow I did not feel alone. For as I brooded, the Mission seemed crowded with the ghosts of a mighty legion of the redeemed, vocal with the echoes of ten thousand feet that have come in shuffling, defeated and despairing, but that have gone out marching, inspired and renewed.

Moreover, the organ itself seemed to take on personality. Sitting high above the rostrum, her pipes tipped with a ray of the afternoon sun, she was like a stately old dowager whose days have been mellowed in rich experience, dozing peacefully in the memory of a long life filled with good deeds.

Of course it was just a too fertile imagination "doing its stuff" on a mind newly packed with historic facts and dates and persons. But, somewhat after the manner of an animate scene materializing on the screen from a movie "still," the aged instrument seemed to bestir herself as though preparing to speak, and then was relating to my sub-conscious a life story more strange than fiction . . .

I was almost sixty years old [she began] before I discovered that there is no social security for an organ. And even though, as I shall explain, I came to see that the tragic experience was for the best, the discovery at the time barbed my life with bitterness and cast me into as deep despair and despondency as has been experienced by any of those whom I now like to call "my boys."

You see, I have had two distinct careers. The first, to which I gave the best years of my life, was passed in the beautiful Marquand Chapel at Princeton University. Tailored to fit the proudest traditions of this exalted place of learning, I myself became filled with pride.

Perhaps I may be excused for feeling so. For had not my voice spoken to three generations of Princeton's sons? Had I not been a major influence in leading thousands of young men into a deeper appreciation of the cultural and the aesthetic? Were there not great men, the world over, to whom I had spoken in their formative years, and to whose brilliant successes I could claim to have contributed?

This spirit of self-esteem, which seemed righteous enough at the time, would almost burst its bounds on Sunday mornings. For then the altars would be banked with flowers, the organist would play a grand prelude, and the tide would come in. It would be a very proper if somewhat dilatory tide. The youths, scions of America's best families, would be attired in their Sunday best and on their faces they would wear their Sunday expressions, properly worshipful, reflecting the ultimate in decorum, urbanity, breeding. And then I would fill my lungs with the chaste air that pervaded old Princeton and breathe upon these lads such harmonies as they had never heard. And back they would come, Sunday following Sunday, to hear me speak to them in subtle cadences and lovely overtones.

True, the chapel's rostrum would often be graced by men renowned for their learning and powers of discourse. But though their homilies were always replete with high ideals and deep philosophy, I was vain enough to feel that it was my voice that moved the students most. You see, I could never forget a sentiment the eloquent T. De Witt Talmadge had quoted at Princeton when commenting on the power of music years before—how I had swelled with importance when I first heard it!

*Greater sermons are preached from*
*organ lofts*
*Than pulpits can ever express;*
*For music mellows the souls of men*
*Where words but their ears caress.*

But let me get on to the calamity that befell me. It was on an unseasonably bright and sunshiny day in March, 1897, that my life was shaken to its foundations. I was dozing peacefully, as you found me today. Delicate rays of colored light were filtering through the stained glass of the

great rose window of the chapel. Wrapped in their warmth, I was pondering that life was good, that old age is a thing of beauty, that the future was as proudly secure and promising as the past.

Suddenly the quiet of the chapel was broken by the sound of harsh voices outside. The door swung open, and in came a crew of men in workmen's clothes, armed with workmen's tools. I was startled at this sudden invasion, but I was even more indignant at their coarse voices and their irreverent manner as they came swinging down the center aisle toward me, not bothering to remove their hats, nor even troubling to put out their evil-smelling pipes and cigars.

Yet the meaning of it all still did not reach me. The first inclination I had that something was definitely wrong was when one of them, evidently the leader, leaned back against the pulpit, let his brazen eyes take my measure, and then said: "Well, boys, let's get busy and rip her out of there!"

With that I should have known. But still I couldn't believe that they could be referring to me. Then: "She's going to be a tough one to take down. Plenty old. But I guess there's a lot of tunes in the old girl yet!"

Not even when I saw the men falling to work, taking up the screws that held my console in place, hammering with brutal blows at my foundations, climbing ladders to get at my pipes, did I fully realize what was being done. But when, writhing in pain at their blows, I glanced out the open door, I understood. Dismayed, I saw other workmen bringing in a bright new console, struggling through the doors with great shining new pipes. I took one long, agonized look at my successor, and comprehended in a flash the meaning of bitterness. I was being replaced, torn down, perhaps headed for the junk heap—and just to make way for this streamlined, impudently youthful creature!

With all my soul I wanted to cry out against the indignity, the injustice, the tragedy of it. But the callous workmen went on, with agonizing blows and cruel wrenches taking me apart. For hours this went on, the while my hysterical heart cried out: "Why? Why?" For long years I faithfully had served Princeton and her sons, committing no breach—unless growing old might be so regarded! Ah! That was it—too old! In my pride I had forgotten that there are laws of mortality for an organ the same as for a man.

This was the end. I was through, headed for—what? Fervently I hoped it was not the ignominy of the junk yard. I had heard of other worn and aged organs being given a new lease on life—perhaps in the private home of some wealthy person; perhaps in some small church or chapel. True, I had superciliously looked down upon other organs and their humble places. But circumstances alter one's outlook. Now I felt that anything was better than —oblivion.

I wonder if you, alive and well, can comprehend my feelings as these workmen were ripping out my vitals, knowing that any time now I must lose consciousness, knowing not whether I would ever live again. For years I'd sung of man's immortal soul; he is to rise again; the resurrection is his promise of a glorious and endless life to come. But when a pipe organ dies, it is the end: there is no resurrection. And as I felt, with the final dissembling of my very heart, that consciousness was slipping away, I breathed a prayer to the God of all created things: "O God, don't let them take my life; let me live. . . ."

It must have been many days later that I felt the return of consciousness. The dreadful coma was ended. I was being reassembled! Where, I did not know. But, in my exultation at being alive, I did not seem to care. I felt sure it couldn't be too bad, for I'd been taught that the very nature and employment of pipe organs prevents their being put in repellent places.

My first glimpse of my new abode revealed the inside of a clean little chapel. In appearance it wasn't exactly like a church, and yet there was a pulpit and a lot of strange mottoes painted in large letters on the wall: "Like as a Father Pitieth His Children . . ." "If we confess our sins . . ." "Fear thou not, for I am with thee . . ." etc. Moreover, there was a sort of antiseptic smell over the place.

Church or whatever, it was evident that this place had nothing of the dignity and refinement of Princeton; even so, it was much to be preferred to the junk heap and oblivion. So I drew myself up, submitted with philosophic calm to the painful assembling operation, and waited patiently for my first glimpse of the people who would fill those pews out front.

If I had only known!

I thought I would never survive that first look, never forget the revulsion that swept over me when the doors were flung open and my new audience came in. I had not suspected that the whole world held so many tattered and battered human wrecks. Stumbling down the aisle and dropping listlessly into their seats, they were like something out of a case-worker's nightmare. Men illclad and shivering from the March winds. Men dirty and physically repellent. Men trembling from recent sieges of delirium tremens, or coughing in the grip of consumption. Men who long ago had ceased to be men.

A wave of deepseated repugnance and anger washed through me, and I repented my prayer for life. Was it for this I had been fashioned at the hands of the most renowned organ builder of his day, for one of the *(Continued on page 45)*

**This picture shows the chapel at Bowery Mission, decorated for the annual Christmas tree, the great organ in the background. In the organist's seat once sat the redeemed musical genius, Victor Benke**

# DAILY MEDITATIONS

## *For the Quiet Hour*

*January, 1939*

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

### SUNDAY, JANUARY 1

AND THE EVENING AND THE MORNING WERE THE FIRST DAY.
READ GENESIS 1:1-6.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, the year's beginning!

New Year's Eve, in many of our large cities and for a considerable part of our population, has degenerated into a pagan celebration, at its best a noisy riot, at its worst a disgraceful orgy. But, even in New York, there is still a large number of Christian people who observe the holiday in the Christian way, with watch night meetings, church services New Year's morning, good music and pleasant, quiet social intercourse. That is as it should be.

It is proper, too, that we should look ahead, and consider our plans for the coming year.

One resolution we should make and keep making, for it is one we shall find ourselves able to keep. That is, a resolution to draw closer to God our Father, to rededicate our lives to Him, and to walk with Him throughout the coming year.

*We thank Thee, Our Father, for the blessings Thou hast vouchsafed us in the year now past, and in trust and confidence we look forward to the year ahead, knowing that Thou doest all things well.*

### MONDAY, JANUARY 2

TEACH US TO NUMBER OUR DAYS.
READ PSALM 90:9-12.

THERE is an old story of a youth who, from fragments thrown away by his master, fashioned a beautiful cathedral window. With infinite patience he gathered the bits of lovely glass—and his finished window brought him such fame that he at length became one of the most noted stained-glass artists of his time.

Every one of us can do a similar thing. We may not gather glass, but we can save the minutes we now waste, and from them fashion new possibilities, new achievements. With God's help, all things are possible to us.

Will the next New Year's Day find us once again mourning, regretting?

It need not.

*May we not dissipate the priceless treasure of minutes Thou hast given us, O Father, but save and fashion them into things of beauty and service.*

### TUESDAY, JANUARY 3

A REFUGE FROM THE STORM.
READ ISAIAH 25:4-8.

YEARS ago, at about this season, the writer, then a youthful newspaper reporter, stood with a number of others on a point at the southwest end of Vancouver Island and watched, helplessly, while the angry seas beat the wrecked passenger steamer Valencia to pieces on the jagged rocks. The doomed passengers and crew clung to the rigging, dropping at last, one by one, into the sea when their strength gave out and they could hold on no longer. Just a few minutes before the ship broke in two, a girl, a wealthy and beautiful society girl from San Francisco, began to sing, in a clear, sweet voice that reached us on the shore, "Nearer my God to Thee." And then came the end.

Saddened and silent, we turned away at last, knowing that human power could do nothing; but feeling, even the most hardened, a solemn hope that He to whom we all instinctively turn when disaster overwhelms, had paid heed to that poignant song which was also a prayer.

*O God, who rulest the seas and the tempests, have mercy, we pray Thee, upon those faithful ones who serve us by sailing the sea.*

### WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 4

THIS WORLD PASSETH AWAY.
READ I COR. 13:29-31.

THE Sixth Avenue Elevated Railway, in New York City, commonly called the El, is, it seems, at last to be removed. Built sixty years ago, it has carried many millions of passengers, and was for a long time considered an indispensable convenience. Of late years, however, it has become an obstruction to traffic, as well as a hideous eyesore.

The world moves, changes come in spite of us. Sometimes we look about us, bewildered, and ask ourselves, "Is nothing permanent? Do all things, even those we love and cherish, have to give way to that which is new?" And the answer comes, "There is One who changes not, but is our God and Father, our safe refuge and haven, yesterday, today and forever."

*We are thankful, dear Lord, that in the midst of change Thou changest not. In Thy everlasting arms we rest secure, knowing that Thou wilt keep safe watch over Thy children, while life lasts.*

### THURSDAY, JANUARY 5

WHO THROUGH FAITH SUBDUES KINGDOMS.
READ HEBREWS 11:30-40.

THE writer heard last night a fine baritone voice singing over the radio that well-known old song, "The world is waiting for the sunshine." Those words apply to millions in the sad old world today—millions who are wondering if the sun will ever shine for them again.

In such a time, there is greater need than ever for Faith—simple faith in God. Yielding to despair implies lack of that faith in Him. If His children would only trust Him fully!

*Our times are in Thy hands, dear Father. We are like children groping in the darkness. Lead us by Thy merciful hand; let us rest in the benign light of Thy presence; help us to lay all our troubles and problems at Thy dear feet.*

### FRIDAY, JANUARY 6

HE THAT BACKBITETH NOT WITH HIS TONGUE.
READ PSALM 15:1-5.

THE writer once heard a scoffer ask, gloatingly, "Can your God open and shut a door at the same time? Can He make a six-months-old colt in ten minutes?" There is no need to answer such questions. They are trivialities, of no practical importance.

So many Christians waste their time and hurt their influence by devoting themselves to the non-essential. Instead of disputing and battling over trivial things, overlooking entirely the great fundamentals, we shall accomplish much more good by helping our fellowmen instead of denouncing him.

*Help us, Father, to pay heed to Thy eternal truths, and not to the low and trivial. Help us to look up, not down. Help us to love our neighbors, and to love Thee more. Amen.*

### SATURDAY, JANUARY 7

IT DOTH NOT YET APPEAR WHAT WE SHALL BE.
READ I JOHN 3:1-6.

ONE of our leading industrialist-scientists is Charles F. Kettering, whose re-

# DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

search work has been of incalculable benefit to industry in the United States. A few weeks ago he made a talk that should be one of the most heartening of our times. His theme was that all the advances of scientists and industrialists to date, great as they have been, are barely a step toward what can be accomplished.

"It doth not yet appear what we shall be." God, who made the world and all that is in it, did not go away and leave it as finished, with nothing more to be accomplished. He has left in His children's hands limitless possibilities for betterment.

*We thank Thee, our Heavenly Father, for the boundless possibilities of which Thou hast made us capable. Amen.*

## SUNDAY, JANUARY 8

MY WORDS SHALL NOT PASS AWAY.
READ MATTHEW 24:27-35.

"THE Bible is passing out. In twenty years more it will have vanished completely." So prophesied a notorious unbeliever.

Well, the twenty years have passed—but the outcome is far different from that he predicted. During the past few years a remarkable phenomenon of the publishing business has been the constantly increasing number of new versions of the Bible, and of books about the Bible. The great popularity of these books, and of the many others describing, explaining and commenting upon the Bible, is further proof of the reviving interest in that Word which shall never pass away.

*We thank Thee, our Heavenly Father, for the eternal, undying Word, the words of God our Father and of Jesus Christ our dear Lord and Saviour. Amen.*

## MONDAY, JANUARY 9

PUT HIS HANDS UPON THEM AND BLESSED THEM.
READ MARK 10:13-16.

MRS. MORROW, in one of her glowing chapters about Adoniram Judson, quotes a letter the great missionary wrote to his little daughter who was absent on a visit:

"Dear daughter: I pray every day that somewhere during your travels with your mamma, you may receive a blessing from God, and that you will return a true Christian and set such an example before your brothers as will induce them to try to follow in your footsteps. Try to subdue every evil passion and avoid all bad conduct. If you trust the Saviour and try to be good he will make you good."

To train and advise little children with love and reverence and humility, to live as the Saviour wishes them to live and to become true Christians, is a father's highest duty and most blessed privilege.

*Dear Lord Jesus, aid us we pray Thee in being worthy parents and Christian examples to the children Thou hast placed in our keeping. Amen.*

## TUESDAY, JANUARY 10

TO EVERY CREATURE WHICH IS UNDER HEAVEN.
READ COLOSSIANS 1:21-29.

FOR years the American Tract Society has maintained a "Bible Boat," which goes from ship to ship in New York harbor, distributing gospel literature among those who "go down to the sea in ships." It visits about 125 ships every month. Many sailors have written to tell how much good this literature has done them. One wrote that "The blessed books and tracts you gave me are very, very good. I have now accepted my Saviour." Countless other instances could be cited.

*Grant Thy blessing, dear Saviour, to all of our fellowmen, who need Thy Word and will receive it gladly. Amen.*

## WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 11

IS THE YOUNG MAN SAFE?
READ II SAMUEL 18:19-33.

THERE is a legend that an ancient despot, out walking, hurt his foot upon a sharp pebble; and thereupon ordered his ministers forthwith to have the whole face of the earth covered with leather, that his feet might be protected. Knowing the impossibility of carrying out that order, and knowing the dire consequences of failing, the ministers took counsel of despair among themselves. But one hit upon an inspired solution; and after a day's secret work, he presented to the delighted monarch, not a covering for the whole world, but a pair of leather shoes for his master's feet—the first ever made.

We cannot protect all the young men in the world from all the dangers which beset them by converting society as a whole. There remains, however, the one sure, unfailing means of making the young man safe. Lead him to accept Christ, and become a Christian.

*Grant, we pray Thee O Lord, that our young men and our young women, and all of every age who know Thee not, may be led to Thee. Amen.*

## THURSDAY, JANUARY 12

IN THE LAND OF PROMISE.
READ HEBREWS 11:8-12.

A POOR Jewish father in Czechoslovakia, exiled from his native Germany, wrote to a New York newspaper asking for some childless family in this fortunate land to adopt and care for his little fourteen-year-old daughter. Having given up all hope for himself, he was reconciled to giving up his loved little daughter if only her future could be made safe thereby.

Despite the troubles with which our own country considers itself afflicted, it is a heaven on earth compared with many less fortunate lands abroad.

*Make us more mindful of our blessings, O God, and may we strive with all our strength to make this a truly Christian land. Amen.*

## FRIDAY, JANUARY 13

WHAT IS MAN THAT THOU ART MINDFUL OF HIM?
READ PSALM 8:3-9.

WITH a twelve-year-old lad, I recently visited the great Hayden Planetarium at the American Museum of Natural History in New York City. Neither of us had a clear idea of what we were going to see; all the more impressed and awed were both of us at that wonderful spectacle. The great dome is shaped like the dome of the heavens; and when the lights are turned off, and the image of the starry sky at night is flashed upon the inverted dome, the effect is breath-taking. Nowhere have I received such a vivid impression of the vastness of the universe.

We, the other visitors, and the whole great city, sank into insignificance; we were in the presence of the infinite and eternal.

*O Thou who hast made the heavens, the moon and the stars, and holdest the universe in the hollow of Thy hand, we praise and glorify Thee for the love and mercy with which Thou considereth us.*

## SATURDAY, JANUARY 14

IF A BROTHER .... BE DESTITUTE.
READ JAMES 2:13-17.

WE RECENTLY revisited the Bowery Mission. Though we have been to that excellent institution many times, we received, as always, a vivid impression that something practical and worth while is being accomplished there for the Master. All the men who go there are destitute. Many are what the practical world calls derelicts. A few seem utterly past helping. But it kept coming to my mind that all these men are God's children just as much as you and I.

It is significant that Jesus thought so much of the poor and needy. Over and over He speaks of them, and to them. He even commanded His disciples to go out in the highways and hedges and bring them in to the feast.

*Help us, O Father, not to think so highly of ourselves that we despise and neglect the less fortunate, whom nevertheless Thou lovest. Amen.*

## SUNDAY, JANUARY 15

SPEAK EVIL OF NO MAN.
READ TITUS 3:2-11.

BOTH radio and newspapers, as well as other publications, have lately given much—far too much—of their time to ridiculing the mountain people, the "hillbillies" as they derisively call them. To me the term is detestable; and the constant ridicule, greatly exaggerated of course, of a worthy and in many ways excellent people is an unworthy thing. The Southern mountaineers are of excellent stock, and given the opportunity which they have often lacked, they become citizens equal to our best.

Our religion should prevent us from

*(Continued on page 41)*

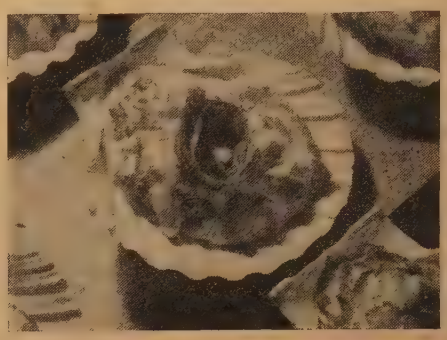
# HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU

*Clementine Paddleford,* DIRECTOR

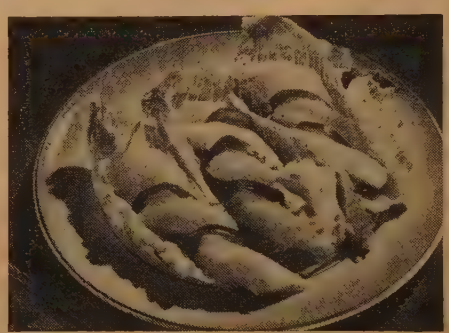
**Planning, Preparation and Serving Meals for Home and Church. Suggestions for Decorations and Entertainment for the Social Side of Church Life**

Chicken a la Maryland, long teamed with corn fritters, is winning new laurels when accompanied by a mound of snowy rice, an interesting contrast to its own golden crispness

★



Here the creamed dried beef, for the one-plate meal, is topped with a flower of dried beef made by doubling the larger pieces and rolling them around the finger



Serve grapefruit and pear quarters alternating in a romaine leaf. One leaf to a plate is enough when served with the main course. Add a dip of mayonnaise

★

# *Pass-A-Plate* MENUS

WHOLE meal on one plate, first course, middle course, last course all chumming together, is the easiest way there is to serve a crowd supper. Not messy looking either, not if you plan the menu properly. And many bragging points in its favor. No extra course dishes to fill; no extra courses to pass. It saves work room counter space. There are fewer dishes to wash and fewer workers needed to prepare and serve the food.

Choose your largest dinner plates for the all-in-one meal. Use small paper crinkle cups for foods that circulate or those heavy paper ramekins. One such holds just half a cup and wears a fitted lid. Use this for either hot or frozen food and keep the lid on tight. Dip the rice pudding in Menu I into these covered cups and chill overnight. Before sending to the table lift the lids, add a Number 30 dip of firm ice cream to each pudding cup, then snap the covers down. The ice cream stays firm throughout the meal. A tiny lift on each cover makes it easy to remove.

There are other ways to keep food in bounds. Patty cases are obliging when it comes to holding cream things. Buy them, bake them, or make them from thick squares of toasted bread. Serve escalloped foods or meat pies in individual baking dishes, the heat-proof glass ramekins being most attractive for this. Cream foods may be served in shells as shown in the photograph. Mashed potato rings, as used for the vegetables *a la King* in Menu II, or rings of rice, macaroni or noodles, make convenient banks for little lakes of creamed meats or vegetables, and give a chef-like touch to commonplace foods.

Salads may be encased in a thick ring of pepper, a curled leaf of lettuce or romaine. Spikes of tenderest celery or endive do noble duty as a salad chariot, and a small three-bite salad may be pyramided on a sliced tomato base, a ring of pear or pineapple.

When it comes to desserts, remember little tarts and turnovers and other convenient pick-up foods. Tart shells are handy, too, for holding cold puddings and gelatin desserts and open-face pies. Paper soufflé cases do for crumb-crust pies and are perfect for baking individual cakes to be served in their jackets. Gelatin desserts moulded in paper cups or soufflé cases keep their cool composure while sharing a plate with a hot meat pie. Or do you balk at the idea of staring the dessert in the eye while the main course is under way? All right, serve it separately and more bother to you!

Each plate should be a picture cheerful to the eye, each plate an exact duplicate of its neighbor, the food uniform in arrangement, the size of servings the same. It helps to make a plate diagram, showing just where each article is to be placed then have one worker give the plates a "good looks" inspection before they are allowed to pass into the dining room.

If a plate promises monotony, add some small polka dot of color, a radish rose, a spot of jelly, a decorated cracker, a crisp bouquet of water cress, a curly sprig of parsley, a quarter of tomato, a ring of perper. Such additional tidbits are amusing to the eye, giving a simple menu a pretentious air. The meat may be enhanced if accompanied by a teaspoonful of relish in a lettuce curl. (Bread-and-butter pickles as served in Menu I.) Garnish the sliced cold meat with sparkling cubes of gelatin aspic, if you would stimulate good will.

Additional dressing for the salad or the meat gives a reputation for generous hospitality. There is a mustard cream in Menu I. It's quick to do. One moment for the recipe: Combine ¾ cup of whipped cream and ¾ *(Continued on page 50)*

# DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

*(Continued from page 39)*

unjustly ridiculing or reviling any of God's people.

*Realizing our own shortcomings, Heavenly Father, help us to see the good that is in our fellow man, and disregard his faults. Amen.*

## MONDAY, JANUARY 16

CLEANSETH US.
READ I JOHN 1:5-9.

NEW York City is to have a World's Fair this year, and fortunately the city looks better than it has for years. And the millions who will come from all over the world, will enjoy their visit more because these faithful public servants have cleaned up the "messes" which in so many places were a disgrace. The whole city has been beautified.

Can we, too, not "clean up," and make our lives things of beauty, more acceptable in His sight?

*Make us perfectly whole, Lord Jesus. Rid our lives of the blemishes which mar them, free us from the sins which offend Thee, and beautify our characters, so that we may appear pure and clean, as Thy children should. Amen.*

## TUESDAY, JANUARY 17

AS A FATHER PITIETH HIS CHILDREN.
READ PSALM 103:8-14.

A LITTLE girl came to her father the other day, with tears in her blue eyes, and a sob in her voice. "Daddy," she cried, "it says here that five out of these eight little babies in this picture will either be killed or injured by cars. That isn't so, is it Daddy?" The father had to admit that it was probably so.

We do not know why troubles and injury and death are permitted to come to the innocents; but we do know that He is good, and that He does care for His own, and that though He moves in a mysterious way, yet we can safely trust Him, under all conditions and at all times, to do whatever is right and best for us, his poor feeble children.

*Dear Heavenly Father, Thou who dost understand pain and suffering, we pray for the little ones. Amen.*

## WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 18

HE HEARETH US.
READ I JOHN 5:12-15.

FIRE destroyed a number of famous homes, in Hollywood, California, a few weeks ago, along with much valuable timber and a large hotel. Early the next morning the daily papers in the East carried a number of pictures of the fire, sent by phone and radio. That is a wonderful thing.

Yet more wonderful still, far transcending the mystery on any earthly radio, is the Heavenly Radio by which we send our prayers to Him, and receive His answers.

*We thank Thee, dear Lord Jesus, for deigning to hear our feeble prayers. For this, and many other blessings, make us truly thankful. Amen.*

## THURSDAY, JANUARY 19

THE YEARS OF A MAN'S LIFE.
READ PSALM 90:10-17.

IT IS asserted that Science has added twenty years to the average span of life, within the past half-century. A questioner inquires: "So far, so good. We admit that Science can make us live longer, but can it make us happier?"

No, only God can make us happy. The true Christian is not only the happiest of mortals, he is the only really happy man. The security which comes from perfect trust in Jesus, the knowledge that we are His, safe and saved through all eternity, are the very essence of the highest happiness.

*We thank Thee, dear Father, that we cannot stray beyond Thy loving care. We praise Thee that Thou dost give us a joy beyond anything this earth can offer. Amen.*

## FRIDAY, JANUARY 20

JUDGE NOT.
READ MATTHEW 7:1-6.

LAST Christmas Eve, the writer sat in the lobby of one of our great hotels, waiting for a friend. Numbers of uniformed policemen kept coming in, by scores and hundreds, until nearly three thousand were gathered in the hotel's great ballroom. The occasion, I learned, was a meeting of the Holy Name Society of the police department. The service they conducted was wholly beautiful. Of course these men were Catholics; and there are things about the Catholic Church which I cannot accept. But that does not mean that I doubt the sincerity of this splendid body of men, the finest physical specimens I have ever seen. And it is a comforting thought that these guardians of law and order are believers in the one God.

*Our Father, guard those men, we pray Thee, who guard our lives and property. Watch over their wives and children, whom they love even as we love ours. Amen.*

## SATURDAY, JANUARY 21

BROTHERLY KINDNESS.
READ II PETER 1:7-11.

OUR large cities have the reputation of being cold and callous. That, I am sure, is undeserved. In the newspapers and over the radio appeals are made daily on behalf of some poor family, frequently for food and clothing for some poor mother of several needy children. Always these appeals bring prompt response, frequently within a few hours. There is good in the poor old human race after all; there are kind human hearts everywhere.

*We thank Thee, dear Lord, for the warm human kindness Thou hast implanted in Thy children. Amen.*

## SUNDAY, JANUARY 22

THE WORDS OF MY MOUTH.
READ PSALM 19:7-14.

HEAVENLY Father, Lord of all,
Let not a careless utt'rance fall
From my lips; nor unclean tho't
With injury to others fraught;
But let me see with kindly eyes,
And with Thy guidance recognize
A kindred soul where'er I go
And thus Thy love to others show.

(The above rhymed Meditation and prayer is by Rev. Louis Ellsworth Jaeckel)

## MONDAY, JANUARY 23

THE UTTERMOST PARTS.
READ PSALM 139:7-13.

THE writer has been rereading Admiral Richard Byrd's wonderful account of his experience in the Antarctic, entitled "Alone." It is a breathlessly inspiring account of the months he spent alone at the Advance Base of his last expedition.

Byrd is a Christian man, and his thoughts turned often, no doubt, to the God to Whom he trusted his life and his all. It is impossible not to believe that that same God watched over him during the long months of his sojourn. For God watches over all His children.

*We thank Thee, dear Father, for the love with which Thou watchest over Thy children, even to the uttermost parts of the earth. Amen.*

## TUESDAY, JANUARY 24

LET US GO UP . . . TO THE HOUSE OF GOD.
READ MICAH 4:1-2.

PROFESSOR J. M. Sheppard tells of a church he saw on whose walls he saw this motto: "This is the house of God. How dreadful is this place." A most appropriate motto, he thought, because the church building was dreadful in appearance, a hideous monstrosity.

Far different was the dear old church I remember from my childhood. Across the arch over the pulpit and organ were painted the words, "The Lord is in His Holy Temple." That was indeed a House of Prayer.

*We thank Thee, Father, for the privilege of worshiping Thee in churches worthy to be called Thy House. Amen.*

## WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 25

THE CHILD GREW.
READ LUKE 2:27-41.

WHEN did the boy Jesus become aware that He was the Messiah of prophecy?

Only once is the curtain lifted for us—

*(Continued on page 62)*

Above, the five-acre field of Marigolds, planted in alternate rows—in one the little French variety, in the other the big Africans. Right, bees pollinating the flowers

# This Man *Invents* Flowers

## by Helen Welshimer

IF YOU had been at the Burpee Seed Farms in California, last winter, you would have noticed five acres of marigolds dusted with clouds of bees.

You would have heard the low, slow humming of the bees as they circled among the flowers.

Now they settled on the little French marigolds whose blossoms are red. Then they visited the large African ones—the kind that you and I know—whose color scale is entirely yellow, ranging from lemon to orange.

Back and forth, back and forth—

There is nothing unusual in this scene except that David Burpee, president of the W. Atlee Burpee Company, had assigned 600,000 bees to do man's work for him. He wanted that five acres of marigolds pollinated, and he was using the bee as the pollen carrier. Every time a bee burrows into a flower, its legs and body are sprinkled with pollen. Naturally it leaves a deposit at the next visitation. The bee, knowing nothing at all of this service it performs, is a splendid pollinating agent.

Mr. Burpee was after a hybrid between the African and French marigolds. His aim was a big red marigold. He had proved that such a hybrid could be produced in a series of experimentations where a camel's hair brush had turned the trick. But when you have acres of flowers to pollinate, even the most patient workmen rebel at the hand process.

The bees put the job across.

That's why it is spot news this month that David Burpee has created a magic flower—a big red marigold.

He has gone a long step farther. He has made this flower a sturdy, annual plant for the gardens of America. When the International Flower Show is held in March, for the first time in horticultural history a large red marigold will be on display.

"Burpee's Red and Gold Hybrids" these flowers are called—red and gold because the same plants will bear bright, rich mahogany-colored flowers, combinations of red and gold, or a clear, serene yellow.

"There are two species of marigolds," Mr. Burpee explains. "There's the big African one which comes only in yellow, gold and orange, and then there's the small French one which has such a solid red brilliance. The two species normally won't cross. Our problem was to get the red color of the little one into the offspring of the big yellow one."

But how? That's what everyone at the Floradale Farms wanted to know.

Then on a nice summer day in 1936 Dr. William H. Eyster, head of the Botany department at Bucknell University, motored to Burpee's Fordhook Farms near Philadelphia. He brought along a little package. He had crossed the two species and obtained a little—very little—red color.

"It can be done!" David Burpee enthused.

"You've got to show me!" Bill Hoag, his sceptical foreman, discouraged.

"Boys, I'm going to have large red marigolds," the executive informed his staff. "There must be one certain variety that, crossed with another variety, will produce a big red marigold. We'll make experimental crossings between every variety of both kinds."

Things are done on a gigantic scale on the Burpee ranches in California, near the Mexican border, in Pennsylvania, in Idaho and in Michigan. Yet the efficiency is clocklike in its precision. The work began. The crew made 273 crossings of marigolds in this breeding for color. From them it grew hybrid seeds and made hundreds of selections.

The first big red marigold bloomed at Floradale in December of 1937, just before Christmas.

"It can be done!" the crew now chorused their boss's initial assertion.

Commerical production was the next step.

Mr. Burpee said to Bill Hoag: "Bill, we have to grow five acres of marigolds this winter."

"Five acres!" the foreman exclaimed. "What's the hurry? It's easier to raise a crop in the summer. Anyway, we can't sell the seed 'till next winter."

The two men have worked together for a long time. They've managed to create the odorless marigold, known as Burpee Gold, and a list of other flower marvels. They speak frankly.

"I want to harvest the seed in time to test it during the summer of 1938. Then we can offer it for sale in January of 1939."

"All right, but it's a job to pollinate five acres. You figure it out. I don't know how."

Mr. Burpee had the answer ready. You saw it in that cloud of bees which swarmed over the field at Floradale.

First, though, he had his staff plant alternate rows of French and African marigolds. This was no perfunctory planting. He had a reason for wanting a row of the little flowers, then a row of the big ones.

He had discovered that the African marigold makes the best female parent and the little French one is a good father. However, since the African marigold often is self-reproductive, containing both male and female active plants, some elimination had to be done. Only the African marigolds in which the female plant was active, the male sterile, could be used. All others were removed. These marigolds that remained had to depend on the pollen which *(Continued on page 54)*

(Continued from page 32)

ort him. You tell 'em that."

For a moment Bruce made no reply. His eyes were fixed on Darnley's face and his right hand was clenched until the knuckles were white.

Impulsively he came up to the desk and leaned over it facing the man. "Look here, Mr. Darnley, we'd better have a showdown before we go any farther. I don't want to beat around the bush. Suppose I find I can't support Steve Hoag, then what?"

Facing the young man's hot, indignant eyes, Darnley's face remained wooden. "What have you got against Steve?"

For a long moment the two men faced each other. It was more than age versus youth, it was the old and the new day in head-on collision.

"If it means that we've got to support the machine, we won't take your gift," Bruce declared with finality.

Sam Darnley shook his head slightly. "Don't know as you have anything to say about it. I'm telling Jim Knowles and Silas."

Three weeks later a special business meeting of the church was held to consider the proposal to build. After Bruce Hardy had formally reported the ten thousand dollar offer of Colonel Knowles and Mr. Darnley's proposal to give the Shipley lot, it was voted unanimously to accept these gifts and proceed at once with getting subscriptions for the new building. Colonel Knowles was appointed Chairman of the Building Committee. Following this, two resolutions warmly thanking their fellow-member Colonel Knowles and their fellow-townsman, Mr. Samuel Darnley, were read and enthusiastically adopted.

When he got back to his room, Bruce sighed. The new church, he realized, was going to cost them something besides dollars.

With the help of Colonel Knowles, Bruce succeeded in having Tom Moore placed on the Building Committee to represent the village interests, and in an interview that, owing to subsequent events, he was to remember for a long time, Bruce brought the word to the foundryman.

"You're elected. We want you," he said earnestly after he had outlined the proposition.

Tom's face remained wooden while Bruce was speaking. The two men were sitting on the porch of Tom's modest cottage home in the warmth of the long twilight of a summer evening. As they talked both men were watching Tom's little girl, a merry, dancing little sprite, as she darted here and there over the lawn with Spot, the dog, and neighborhood children. Admiringly, Bruce watched her as she floated over the grass, light, graceful, fairy-like, her yellow curls damp with perspiration, her blue eyes intent.

"I'm interested in your proposition," Tom said at last, "from several angles. I didn't expect that the church would ask me, for one thing."

While they were speaking, Mrs. Moore, whom Tom addressed as Libbie, had come out and joined them. A gentle-faced woman she was, evidently solicitous for the comfort of her husband and little girl.

"I think you ought to do it," she said when she comprehended what Bruce was asking. "You want to do anything for Mr. Hardy you can."

Tom nodded slowly. "She likes it down there," he said abruptly, his eyes on the little child. "I will be glad to see a better place for the children."

"Then you'll do it for her sake," said Bruce.

"Gee, Dominie, you stick to your point like a burr," said Tom amiably. "I'll do what I can, if you want me to."

"That's fine," applauded Bruce. "I knew you would, old man. I've been depending on you. We're going to have a great church and I need your help to get the plans through."

For a time the three sat in silence, watching the children play and feeling the presence of beauty and peace. The setting sun was retrieving its golden shafts and gathering them in a glorious sheaf of color in the western sky. Nature seemed to be hushed in a moment of rest before she went on into the new glories of the night. To Bruce the moment was sacramental.

"Time to come in, little one. The Sandman is coming," Tom called.

Laughing, protesting that she was not

★

## THE UNDEFEATED

**Not ours to know defeat**
**Because the rough winds blow;**
**Over the hills of sleet**
**Onward we go.**

**Onward and upward. Thus**
**We press, though winter come,**
**And Song, once glorious,**
**Is strangely dumb.**

**Cowards are they who bide**
**In valleys safe and warm;**
**Who fear the rising tide**
**Or a fierce storm.**

**Courage! at last the night**
**Shall surely pass away,**
**And, robed in diamond light,**
**Dawn the new day.**

*Charles Hanson Towne*

★

a bit sleepy, alternately bidding farewells to her playmates and talking to Spot, the child came on the porch and, in response to Bruce's invitation, climbed into his lap and settled back contentedly. Then, after talking a few minutes longer, Tom took the little one, her eyes drooping with sleep, on his shoulder and Libbie followed, leaving the minister looking out into the growing dusk and waiting for their return.

"Say, Dominie, how much is Sam Darnley going to have to do with this job?" Tom had returned from upstairs and settled himself.

"I don't know. Not very much if I have my way," Bruce declared firmly. "There were no conditions in the deed of gift for the lot and all we said was 'Thank you'."

"Seems like it took a good many words to say thank you," Tom remarked dryly.

"I know. I suppose that was inevitable. When a man gives a five thousand dollar lot, you cannot be too casual," Bruce defended.

"I suppose they'll remember that when Election Day comes."

"I'm afraid so. That is what Sam expects, of course. And he's not stopping with that. He told me we could count on him for some money too."

Tom whistled. "Who pays the piper calls the tune."

"His tune is to vote for Stephen."

Tom chuckled. "He's scared."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, that's easy," returned Tom, leaning back comfortably. "There's more in the Mahoney opposition than Sam counted on. The way it looks now it's a toss up between him and the machine and the church people have the balance of power."

Yes, Bruce could see that. Friends by means of the mammon of unrighteousness. "Well, there's this comfort," Bruce said, "however poorly we do it, the Church touches the unseen and the eternal, and men know it when they come. Just the same, you know that this business bothers me. I'm not going to be under anybody's thumb. I'll preach in an open lot first. If the price of a new church is kow-towing to Sam or anybody else, I don't want it." He frowned into the dark.

"What's the next thing?" Tom demanded. "Have you talked with my aunt yet?"

"With Mandy? No. To tell the truth I didn't think she could do much if anything." Bruce did not think it wise to betray the Colonel's confidence.

"Well, she can if she wants to," said Tom carefully. "She's got more than folks think but she's close. She could give $10,000 if she wanted to. She might put it in her will."

"Perhaps you would not like that," Bruce suggested, feeling his way. "You would probably have the most of it coming to you. You have Pearl's interests to think about. Would you want me to go and ask her to do something that might rob you?"

In the darkness he could not see Tom's face, nor the wife who had come back and was listening. Then Tom spoke quietly. "Go to it, Dominie. Anything she wants to give the church is all right with us. I'm not looking for her money, never did. We're comfortable and Pearl won't lack."

Bruce got up preparatory to leaving and clasped Tom's hand. "You're a prince, that's what you are," he glowed.

"Remember you haven't got her money yet," Tom reminded him. "Libbie and I aren't doing much. It's not so hard to give what you haven't got."

Three days later Bruce called on Mandy Peel. Mandy was the way out. She was the answer to prayer. She could do what was needed and Tom had told him to go ahead.

It was Miss Peel herself that opened the door and invited him in. She tottered, however, as she went across the room to a straight-backed chair that was her regular place. Sitting very stiffly, her gray curls shaking from the trembling of her head, her eyes very bright behind the steel framed spectacles, she waited for her Pastor to find a seat.

"I see you've had my Tom down to the church," she quavered abruptly.

(Continued on page 44)

1939
Christian Calendar
WITH
Scripture Selections
OF
PRECEPT PROMISE
PRAYER PRAISE
will be given to all friends of the
New York Bible Society
Contributing $1.00 or more before February 1, 1939
Your donation will be used exclusively for the purchase of Bibles, Testaments or single Books of the Bible in the work of free Scripture distribution among the needy of the vast City and Harbor of New York.

*Coupon to Cut Out*

NEW YORK BIBLE SOCIETY
5 East 48th Street New York City

I enclose herewith my contribution of
$.....to aid in the distribution of the sacred Scriptures.
Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

TRY These Finer
OLSON RUGS
AT OUR RISK
SAVE 1/3 to 1/2
—BY SENDING US
YOUR OLD RUGS
CARPETS, CLOTHING
Mail *Coupon* or 1c *Postal* for big FREE BOOK of *Rugs and Model Rooms in Colors*. Shows how we merge, shred, sterilize and reclaim wool in all kinds of old rugs, clothing — bleach, respin, redye and weave into deep-textured, new, *Seamless, Reversible, Broadloom Rugs*—
ANY SIZE YOU WANT
CHOICE of 66 Early American, Oriental and modern designs, solid colors, blends, ovals. Orders Filled in Week.
PHONE your Freight or Railway Express man to call at your door for material, and ship it at *our expense*. Satisfaction *Guaranteed*. Our 64th year. *Factory-to-You!* (Beware of agents.)
FREE BOOK
OLSON RUG CO.
CHICAGO NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO
Mail to 2800 N. Crawford Av., Chicago, Dept. G-32
Yes, mail FREE, your 66 page, money-saving Book in colors, *Beautiful New Rugs from Old*.
Name
Address
Town State
© 1938 ORC


*(Continued from page 43)*

"He spoke to our men and he was fine. You'd have been proud of him," Bruce assured her.

He was smiling as she watched him hungrily, a full-faced, genial smile that began with his eyes and coursed along the track of numerous wrinkles, leaped over two deep dimples that were playing in his cheeks and opened his lips in a broad expanse that revealed strong, white teeth. Just now he was facing her with real concern. The little old lady had visibly failed since he last saw her. She seemed weak, her cheeks sunken and the veins on her hands standing out as on a waxen surface. Suddenly he became sorry that he had to talk about money to her. He did not want to seem mercenary. He wanted to make her smile and leave her cheered and strengthened.

As he hesitated, uncertain as to what to say next, Miss Peel was eyeing him steadily. She felt the strength of his youth, his confidence and good will. Already she felt stronger on account of his presence. But the thing she wanted above all else had not yet been granted and now was the time for her to make her complaint.

"You ain't got him to come to the preachin' yet," she averred, shaking her head slightly and causing all the ringlets to quiver anew. "It don't look as though I'll be able to come much more and I want to see Tom and Libbie there before I die." A quivering hand sought her handkerchief.

Bruce's face became serious but the smile hovered about his lips as he leaned forward and said earnestly, "So do I want it for you, Miss Peel. And I believe we shall see it sooner than we expected."

He took a long breath. It was time to get to the business which had brought him. "I spent the evening with Tom and Libbie on Tuesday," he began.

"Did he say he was coming to church?" she demanded.

"And he suggested that I come and talk with you," Bruce went on determined not to be sidetracked. "You see we were talking about Sam and the fine lot he has given the church. And Tom and I didn't like the idea of Sam having too much to do with building our new church. Tom and Libbie thought that maybe if we got some bigger subscriptions from others we might not have to ask Sam for any more. And Tom suggested that I talk with you."

Miss Peel waited a few moments as though considering. Then she quavered, "And Tom he thought as how I might give you something?"

"Perhaps in your will, Miss Peel. Not cash now but after you are gone, a memorial, you know. Something to go on working for you and doing good in the world. Tom thought perhaps you might want to remember the church with ten thousand in your will."

"Ten thousand dollars! Be you crazy? I ain't made of money," she snapped with a vigor she had not known before. Suddenly her voice had become weak again and she seemed near collapse.

Alarmed, Bruce called the maid, saw that she was being properly cared for, and took his hat. Almost gropingly he proceeded to the door. As he did so it opened and Mary Knowles was facing him.

"Oh," she cried, "you are here. We have been looking for you." She looked beyond him. Miss Peel was not in sight. "Come," she said in a low voice. "You are needed. There's been a terrible accident," she went on when they were outside. "Tom's little girl, Pearl, fell this afternoon. She is dead."

*(To be continued)*

---

*(Continued from page 20)*

membership of about 500,000 out of a total population of around 20,000,000. In relative proportion, this means that Korea has left Japan and China far behind on the basis of population. Now, we have word from Korea that through insistence of the Japanese authorities the Korean Sunday School Association has had to disband, and has therefore been compelled to withdraw from membership in the world organization.

If it were not for the marvelous growth in Latin America and Africa, the World's Sunday School Association would show numerical losses at present, instead of growth, Dr. Hopkins said. "In the so-called Dark Continent, and in Latin America, the Sunday School movement is making tremendous gains, absorbing the losses inflicted by the opposition in Russia, Germany and Japan and inflicted upon Korea," he added.

"What does the World Sunday School Association really do?"

"It serves the Church in the task of Christian education. The Association is a federation of fifty-one national or international Sunday School Associations and Councils of Religious Education throughout the world. In the United States, the International Council of Religious Education is the recognized constituent unit, as is the Religious Education Council of Canada in that Dominion. Similar organizations, each electively representative of the cooperating churches in their respective areas, compose the other forty-nine units.

"The World's Sunday School Association is interdenominational, international and interracial. It is truly representative of the church universal. No world federation of church agencies is more widely representative of evangelical Christianity than this Association."

The term "ecumenical" is comparatively new among Protestant people in the United States, Dr. Hopkins said. It is derived from the Greek and the nearest English word to it is "universal."

The World's Sunday School Association receives support through three principal channels. "First, and the most dependable," said Dr. Hopkins, "is from invested capital funds, through benefactions in wills, large and small, from the considerable bequest by H. J. Heinz of Pittsburgh, down to those who leave only a few hundred dollars to this cause; second, there are grants from religious boards and agencies which help spread the worldwide Sunday School work. The third and largest source is contributions from many Christian individuals, local churches and Sunday Schools, who give assistance to the limit of their ability."

World's Sunday School Conventions are held every four years. The next will take place at Durban, Natal, South Africa, in July, 1940.

*(Continued from page 37)*

proudest universities of the land? Was it for this I had poured out my harmonies upon the eager and cultivated young men of Princeton? Once again I looked down and met the dull gaze of the motley crowd, and then had to look away again quickly, the memory of young eyes, bright with visions of the glorious future, quite effaced by the bloodshot stare from old eyes bleary with defeat.

A side door opened and three persons, a woman and two men, approached the rostrum. The horde of human flotsam stirred itself sufficiently to cheer the trio's appearance. Then suddenly I felt the sort of grateful surge one experiences upon meeting an old friend in a foreign port. I recognized the two men; both had spoken at Marquand Chapel at various times.

One was the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmadge, editor-in-chief of *Christian Herald*, who years before had held me up as an example of music that is greater than sermons. The other was Dr. Louis Klopsch, publisher of the *Herald* and restless promoter of philanthropies around the world, the Herbert Hoover of his day.

How happy I was to see them! It developed that their presence here tonight was specifically to dedicate me! It was the superbly eloquent Talmadge's part to speak words of dedication, and I can't deny that I was flattered and pleased at being made such a fuss over. At Princeton I had been taken for granted, a cultured piece of furniture in a cultured setting. Here, apparently, I was of outstanding importance. Like most human beings, you know, I'm not immune to appreciation. And I must admit that the ceremony helped me forget my miserable surroundings, at least for a few minutes.

The woman, too, was of the cloth to which I'd been accustomed. A lovely little lady with snow-white hair and the face of an angel, she was a widow who, following her wealthy husband's death, had sold her estate and was devoting her life to helping the men on the Bowery; her name was, I learned, Mrs. Sarah J. Bird, and she was widely known as "The Mother of the Bowery."

It was she who called out to the audience for one "Victor Hugo Benke, who will inaugurate the Bowery Mission's first pipe organ by playing one of his own selections."

"Horrors!" I thought. "Does she expect to find a musician among that debris!"

But suddenly a figure had moved from his seat and was coming forward. At sight of him I again felt that sickening wave of revulsion. He seated himself at my console, and I got the impression of a huge mop of black hair and a pair of hollow, lack-luster eyes, a body and clothing that denoted a scarecrow, more than a human being.

So this was the organist! I had been played by inefficient musicians before, had shuddered at the discords novices had made me utter, but never had a *tramp* touched me. Surely this was the last step in my downward tumble to degradation! Fervently I hoped that the keys to my console would stick, my pipes become jammed, or something else go wrong with my mechanism to save me from having

*(Turn to next page)*


# KATE SMITH

## Patches Up The First Quarrel

"At a wedding down home last summer," the popular radio singer relates, "we were all crowding around the bride to say goodbye, when Mammy Liza, the family cook for generations, came bustling out of the kitchen with a little notebook..."

GOOD-BYE, HONEY CHILE, HEAH'S DEM BAKIN' RECEIPTS. AN' IF MARSE JACK AIN'T GOOD TO YOU, YOU JES COME BACK TO MAMMY!
OH, MAMMY LIZA, THANK YOU A THOUSAND TIMES. AND DON'T WORRY, HE WILL BE!

WHY, SALLY, WHATS THE MATTER? WHERE'S JACK?
WE HAD A F-FIGHT. I MADE MAMMY LIZA'S DEVIL'S FOOD—AND JACK SAID IT WAS TERRIBLE. I SAID IT WASN'T—BUT OH, KATE—IT REALLY IS A T-T-TERRIBLE C-CAKE!
LET'S SEE MAMMY'S RECIPE. H'M. "BUTTER SIZE A TURKEY AIG ...BOUT 2 CUPS SHUGER"—MAMMY MEASURES WITH AN OLD TEACUP. HOW ABOUT YOUR BAKING POWDER?
I BORROWED SOME FROM THE LANDLADY—I DON'T KNOW WHAT KIND. WAS THAT THE TROUBLE, KATE?

LISTEN, HONEY, YOU NEED TRIED AND TRUE PRODUCTS AND MODERN TESTED RECIPES. I KNEW YOU'D BE IN A JAM—SO LOOK WHAT I BROUGHT YOU!
"KATE SMITH'S FAVORITE RECIPES!" A COOK BOOK OF YOUR VERY OWN RECIPES, KATE? HOW MARVELOUS! THEY LOOK EASY, TOO!
THEY ARE EASY AND SURE, TOO, IF YOU'LL STICK TO CALUMET. IT WILL GIVE YOUR BAKING EXTRA PROTECTION AND THAT REAL VELVETY CRUMB. WHO ARE YOU WAVING AT?
IT'S JACK! JACK, GO GET ME A CAN OF CALUMET BAKING POWDER! HURRY—WE'LL KISS AND MAKE UP WHEN YOU GET BACK!

***Send for your copy right now!***

**Remarkable New Baking Book! Just published!**

**"Kate Smith's Favorite Recipes" mailed to you for only 6¢—to cover postage and handling**

Radio people are always raving about Kate Smith's baking!

And now *you* can try all of Kate Smith's masterpieces—for they're all here in this new book. Layer cakes, sponge cakes, tea cakes, coffee cakes ... biscuits, muffins, nut breads, brownies ... cookies, frostings!

Every recipe tested in the General Foods kitchens and certain to succeed. Only be sure to use Calumet Baking Powder. It's very reasonable in price and doubly economical because it goes so far.

Get Calumet at your grocer's—and mail the coupon today!

**KATE SMITH** sings on the air every Thursday night, sponsored by Calumet Baking Powder and Swans Down Cake Flour. Guest stars—laughter—drama—and Kate's glorious songs. Don't miss it!

**—CUT HERE—SIGN AND MAIL—GET YOUR COPY WHILE THEY LAST!—**

Kate Smith C.H. 1-39
General Foods, Battle Creek, Mich.

I enclose 6¢ to cover postage and handling, for which please send me your new book, "Kate Smith's Favorite Recipes."

Name_____

Street or R.F.D._____

City_____ State_____

(This offer expires Dec. 31, 1939; not good in Canada)

*See!* THAT'S THE WAY IT LOOKS

Pictures speak a language familiar to every age, bring vivid reality to words that, alone, might be meaningless.

Pictures projected with a B & L BALOPTICON can be seen and studied by the entire Sunday School class or church group at once. They command attention, make teaching simpler and more effective.

B & L Balopticons represent the highest accuracy in optical performance, combined with simplicity of design and rugged construction for safe operation by the most inexperienced. Models are available for projection from all types of subjects, at a wide range of prices. Send for Catalog E-11. Bausch & Lomb Optical Co., 699 St. Paul Street, Rochester, N. Y.

BAUSCH & LOMB

....WE MAKE OUR OWN GLASS TO INSURE STANDARDIZED PRODUCTION — FOR YOUR GLASSES INSIST ON B & L ORTHOGON LENSES AND B & L FRAMES...

FOR YOU

An Assured Income—

FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS

A Sustaining Gift

Write for Booklet A, Department of Annuities

Board of Foreign Missions
of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.
156 Fifth Avenue, New York

LAGNIAPPE

The little drama newspaper with the big circulation will be sent free to you if you will send in your name. Ask also for the 1939 play catalog listing many plays ideal for young people's groups. Playbook exchange. Percentage royalty.

ROW, PETERSON & COMPANY
Evanston, Illinois
131 E. 23rd St., New York City

Order Early Your Easter

Communion Cups

Send for Folder and SPECIAL OFFER at low prices. Glasses $1.00 Dozen. Tray and 36 glasses $6.50 up. Beautiful CHROMIUM-PLATED, Aluminum, Wood and Silver-plated Services. Collection & Bread Plates, Pastor's Sick Outfits, etc.

Thomas Communion Service, Box 1207 Lima, Ohio

*(Continued from page 45)*

to lend my voice in response to this apparition's touch.

This man called Benke opened a hymnbook, paused for a moment with his hands suspended above my manual. The long, bony fingers fumbled with my stops, and I saw the dull face light up as though an inner light, long turned low, had now been turned up full behind the large eyes. Then, caressingly, those fingers touched my keys. . . .

And miracle of miracles! He had no more than struck the first chord than I knew I was in the hands of virtuoso, a genius, an esthete. Forgotten was his unkempt appearance, forgotten the pestiferous exterior, forgotten the bleary eyes and bloated faces out there in the crowd.

Can you conceive of my delight and astonishment? It was like being forced to wade through a malodorous gutter and suddenly stumbling upon a lustrous diamond. Abruptly, under the flying touch of those artistic fingers, I felt myself becoming more vibrantly alive than in years. What was the title of his selection? It had none. He was improvising, essaying effects I'd never heard in any libretto, employing dissonances and tonal mixtures I'd never suspected myself capable of speaking, weaving designs in music that were foreign to my six decades of interpreting the music masters.

In a great surge of emotion I knew I had met, in this unsuspected piece of flotsam from New York's murkiest backwater, the man who could be my master, enrich my life as never before, send my voice out, as no other could, to a world that needed me.

Lost in the sheer ecstasy of expressing harmonies that wrung my very heart, I scarcely noticed it when he lifted one hand to the hymnbook, flipped a few pages and stopped at No. 216, Fanny Crosby's immortal "Rescue the Perishing." (It was weeks later that I learned that the blind hymn-writer had found the inspiration for the hymn right here at the Bowery Mission, and still later that Benke himself would become her collaborator in the productions of hundreds of other hymns.)

But just now Benke was doing something utterly original with "Rescue the Perishing." Using the old hymn as the central theme, he was creating a heart-rending concerto, a recitative of a storm-tossed life. Beginning with the lullabies of babyhood and the gay themes dipicting youth, he suddenly plunged into crashing chords that symbolized some life disaster, somber minors again and again developing into the plaintive strains of the "rescue" hymn.

And all at once I *knew*. This was Benke's own story, wrought in music! And he was telling it as though to me alone—as though, being German and able to speak only a few words of English, he was resorting to the language of music, for the benefit of one who could comprehend its terms, to confess his sins, to open his heart in penitence, and to appeal wistfully for understanding and sympathy and—*rescue*.

And oh, how I tried to communicate to him that I understood! Never before had such an entreaty been made to me. Young boys and older men at Princeton had looked to me for aesthetic "lift" and for the cultural touch that familiarity with great music can give. But none had come like this, baring his life and the gloomy tragedies that had blighted it, and with almost barbaric frenzy struggling toward something nobler and purer than he'd ever known.

And (can you understand how?) that life story *did something* to me. Term it what you will, I saw in Benke's challenge the destiny that thenceforth was mine—and I gloried in my "calling." If it was "conversion," then I somehow feel that Benke and I were converted there together—snatching each other, as it were, "from sin and the grave." Benke's sin, I learned from what he told me that night in music, had been surrender to the gross appetites of the flesh. My sin had been the grosser and less excusable one: surrender to "the pride of life."

That—like every "change of life," I suppose—was only the beginning. For both Benke and me. Following our experience together that "dedication" night, Benke's name and fame spread throughout the Bowery from Cooper Union to Chatham Square. Every evening, half an hour before the service, he gave an organ recital, and great crowds of the homeless and hopeless flocked to hear him.

He would often come to me between services, and at my console would compose his Gospel hymns, many of them now being sung around the world. He established weekly concerts, and to his aid there came many of America's most renowned musicians, proud to associate with this young genius, glad to experience the novelty of singing and playing with no other thought than helping their unfortunate brothers. And, mind you, this meant that my keys were being touched by more of the musically great than I'd ever dreamed of contacting in the ivy-clung Marquand Chapel at cultured Princeton!

But my keenest satisfaction—and this I consider a mark and evidence of my "change"!—came when my voice was being employed primarily and solely to "rescue the perishing." I was not long in realizing the full beauty of my new work, in discovering the lasting thrill of seeing men, derelicts on the sea of life, respond to the light I shed and come unsteadily into port to be refitted and refurbished, and launch out again under a new Power and toward a new horizon.

And there are others, countless others, besides Benke. You won't think me too long-winded if I tell of a few?

Take John Goode, for example. You've heard of him? I thought so, for he was one of the most notorious trophies of his generation. In the years between his conversion and his death, I often heard him tell how he had stood outside the Mission on that long-ago night, planning how he might "put one over" the superintendent, kindly Dr. J. G. Hallimond. And then how it was the long fingers of my tones that reached out and brought him in. And how it was my voice that took him back down the lanes of the yesteryears to his mother, who, when his father was not around to beat her for doing so, would get down into a corner of the rude cabin on the Colorado mountainside and make him kneel beside her as she crooned into his ears the same old hymns I now expressed.

It was I too, he said, who first spoke

eace to his heart as he knelt huddled at ie Mission altar, and I who quieted the scordant jangling of his frayed and ttered nerves. Moreover, it was my oice that strengthened him as he went ut that morning to take the first honest bb he'd had in years. I knew what he ad to face, knew that between the Mis- con and his place of work there were least fifty saloons. He would be fight- g, fighting, every step of the way. And put into my voice, as Benke pressed ny keys that morning, all the strength nd comfort and power I could muster. . . . nd that night he came back—sober!

Then there was that other fiery trial or John Goode. It was some months fter he had been reunited with his wife, nd was striving to make up for all ie heartbreak he'd caused her, that she assed away. John brought her body to ie Mission for the funeral service. I layed, and once again my voice spoke o his heart: "Be not dismayed," I con- oled him. "There'll be no sorrow there," comforted him. "In the sweet bye and ye," I promised him.

After the funeral he came back to the Mission to live. And often he would ome into the chapel here, bringing along omebody who could play, and would sit bout where you are sitting, his head owed in his hands, while the organist would release my voice to him, bringing im strength and faith's renewal.

The best thing is: John Goode, once he lowest of men, never betrayed my rust in him. He died as he had lived or years, a shining example of miraculous race.

I like it best when the weather permits Charles St. John, our present superin- endent, to leave the front doors wide pen. For then, out into that murky march of forgotten men, I can roll my reat tones to lure the prodigals in. Or erhaps just fasten in their fevered minds bit of remembered melody.

Oh, there are so many stories! If I ould only tell you about the weddings ve've had here, resulting from my having razenly acted the part of an old match- maker! Or about the time I frightened ut of their wits two sinister characters, lanning to rob the Mission of $500. . . .

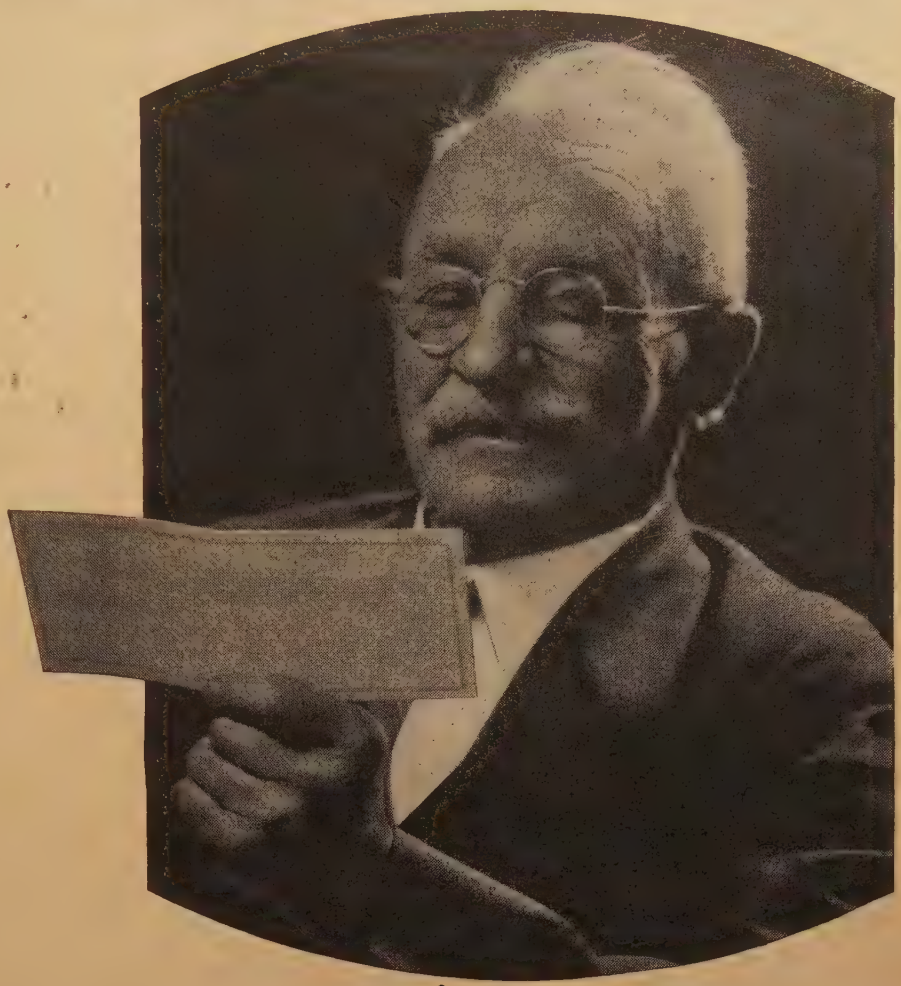
But I must cease my chatter. You must go, for it is almost time for the vening service to begin. Charlie St. John will come in, the organist will take his lace, and we will open the meeting, I hink, with my favorite hymn.

You want to know what it is? It may urprise you. For there's nothing of the highbrow in its composition; it has no difficult counterpoint, no involved fugues, no highflown cadenzas. It's a composition by the man who brought my soul to life again—Victor Benke. The first stanza goes like this:

*"Jesus redeemed me and made me whole,*
*I can forget Him never;*
*Out of the depths He brought my soul,*
*Now I am His forever!"*

And when Charlie gives the word, I'll sing it out—my head high, my pipes almost bursting with melody, my console a-quiver with harmony. And I'll be proud —proud. For, you see, it was not only Victor Benke's testimony. It's mine as well!


# CONFIDENCE *in the Future*



## . . . makes a Happy Today!

**To provide against insecurity in old age and worry about the future is a sure way to help make the present enjoyable—even add years to your life.**

**An Annuity Agreement of the American Bible Society is a very safe, practical way to ensure a steady income to meet your own needs or ease the burdens of others. The Annuitant has no coupons to keep track of, no accounting books or papers to care for. The check from the American Bible Society arrives at stated intervals; and for over 90 years, through eleven major and minor depressions, these checks have never failed.**

**In addition to your comfort and freedom from worry, you will realize you are helping to extend the important Bible ministry of the American Bible Society—through its ever widening distribution of God's word throughout the world.**

***"A Gift That Lives" is a little booklet which tells the advantages of the Annuity Agreement plan. Will you not let us send you this booklet?***

**MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY**

AN INCOME ASSURED

**American Bible Society, Bible House, New York, N. Y.**

**Please send me, without obligation, your booklet CH-25 entitled "A Gift That Lives".**

*Name*_____

*Address*_____ *Denomination*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

I HEARD WHAT YOU SAID DOCTOR
"THANKS, old pal, for tipping mother off about Heinz Strained Foods. I like 'em!" Yes, most babies actually *prefer* the choice fruits, vegetables, meats and cereals Heinz cooks with dry steam and packs under vacuum. Priceless vitamins and minerals are sealed in—never cooked out. To see that baby *gets foods of the highest quality* money can buy—serve him Heinz 12 Strained Foods!
HEINZ STRAINED GREEN BEANS
57
Look for these two seals. They mean protection for baby
HEINZ
STRAINED FOODS
12 TASTY KINDS

**SUCTION MOP**
***The Newest Thing!***

**LIGHTNING SELLER!** Amazing 3-in-1 household invention—Brush, Broom, Mop all in one. Makes housework play. Incredibly light—easy to handle—CLEANS NEW WAY! *Sweeps* carpets, rugs without raising dust; *Brushes* upholstered furniture, walls. *Scrubs* floors, linoleum without scratching. Endorsed by thousands! **Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute!** Low priced. Housewives wild about it. *Agents cleaning up.*

**SAMPLE OFFER** Samples sent on trial to first person in each locality who writes. No obligation. Get details. *Be first—send in your name TODAY!*

**THE KRISTEE CO., 512 BAR ST., AKRON, OHIO**

**SOCIAL CALLS PAY YOU Money**

Earn Extra Dollars easily. Take orders from friends and others for **Everyday Greeting Card Boxed Assortments.** Birthday, Get-Well, Easter, Sympathy, and other greeting cards. New *Humorous* Assortment—big seller! Also **Personal Stationery.** Low prices; big profits for you. No experience needed. Write today for Everyday Assortment and Stationery samples **Free!**

*Free Samples* **WALLACE BROWN, Inc., Dept. B-13, 225 Fifth Ave. New York, N. Y.**

**WOMEN WRITE TODAY FOR SAMPLE HOSE**

**EARN MONEY SELLING SNAG-PROOFED HOSE**

Yes! If you agree to show it to your friends and neighbors, I'll send you an actual SAMPLE Snag-Proofed Chiffon STOCKING **absolutely free**—and show you how to earn up to $22.00 in a week. Wears twice as long. Steady repeat business. No investment—experience unnecessary. Delightful, easy way to earn extra cash for yourself by saving money for your friends. Write today.

**AMERICAN SILK HOSIERY MILLS, Dept. P-144 Indianapolis, Indiana**

**BELLS** CHIMES PEALS

**Write for literature. Address Dept. 33**
**McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY, BALTIMORE, MD.**

**SPECIAL WORK FOR WOMEN**

Earn up to $23 in a week and your own dresses Free. No canvassing, no investment. Write fully giving age, dress size.

**FASHION FROCKS, Inc., Dept. AA-140 Cincinnati, O.**


*(Continued from page 15)*

to the preservation of Christian character and values." So the revolutionary Dr. and Mrs. Williams feel their case for Indianized architecture is almost won!

To Indianize the ritual and form, Ushagram published its own hymnal, a compilation of Christian hymns—products of India—set to purely Indian music, accompanied by Indian instruments. The book has a wide use in India today.

Ushagram is a "doing" school. Even before the mud houses were built, boys and girls were busy in the various shops printing, composing type for a school magazine, working at sewing, cooking, gardening, carpentry, blacksmithing, soapmaking, weaving, tailoring, and bookbinding. Later, papermaking has been added to the industrial curriculum. Proficient boys and girls are allowed to earn money by their efforts and thus help support themselves in school.

They needed a water system. An abandoned mine had a water boiler which was in the discard. Ushagram bought the tank, built two high pillars, and everybody in the school and in neighboring villages was needed to hoist it into place. A well and a pump keep the tank full and the entire school supplied with running water.

They have individual gardens near each cottage, and vegetables are produced by the boys and girls who eat them. Grain is grown in fields which are tended by the agriculture classes. There are herds of goats and cattle.

Ushagram is also a singing and entertaining school. From the lore of the villages, the students have assembled a mass of folk dances, games, and songs, which they use for their own enjoyment or for village entertainments.

Off three miles across the fields the musicians and performers hiked recently to the tune of sitar and drum. When they reached a familiar village, they set up their musicians, cleared a space in the center of town, sang their songs, and played their games.

The village head man appeared, welcomed the troupe, and sat with Sahib Williams to enjoy the festivities. Then Mr. N. P. Mondol, who is leader of the troupe, asked some village boys if they wouldn't like to learn the songs and games.

Ushagram is a self-governing school. Almost more than of anything else, Dr. Williams is proud of holding up an ideal of Christian citizenship which works itself out in absolutely democratic procedures on his campus. Sometimes it redounds to his discomfort, as, for instance, the day he upbraided a young man for a bit of behavior which he thought was wrong.

"We shall bring it up in the council," the lad whipped back, and Dr. Williams had to agree. The youngsters elect their own panchayats, village elders. This student council works in conjunction with the faculty to decide rules of behavior and the general deportment of the school.

Ghosh was one of the cottage head men and interested in poultry. He bought a hen and four eggs and set the hen upon them. The other four boys in Ghosh's cottage thought this would be a good opportunity to get started in poultry on their own. So they each brought forward an egg and asked Ghosh if he would be kind enough to provide the mother. It was agreed. But only six eggs hatched! The panchayat council nearly broke up over resolving the conflict of ownership of Ghosh's chickens!

Students at Ushagram, by daily practice, learn how to become cooperatively minded in their buying, banking, and selling. A cooperative store is operated, and a credit union with a capital of 1,100 rupees makes loans to students, villagers, indeed the school itself for such projects as building a new house or a sanitary installation. The money-lender and his exorbitant usury has been run out of the territory within the cooperative bank's influence.

Also the students learn the meaning of health, cleanliness, and sanitation. There is nothing unclean in the entire village; the same can not be said regarding any other town in the country, unfortunately!

A nurse, who works out of Ushagram every day, made over six thousand visits a year ago. A maternity center attracts mothers from miles around, and the girl students are encouraged to participate in the work of the mother-child clinic.

The girls also learn house management—buying, cooking, planning, sewing. The boys learn small trades which may prove vocationally profitable to them later. At least it will make them resourceful villagers in a day when the Indian people need every resource upon which they can lay their hands.

The greatest satisfaction the Williamses have experienced at Ushagram has been the pleasure of seeing a Christian village spring up close to their model houses. Composing the village began as always. The Williamses saw the mud walls arising. Then they began to notice differences. There were windows being cut in the walls. There were chimneys to do away with sore, red eyes. There were attractively decorated courts and verandas. There were vegetable and flower gardens. Every home has a vegetable garden. Five of the homes came and asked about the installation of septic tanks, and the Christian village near Ushagram probably has the highest percentage of sanitary installations per home of any village in India.

When Irene and Fred Williams called Ushagram their Dawn Village, they meant that it should herald a new day, that it should be a model for the villages roundabout. That has been the theme of Ushagram from its start.

The Ushagram experiment has been hailed by the Department of Public Instruction of the Central Provinces and Berar as exemplary of the scheme of free and compulsory mass education now being emphasized by those departments.

During the day visitors can see some eight hundred youngsters and teachers at work in the Dawn Village. At night, there are over 150 who live on the fifty-two-acre campus and farm and keep its activities manned.

Thus they are kept busy. The best part of Ushagram, however, is that Jesus stays in the minds of his followers all week and every hour.

"Just as they learn to become homemakers by being homemakers here," Dr. Williams tells, "our boys and girls learn to be Christians by living Christlike lives *—here!"*

TWO months of tramping the city's streets, two months of sleeping in hidden corners, two months of begging and stealing in order to eat had turned this man into an abject creature who sneaked furtively around corners, who looked no man in the eye and who wept when you gave him a dime. Life had done that to one of God's creatures.

Shambling along in shoes almost soleless, without coat or hat and showing every sign of being dirty and unkempt, there was still something that caught your eye—some quality that singled him out on that street of shabby, forgotten men. He walked like one in a daze, his body huddled together to keep out the cold.

Walking to the other side of the street, I watched to see where he would go. Evidently a stranger in that part of town, he hesitated before the Bowery Mission building but followed the next man down into the basement. The thought of that thin, shivering figure on a breadline made me glad that we had enlarged our basement to do away with a breadline on the street.

You and I have known fear of some kind during our lives but this man had lost everything that life had meant to him, and now faced what to him was a black abyss. This fear had sapped him of the courage to live. One of three things was bound to happen to him: he would either jump into the river and end it all, or take to drinking to forget it all, or worse still some criminal mind always on the alert for such pliable material would make him the tool of a gang.

It is a long hard fight that begins with the breadline —this saving of men. The workers of the Mission having faced similar situations themselves know best how to serve these wretched brothers in distress. All they ask is the opportunity.

This year the Bowery Mission has a new problem to face—men never before in trouble. 75% of these men are from other states—New York was a hope and now that last hope has proved a false lead.

# Get back self-respect?

***Shall we help men get back their self-respect? Shall we give them the courage to face life and find it worth living? A suit of clothes discarded by one man can help another man regain self confidence and pride; an overcoat hiding in your attic can save a man from pneumonia and death; your contribution no matter how small helps carry on the work of the Bowery Mission.***

**10¢ pays for a meal**
**15¢ pays for a bed**

**WE NEED**
**clothing and contributions**

BOWERY MISSION AND YOUNG MEN'S HOME

BUSINESS OFFICE, 419 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK

Please feed men and give them beds. I am asking my friends to help in this work for men who come to you from all over the country. Enclosed find $.....

Name.....

Address .....

City.....State.....

## HOW YOUR GIFT WILL ASSURE YOU A LIFE INCOME!

An annuity taken with the Board of National (Home) Missions of the *Presbyterian Church* will assure you a Life Income that is *fixed, safe* and *regular.*

At the same time you are assisting in the support of missionary pastors, teachers, doctors, nurses in spreading the Gospel in America.

- **3 to 8% on your gift**
- **Single, joint or survivor annuities**
- **A Security for Old Age**

*"The safety of your securities lies not in the strength of vaults that contain them, but in the honesty of society—an honesty which is developed and sustained through the ministry of the churches.*

Write or Call
Department of Annuities
**Board of National Missions**
Of the
**PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH**
U.S.A.
156 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.

**25,000 CHURCHES USE**

*Ask for our New Low Prices*

OSTERMOOR & CO., INC.
1 Park Ave., New York City or Merchandise Mart, Chicago

LET the spiritual force of INTER-CHURCH HYMNAL shatter apathy and indifference.

Gleaned from the worship and praise of 20 centuries, the INTER-CHURCH HYMNAL vibrates every string that tugs and moves the human heart.

The greatest collection of great hymns ever gathered. 479 musical numbers, 213 service outlines, Scripture portions, litanies, and prayers. Priced at only $75 per 100, not prepaid.

**For Junior Church and School**

AMERICAN CHURCH AND CHURCH SCHOOL HYMNAL—377 musical numbers—holds the interest of adolescents. Price $55 per 100, not prepaid. Fully orchestrated.

AMERICAN JUNIOR CHURCH SCHOOL HYMNAL—226 musical numbers—edited by experts for the Junior Department. Price $40 per 100, not prepaid.

*For Returnable Samples fill out below, check titles above, clip advt. and mail*

**Biglow-Main-Excell Co.**
5711-AC West Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

Name..... Your Official Church Position.....
Address.....
Church & Denom..... Membership.....


*(Continued from page 40)*

cup of mayonnaise with ½ cup of prepared mustard for 25 servings, each just one ounce, but enough to fill a tiny waxed lily cup. Have you seen those little straight sided cups like overgrown thimbles? Nice to cover a plate's bald spot. Filled with jam, a relish, chili sauce, salad dressing, or any gad-about food, they look very artful and decidely neat.

Perhaps the extra bits on the plate may take the place of a salad. Pepper rings might hold a pat of cottage cheese, or a spoonful of mustard pickle. Stuff a date or a prune with seasoned cream cheese moistened with lemon juice, then lay on a slice of orange.

Right on the plate goes the muffin or roll or whatever your choice in bread. Rolls with toasted toes may be buttered in advance. No bother at all; take them as they come from the bakery, a dozen or more in a slab, and cut them as one piece through the middle. Spread the bottom layer with softened butter. Cap on the top and place in the oven to warm.

Serve the drink, tea or coffee, immediately when the guests are seated, and pour the second cup just in time to companion the dessert. No need, thank goodness, to bother with water except to have a pitcher filled and glasses handy for the few who ask for it.

### MENU I
### HASH SUPPER

*Corned Beef Hash Patties*
*Bread and Butter Pickles, or*
*Mustard Cream in Lettuce Cups*
*Stewed Tomatoes and Celery in Paper Dishes*
*Virginia Spoon Bread*
*Rice Pudding with Ice Cream Topping*
*Coffee*

#### CORNED BEEF HASH PATTIES

8 1-pound cans corned beef hash
1½ quarts onion, finely cut
2 bunches parsley, finely cut
¾ cup butter
3 quarts soup stock
1½ tablespoons salt
⅔ teaspoon pepper

Chop onion and parsley and mix with corned beef hash. Add soup stock, butter, salt and pepper, mixing thoroughly. Shape into oblong patties. Lightly brown on both sides in hot greased skillet or in pans in a hot oven. Serve with tartar sauce or mustard pickle. Approximate yield: 50 servings, ¾ cup each.

#### VIRGINIA SPOON BREAD

4½ cups cornmeal
2 quarts milk
8 eggs
2 tablespoons salt
3 tablespoons baking powder

Scald cornmeal with milk over hot water; cool. Add well beaten egg yolks, salt and baking powder. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into large greased dripping pan and bake in moderate oven (375° F.) about 35 minutes. Serve warm with butter. Approximate yield: 50 servings.

### MENU II
### VEGETABLE-FRUIT PLATE LUNCHEON

*Vegetable a la King in*
*Mashed Potato Ring*
*Jellied Raw Beets*
*Cheese Biscuits*
*Scalloped Peaches with Honey Meringue*
*Coffee*

#### VEGETABLES A LA KING

2 No 10 cans peas
3 cups cooked mushrooms
1 dozen hard cooked eggs, chopped
6 tablespoons chopped pimiento
¾ cup chopped green pepper
1 quart medium white sauce

Combine peas, mushrooms, eggs, pimiento and green pepper. Add white sauce. Mix and heat thoroughly. Serve in mashed potato rings. To make the rings, dip one large serving of potatoes (whipped with freshly soured cream for a unusual deliciousness) and with the back of the serving spoon make a deep indentation for the lake of creamed vegetables. Dust the potatoes with a big shake of paprika before filling the rings. Approximate yield: 50 servings.

#### CHEESE BISCUITS

2 quarts flour
2 teaspoons salt
6 tablesoons baking powder
2 tablespoon sugar
½ cup shortening
1 quart (1 pound) grated cheese
2 to 2½ pints milk

Mix and sift dry ingedients. Work in the shortening and add the cheese. Add milk gradually to make a soft dough. Toss on a well floured board, roll to ½ inch thickness and cut with a 2-inch cutter. Bake in a fairly hot oven, (400° F.) 15 to 18 minutes. Approximate yield: 100 small biscuits.

#### ESCALLOPED PEACHES

2 quarts sliced peaches
1 gallon cooking apples, peeled and chopped
1⅓ pounds soda crackers, crumbled fine
1 cup butter, melted
2½ pounds brown sugar
5 cups peach syrup (or water, or combination)

In buttered baking pan or pans arrange layers of peaches, apples and crumbled crackers, mixed with butter. Sprinkle with sugar; and repeat layers. Sprinkle with cracker crumbs and pour liquid over all. Bake covered in a slow oven (350° F.) for 40 minutes. Uncover and continue cooking until apples are tender and top browned. Serve chilled in paper cups adding the honey meringue just before serving. Approximate yield: 50 servings.

#### HONEY MERINGUE

1 dozen egg whites
¼ teaspoon salt
3 cups honey

Add honey to the egg. Beat in mechanical mixed until the merignue stands stiff. This can be made early in the morning or the day before the luncheon retaining its texture and shine if left in the refrigerator on a plate, uncovered. Approximate yield: toppings for 50 tarts.

★

## Church Societies Attention

**Wouldn't you like to give the ladies of your church an enjoyable and interesting afternoon or evening and at the same time raise money for your church with very little work?**

**The Christian Herald cooking schools have been making it possible for church women to do this for the past ten years. Instruction—fun—refreshments and money for your treasury.**

**There are still a few open dates after February 1st in Massachusetts, Connecticut, Eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York. Drop a card for information to —Miss Helen Evelyn Jones, Church Food Adviser, Christian Herald, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City.**

*(Continued from page 25)*

em through the colleges. The first ace I spoke was in Gettysburg. When heard that I was to go there I cried out ith joy. I went to Gettysburg—climbed e picket fence surrounding the spot here Lincoln delivered his Gettysburg ddress—climbed that fence alone (I had arned to climb like a boy you will remember), skirts and all, much to the agrin of my escort; climbed that eight-oot iron fence, stood on the spot where incoln had spoken and proclaimed his ery address which I had learned in the issionary School in Seoul. In 1928 and 9, I spoke in 205 colleges in America more than 200,000 students, telling aem my story. I got my coveted A.B. egree from Wesleyan College at Macon eorgia and then went to Columbia, in ew York, for my M.A.; went to Great ritain and Ireland in 1931, for three onths; then to Belgium; thence to Inia where I spoke to three hundred men tudents—not another woman there in ucknow University. I have traveled in irty-two countries, absolutely alone, durag the last ten years, and never, anyhere, have I been molested.

"Then I went back to Korea and studied ne condition of Korean women in the ural regions, soon found that they could ot get along without me nor could I et along without them; wrote a book on . There we organized 'The Society for Work Among Korean Women.'

"They had absolutely nothing, those ural Korean women. At first we met in ugouts in the earth—and we had to meet ecretly. Then I organized what we called Consumer's Cooperative among the omen. Each woman saved fifteen cents month. We used that as capital; bought nd sold—sold their own products which hey themselves had made in their homes. woman could make money only in limied ways. So we would buy her a pig. he would raise it until it had a litter of ttle pigs. Then our Cooperative would ell her pigs for her and she would raise ome more. Then she would pay us back he ten dollars that her pig cost, and at he end of the year we would pay ten per ent interest to the members of our Woman's Rural Cooperative League. That was the only way we could save hose poor women from the sharks, money lenders, and middle men. But here was a more important objective than ust helping them with their economic problems. That was but a means to an nd. That cooperative movement gave us a chance to get into their homes, to talk with them; to liberate them from their age-old bondage to their men; to give them ideas of freedom; their rights to live free lives and to break away from the dominance of men; to teach them about Christ and His attitude toward women. That was our objective, but the cooperative movement among rural women in Korea had grown so fast that I went back to head it up; to build little villages near Seoul, villages with ten or fifteen cottages in them, so that the uneducated rural women of Korea may come nearer to a city and get its schools, culture and religion. This will give them courage and self-reliance. It will help them to break away from their bonds of many centuries."


A VALUABLE HINT FROM BRER RABBIT

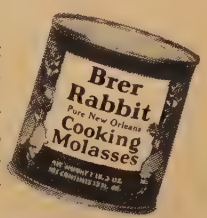
BAKED BEANS
TASTE MORE DELICIOUS WHEN YOU ENRICH THEM THIS SPECIAL WAY

HERE'S THE SECRET!

HOME-BAKED BEANS: Follow your usual recipe, but, instead of sugar, use Brer Rabbit Molasses. To one quart (4 cups) of dried beans, use from 2 tablespoons to 1 cup of molasses, according to taste.

CANNED BAKED BEANS: Add two tablespoons Brer Rabbit Molasses to one can of baked beans before heating. Serve hot.

Home-baked or canned—baked beans have extra goodness when you add the old-plantation flavor of Brer Rabbit Molasses.

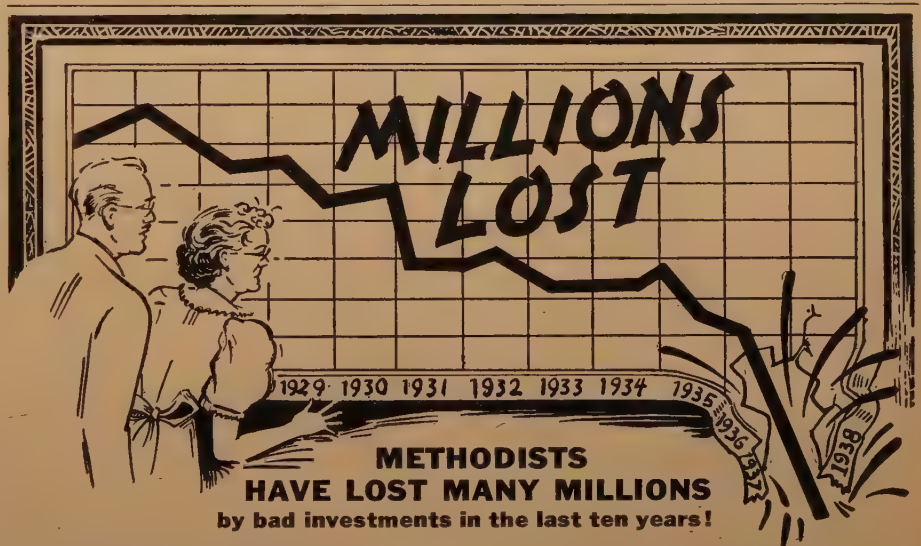



Brer Rabbit is made from freshly crushed Louisiana sugar cane. That's why its flavor is so rich...so full bodied.

FREE! Brer Rabbit's famous book of 100 recipes for delicious gingerbreads, cookies, cakes, puddings, breads, muffins, candies. Clever menu ideas. Address: Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc., New Orleans, La., Dept. CH-3.

Name_____

Address_____
(Print name and address)




METHODISTS HAVE LOST MANY MILLIONS
by bad investments in the last ten years!

HOW different the story would have been if these millions had been invested in Annuities of the Methodist Mission Boards!

First: There would have been no losses.

Second: The losers would be living in comfort.

Third: Local churches would be receiving larger contributions for current work and benevolences.

Fourth: The whole Church would have millions of dollars for its great Christian activities at home and abroad.

For both personal and altruistic sons you should investigate the Annuity Plan.

*Clip and mail one or both of these coupons for details*

Board of Home Missions and Church Extension of the Methodist Episcopal Church (C.H.13)
1701 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

*Please send* ANNUITY *information:*

*Name*.....

*St. Address*.....

*City*.....

*State*.....

Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church (C.H.13)
150 Fifth Ave., New York

*Please send* ANNUITY *information:*

*Name*.....

*St. Address*.....

*City*.....

*State*.....

# Do You Make these Mistakes in ENGLISH?

**Sherwin Cody's remarkable invention has enabled more than 100,000 people to correct their mistakes in English. Only 15 minutes a day required to improve your speech and writing.**

SHERWIN CODY

MANY persons say, "Did you hear from him today?" They should say, "Have you heard from him today?" Some spell "calendar" "calender" or "calander." Still others say "between you and I" instead of "between you and me." It is astonishing how often "who" is used for "whom," and how frequently the simplest words are mispronounced. Few know whether to spell certain words with one or two "c's" or "m's" or "r's," or with "ie" or "ei." Most persons use only common words—colorless, flat, ordinary. Their speech and their letters are lifeless, monotonous, humdrum. Every time they talk or write they show themselves lacking in the essential points of English.

## Wonderful New Invention

For many years Mr. Cody studied the problem of creating instinctive habits of using good English. After countless experiments he finally invented a simple method by which you can acquire a better command of the English language in only 15 minutes a day. Now you can stop making the mistakes which have been hurting you. Mr. Cody's students have secured more improvement in five weeks than previously had been obtained by other pupils in two years!

## Learn by Habit — Not by Rules

Under old methods rules are memorized, but correct habits are not formed. Finally the rules themselves are forgotten. The new Sherwin Cody method provides for the formation of correct habits by calling to your attention constantly only the *mistakes you yourself make.* One of the wonderful things about Mr. Cody's course is the speed with which these habit-forming practice drills can be carried out. You can write the answers to fifty questions in 15 minutes and correct your work in 5 minutes more. The drudgery and work of copying have been ended by Mr. Cody! You concentrate always on your own mistakes until it becomes "second nature" to speak and write correctly.

## FREE — Book On English

A new book explaining Mr. Cody's remarkable method is ready. If you are ever embarrassed by mistakes in grammar, spelling, punctuation, pronunciation, or if you can not instantly command the exact words with which to express your ideas, this new free book, "How You Can Master Good English—in 15 Minutes a Day," will prove a revelation to you. Send the coupon or a letter or postal card for it now. No agent will call. SHERWIN CODY SCHOOL OF ENGLISH, 301 Searle Building, Rochester, N. Y.

**SHERWIN CODY SCHOOL OF ENGLISH**
**301 Searle Building, Rochester, N. Y.**

Please send me, without any obligation on my part, your new free book, "How You Can Master Good English—in 15 Minutes a Day."

Name .....
Please print plainly

Address .....

.....

☐ *If 18 years or under check here for Booklet A*


*(Continued from page 28)*

cold green eyes and stringy hair who sits protectively and adoringly beside him.

An abstraction, after all, is a form of escape. It sends up rockets that take our minds off the world. And we have made a fetish of abstractions—every one of them a substitute for compassion. We are keen to try any idea or scheme that will deliver us from the necessity of a personal and inwardly honest response to the pitiable lot of man.

One of these is sentimentality—the occasional pastime of sniveling over the poor. There is a good deal of this and I suppose it has occupied a prominent place in making the world as pleasant as it is. It takes its satisfaction in charities, pet charities, usually supported by suppers or benefit performances. I have attended both and I hope to attend others. There is nothing farther removed, however, from the plain inner sense of sincere thoughtfulness that I am talking about than a charity ball or a show in which men and women spend money they would spend otherwise on a good time they both want, and feel that they are elevating mankind by donating the proceeds to a cause that is worthy. There is nothing vicious about it but there is a lot that is remote. It erects physical as well as emotional barriers between those who are presumably engaged in an act motivated by decent impulses and those who are designated to profit by this act.

I should not single out the charity supper and the benefit performance if my statement did not have wider applicability. It tells a story of the attitude so many of us have. We require the slumming approach. We insist that we be protected from the grave realities that we know exist about us. We must have this protection even at moments when our interests are turned to altruism.

Another substitute for compassion is social theory. There has arisen of late a learned body of men who have worked their way rapidly into political thinking and club car gossip. These men have devised schemes for the benefit of society and these schemes have crowded to the periphery of our consciousness anything that might have prompted men to think in social terms originally. Society has become a plaything of politicians, a pastime for talk, loose as well as learned, and the vast majority of us, when we concern ourselves at all, while away the evening with a discussion of our own special theories for the salvation of man in the abstract, while our brother starves in the foyer.

It would be bootless to deny that this theoretical approach, from Marx to Hamilton Fish, has had its benefits. There can be no doubt that we have become more enlightened than formerly, that we see more clearly and less through a glass darkly, what abuses must be remedied, and by what measures it must be done. The rise of social welfare is a phenomenon the Romans would gawk at more uncomprehendingly than they would at a transport plane. How well we have marshaled and organized our ideas and our impulses is astonishing and all to the good.

But even here we have lost too often the impulse, the steam, the motive that made it all begin. We have sought salvation by works alone, and the result is a kind of cynical dry-rot, a hopeless and desperate professionalism among the very agencies that are designed to blaze the way for a better humanity. The Communists rave and imagine a vain thing, the Democrats feather their nests, the Republicans complain about high taxes, and the agencies of social welfare spin their theories finer and finer and grope under a cloud of gloom toward some end that does not appear human at all.

This last is to some extent unjust, for God knows there are plenty of social workers who break their problems up into human equations. However, the very machinery of administering relief and help today has become so corporate, so much like the operation of Standard Oil, and has been so guided (of necessity, to be sure) by rules and regulations that it hardly seems more personal than an assembly line. Foundations devoted to research, to the administration of charity, high and mighty organizations with lofty mottoes and motives—there is danger, even in the face of their good works, that the ultimate end the Alpha and Omega the beginning and the end of it all shall be overlooked, for in our harum-scarum efforts to do good, in our zest for uplift and edification, in our smoothly working effort to save the world, we have lost the ability to weep.

Now of course this ability is not sufficient unto itself. But it is the *sina qua non* of human development and advance. It is the fuel of brotherhood, the saving grace which keeps all our efforts to mitigate the world's woes from being ridiculous, which keeps the Kingdom of God from becoming a sales promotion campaign.

For the ability to weep, the gift of pity, means certain things quite definitely. It means, first and last, a personal and human concern. You can't weep over an abstraction. Jesus wept not over the city but over the gamins and thieves and publicans and widows and orphans in it. You can't weep over a textbook, even *Das Kapital.* You are human when you weep—in sympathy and in touch with your fellows on a planet whirling through space.

Again, you are bewildered when you weep. You have no pat and guttural answer to all the world's heartache and woe. You are feeling and not merely spouting opinions. You are modest and humble and you know yourself to be, even though temporarily unstrung, at one with the great teachers and seers of the ages, the men who have cared most deeply and worked most heroically, not from easy chairs or scholar's sepulchers, but from the street corners for the lot and future of the race.

Weeping is not futile and it is not to be confused with wailing or inaction. There is more to it, psychologically, than lamentation. It may not be in itself sufficient and no one in his right mind could suggest that what the world needs is merely for some who are concerned about it to sit around and cry and wring their hands. But tears wash the dust from our eyes. Weeping is a prelude to action and enlightenment. If one asks what good weeping does, the reply must be that had Jesus not wept over Jerusalem, with all it signified, the very agencies of human betterment which have grown formal today

ould not exist at all. It was that weep-g, that racial weeping as incarnate in im, that set the springs of human sym-thy in action.

Weeping is the prelude not only to en-htenment but to action as well. It was st after the incident of my text that sus descended upon the temple and nased from its sacred precincts the oney changers who had desecrated the ace because they sold goods and had rgotten how to weep. I am not plead-g for inaction or for a cessation of the nest and true efforts being made in manity's behalf today. But I think that we could weep more we could do more. e could see more clearly. We could scape the dead hand of formality. We uld smash abstractions into their com-onent human parts. We could, above all, t a new insight, a feeling about our rld which would renew a spirit we are n danger of losing.

*(Continued from page 33)*

one all the restoration work on Hearth-tone for us and who is our good friend. He served through the World War as did earle. Searle's job had been to help re-air ships that had been attacked by sub-arines. "I'll not go back to that, again," e said, grimly. "We had to clean the ead bodies out of the ships before we ould work. I'll go into the trenches ather than that."

"We'll never come to it," I insisted. "I came up to say I'd send a man to-morrow to help dig your trench for you," aid Potter.

I went out to look at my garden. So his was what the women of China had een taught and the women of Spain! God elp them, poor souls! Had they prayed, believing?

Mrs. Searle and Penn were with me. "There's no good doing a thing but just arrying on," said Mrs. Searle, "and hop-ng for the best. Searle and I can't help hinking about the poor animals, cows out n the fields and horses and little birds."

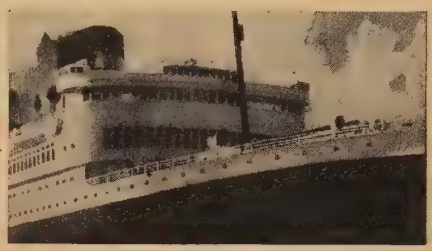
"Human beings are the most cruel, stu-id being God ever created," said Penn with a sort of fury which Mrs. Searle and I both understood.

That night, at six o'clock, the voice of Mr. Chamberlain, so tired, so calm, so in-timate, came to us over the radio. He was going to Munich for that last, last try. He gave you the same sense of simple strength that Lincoln gave his contempo-raries.

And now, the Archbishop told us over the wireless, we must pray as we never prayed before. Pray and yet pray again. And all the next day we waited. We agreed, the Searles and Penn and I, not to gas-proof the music room, for that day, at least, and not to begin the trench. The long hours dragged. At midnight the four Powers were "still in conference." At one, at two, "still in conference." At three—well you all know the word that came! It must have been about ten P.M., your time. Out of this nettle, War, Mr. Chamberlain had, miraculously, plucked the flower, Peace.

And these things having happened within our minds and souls, you will, I am sure, understand, why the story of our happy day in the Black Forest must wait.

Join our
GOOD-NEIGHBOR
Cruise to
SOUTH AMERICA



PLAN now to sail with us February 11th into the Sunny Summer of South America. Unsurpassed in colorful, and historic scenes, South America is beautiful beyond compare. Our Cruise sails February 11th from New York on the 32,000 ton S. S. Brazil of the New Good Neighbor Fleet of which Admiral Land, Chairman of the U. S. Maritime Commission said "There are no safer, and few finer, ships afloat."

Three day stops will be made at Rio de Janiero and Buenos Aires. We also stop at Montevideo, Uruguay, Santos, Brazil and the island of Trinidad with plenty of shore excursions. We return March 21st to New York, or at slight extra expense you can come back over the Andes and up the West Coast through the Panama Canal.

Perhaps the best news yet is the extremely low all-inclusive rate of $555.00 or less than $15.00 per day.

For further information use coupon below.

TWO OTHER CHRISTIAN HERALD CRUISES

**MEDITERRANEAN • HOLY LAND • EGYPT** • The annual winter tour which has thrilled and benefited so many hundreds of Christian Herald readers during the past thirteen years. Sail from New York February 15th on the luxurious cruise ship SATURNIA to visit 17 countries and islands on 3 continents—54 days—$690 all-inclusive rate including comprehensive shore trips.

**AROUND-THE-WORLD**
Also now established as an annual Christian Herald travel feature and always the supreme travel event of a lifetime. Sail from New York February 10th on the S. S. QUEEN MARY to London; thence via the Mediterranean to Egypt, the Holy Land, Arabia, India, Burma, the Straits Settlements, the Orient and Honolulu. $985 up all-inclusive rate including comprehensive shore excursions.

**PARTIES LIMITED**

Each cruise will be limited in number so reservations should be made at the earliest possible convenience. Send the coupon below for complete details indicating the trip you wish.

**SAME MANAGEMENT**

As in the past, our winter cruises have been planned by James Boring and will be carried out by the worldwide organization which Mr. Boring has built up during the past fifteen years.

**James W. Boring, Cruise Director**
**419 Fourth Avenue, New York**

Please send me, without obligation, full details of the cruise checked below:

☐ "Good Neighbor" Cruise to South America
☐ Mediterranean—Holy Land—Egypt
☐ Around-the-World

Name .....

Address .....

UP TO $32.00 IN A WEEK
SUPPLYING SILK HOSE. REPLACEMENT
Guaranteed 4 to 8 MONTHS
WEAR HOSE WE FURNISH
without cost and start cash earnings quickly. Everybody buys hose. Guaranteed to wear from 4 to 8 months without holes, snags or runs or REPLACED FREE. Big repeat sales. Doris Jensen, of Illinois, reports earnings of $11.00 in 5½ hours. Received 2 new cars as bonuses. Charles Mills, of Minn., earned $120 in one week and received 2 new cars, as extra bonuses. Extra hosiery for your personal use sent with outfit, no extra cost—send size, no money. Rush name on penny postal for sample outfit, details.
HOSE for your Personal Use Sent With Outfit
ACT NOW!
WILKNIT HOSIERY CO., Midway A-78, Greenfield, Ohio

FREE
JAYNE'S ALMANAC
FOR 1939
Contains weather forecasts, home nursing hints, modern first aid, common ailments and their treatments, beauty facts, times for planting, tempting recipes, new games, interesting charts, diagrams, pictures and other useful information. Get your free copy today.
at YOUR DRUGGIST

STOP Your Rupture Worries!

C. E. Brooks, Inventor
Why worry and suffer any longer? Learn about our perfected invention for all forms of reducible rupture in men, women and children. Support fitted with automatic air cushion assists Nature in a natural strengthening of the weakened muscles. Thousands made happy. Weighs but a few ounces, is inconspicuous and sanitary. No stiff springs or hard pads. No salves or plasters. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Beware of imitations. Never sold in stores or by agents. Write today for full information and Free Book on Rupture. All correspondence confidential.
BROOKS COMPANY, 414-B, State St., Marshall, Mich.

Beware Effects of CONSTIPATION
Nature intended the body to eliminate waste EASILY, QUICKLY and COMPLETELY. When elimination is incomplete or unduly delayed (constipation), that is the danger signal. If you are constipated do not fail to get relief at once. The wise way is with a mild herb compound such as Innerclean Intestinal Laxative—a pleasant tasting blend of eight beneficial herbs in their natural state, combined so correctly that elimination is sure, easy, complete and free from nausea and griping.
Get a 50c package of Innerclean (enough to last the family for months) at any drug or health food store. Insist on this particular brand. Innerclean is so different—so certain in effect you'll bless the day you learned of it.
INNERCLEAN INTESTINAL LAXATIVE
FREE TRIAL SUPPLY
PLEASE SEND GENEROUS TRIAL SUPPLY
Name_____
Address_____
MAIL TO— City_____State_____
INNERCLEAN CO., 846 E. 6th St.—Los Angeles, Dept. 25M
In Canada—427 St. Francois Xavier St., Montreal
NATURE'S HERBS CORRECTLY COMBINED

(Continued from page 42)

the bees brought to create new flowers. The only plant they could produce was a hybrid, which would result from impregnation with the pollen of the small French marigold.

Ten hives of bees were scattered through the field and the bees carried on. The resulting marigolds, lustrous, large and red, were worth the trouble to create them. They are proclaimed the most sensational flower of 1939. Horticultural scientists, as well as flower lovers whose understanding goes no deeper than the top soil, agree on this fact.

Besides its rich new color, the hybrid has a dozen other good points.

Let Mr. Burpee explain them. "It is the earliest of the marigolds, and it begins to bloom eight weeks from seed. Besides, it is the most profuse blooming marigold, and stays covered with flowers. It's been known to blossom for seven months, only frost ending its regime. The flowers grow to a size of two and one-half to three inches, which is nearly three times the dimension of the little French marigold at its biggest. The plants are one and one-half feet tall and two feet wide."

Then, too, it will grow in any section of the United States, and the bad odor has been lost in the breeding.

All in all, the glowing new flower has enough virtues to make it a universal favorite.

One thing you should remember, when you begin to raise it. Since the flower is a hybrid, a number of African marigolds of an orange color will appear in any planting. You can distinguish them from the hybrids before the plants are half an inch high. They will have green stems. The hybrids have deep red stems. It is quite simple to separate the two.

Famous as the Burpee Company is for its miracles in marigolds, it has wrought other wonders, equally as noteworthy. One of the most brilliant of the 1939 surprises is Strawberry Festival, a new Gloxinia-flowered petunia. Its color is halfway between crushed strawberry and old rose. Deep crimson, much-branched veins radiate out of its plum-colored throat.

This plant stands heat and is easy to grow, Mr. Burpee says. While petunias have been a good flower for a long time, the balcony ones—those small enough for bedding—never had many colors. The giant ruffled one was gay enough but too big. Now the small one has color and ruffles, too. It blooms in great profusion, and it, too, has a seven months' lease on life.

How did it happen? Nobody knows. It's a mutation, one of those strange miracles which nature now and then performs. It leaped up from the field one day. The trained eyes of the seedsmen caught it, approved, and prepared it for universal use.

Strawberry Festival will share honors this year with the Red and Gold Hybrid. So will Creamy Crinkles, which is really a member of the Eschscholtzia family, known as the California poppy.

The Creamy Crinkle plants stand erect and do not spread. It doesn't go to sleep as other California poppies do, either. Its crinkles won't let it close up. It's soft apricot in color and bears a double flower.

GRANDMOTHER'S OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN
OF EASY GROWING FLOWERS
Marvelous mixture of hardy, all-season blooming varieties. 19 kinds; everything from Asters to Zinnias. Seed enough to plant 3x15 ft. bed. Big $1.00 value for only 10c postpaid. Also my 1939 Seed & Nursery Catalog; America's Largest, 650 illustrations, 60 in color; with words of famous song, "Old Fashioned Garden." Send 10c to cover postage and packing.
WORTH $1 FOR 10¢
CATALOG FREE. 500,000 customers save money annually buying seeds and nursery items from me, a Seed and Plant grower.
R. H. SHUMWAY SEEDSMAN
BOX 315 ROCKFORD, ILL. Established 1870

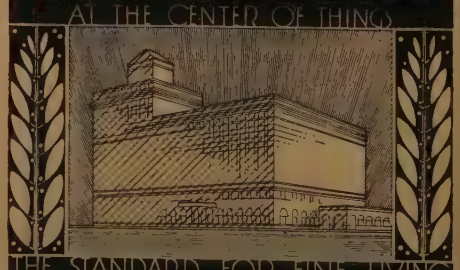
Burpee's MARIGOLDS with Odorless Foliage!
3 kinds — Crown of Gold (the Gold Medal winner), Yellow Crown, and new carnation - flowered Burpee Gold, 100 seeds of each, all 3 packets postpaid for only 10c—send today!
3 PKTS. Three Kinds 10¢
Burpee's Seed Catalog free— Guaranteed seeds, low prices.
[LAST SPRING'S PRICE WAS 55c]
W. Atlee Burpee Co., 262 Burpee Bldg., Philadelphia

10 2 YR. OLD FIELD GROWN ROSES FOR ONLY $1
GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY!
Your money back if you are not entirely satisfied with this amazing bargain! Collection includes 3 Red and 2 Pink Radiance, 1 Talisman, 1 Ami Quinard, 1 Edel, 1 Pres. Hoover, and 1 Mrs. Chas. Bell. Send just $1.00 today for rose collection No. 100!
NAUGHTON FARMS, Dept. R100, WAXAHACHIE, TEXAS

FREE 4 PKTS. AMAZING OFFER Petunias VALUE 40¢
LOOK
Just to get acquainted with new customers will send 4-10c pkt fancy Petunias, including New Fluffy Ruffles for only 4 names flower lovers—Will include 5 beautiful spring flowering bulbs & 100 Ruffled Gladioli for 10c to cover packing & postage. For return mailing & this ad, enables you to receive a PREMIUM OFFER 2 beautiful Everblooming Roses & New Garden Book.—Supply limited—Send today.
S.W.PIKE-Seedsman, Dept. 121, St.Charles, Ill.

DREER'S 1939 GARDEN BOOK
FREE—A GARDENING GUIDE
for those who enjoy fine flowers, vegetables. Dreer-quality seeds, bulbs at attractive prices. Send at once.
HENRY A. DREER
131 Dreer Bldg. Phila., Pa.

FREE ROSE BOOK
43rd EDITION, "ROSES OF NEW CASTLE," in exquisite colors; tells how to grow these famous roses and other flowers. Gold mine of information. Low prices. Write for FREE copy.
HELLER BROS. CO., Box 116, New Castle, Ind.

ST. LOUIS' FINEST
AT THE CENTER OF THINGS

THE STANDARD FOR FINE LIVING
THE HOTEL CORONADO
PRESTON I. BRADSHAW
MANAGING DIRECTOR

# PICTURE OF A MAN with a BROKEN LEG!

*Question:* Why is he laughing—what's amusing about having a broken leg?

*Answer:* There's nothing funny about breaking a leg in an auto accident, that's true. But this man is convalescing and his mind is at ease because *he's getting CASH* to pay his doctor and hospital bills! It's a *happy* ending to an *unhappy* event!

## End the Financial Worry About Accident and Sickness

The illustration above is intended to show you how much easier it is to put up with accidents or sickness if the *financial worry* is taken off your shoulders.

Suppose you met with a sudden accident tomorrow. Or suppose you became sick and were laid up for some time. How would you pay for doctors, hospitals, medicines, etc. as well as all your regular expenses? It's too late to think about it afterwards . . . right *now* is the time.

Because right *now* you can secure the kind of protection you need at amazingly low cost. The Premier Limited Policy issued by North American pays you *$25.00 a week in cash* for stated accidents and sickness. It also helps with your *doctor and hospital bills*, and provides an *Emergency Relief* of $100. Besides that, it pays a *Principal Sum* of $10,000 for specified loss of life, limbs and eyesight.

Astounding as it may seem, your cost for all this protection is *only $10 a year*—actually less than *three cents a day!* Aren't you surprised to learn that the cost is so low?

### NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION
### Men and Women Both Eligible

It is possible for you to start having this protection within a few days after you read this announcement. There are no long preliminaries—no red tape. You do not have to take a medical examination. Any person—man or woman from 16 to 69—is eligible. (Persons from ages 69 to 74 years are also eligible at a slight extra cost.)

Do not confuse this with life insurance, or old-age insurance. The Premier Limited Policy helps you when either *sickness or accident* strikes. It's the kind of cash assistance that comes when you need it *most*. And the cost is fixed at $10 total premium for the whole year. *No dues—no assessments.* Certainly you can afford this "3¢ a day" insurance—if only to give you peace of mind when you're feeling *well!*

### A Famous Company Guarantees the Premier Limited Policy

You may not be interested in ordinary statistics, but you should know more about the high standing of the company that offers you the Premier Limited Policy. Therefore, take note:

- It operates under the supervision of 47 State Insurance Departments.
- It has furnished this type of protection for over 52 years.
- Total amount paid out in claims to policyholders—over $25,000,000.
- Established 1886—oldest and largest exclusive health and accident insurance company in America!

### Some Day You'll Be Glad You Sent The Coupon Below

An umbrella is only valuable in a rainstorm, but *then* it's worth its weight in gold. The same is true of this vital protection. It stands by you during trouble.

Find out all the details. Read about this policy in the interesting booklet, "CASH OR SYMPATHY." There is no obligation,—the booklet is *free*—so fill in and *mail the coupon at once!*

### Here's What You Get:

**$25.00 WEEKLY BENEFIT.** Paid in cash for stated accidents and sickness.

**$100 EMERGENCY RELIEF.**

**HELP WITH DOCTOR & HOSPITAL BILLS.**

**$10,000 PRINCIPAL SUM,** for specified loss of life, hands, feet and eyesight.

Includes **AUTOMOBILE AND FARM** coverage at no extra cost.

### Here's What You Pay:

**Total Annual Premium . . . $10 PER YEAR.**

No extras of any kind. No assessments, no dues.

Liberal Installment Terms at extra cost of only 50¢ yearly.

## NORTH AMERICAN ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY OF CHICAGO

**779 Title Bldg., Newark, New Jersey**

**FREE BOOKLET**
**"CASH or SYMPATHY"**

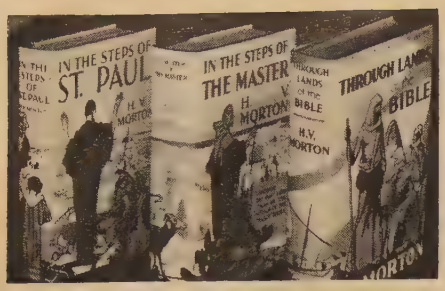
NORTH AMERICAN ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY
779 TITLE BLDG., NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

Please mail me a copy of your FREE booklet, "CASH OR SYMPATHY." I understand there is no obligation whatever.

*NAME* .....

*ADDRESS* .....

*TOWN* ..... *STATE* .....




*The Religious Books of*

**H. V. MORTON**

No Bible student or church member should neglect these three illuminating books which throw new light on the great events and personalities in the entire range of religious history.

**IN THE STEPS OF THE MASTER**
**IN THE STEPS OF ST. PAUL**
**THROUGH LANDS of the BIBLE**

*Each, illustrated, $3.00*

*At your booksellers, public library, rental library, or from the publishers,*

**DODD, MEAD & COMPANY**
**449 Fourth Avenue, New York**

*Raise* **MONEY**
***...Easily***

There is no surer, easier or more pleasant way to raise needed funds for churches or clubs than with the aid of our co-operative plan. Women everywhere accept Gottschalk's Metal Sponge as the foremost metal scouring device. They buy this time and labor saver without hesitation. A sale is made almost every call. In the past 20 years we have assisted thousands of organizations to raise money. We will be delighted to help you. Write for particulars. METAL SPONGE SALES CORPORATION, Philadelphia, Penna.

**Gottschalk's**
**METAL SPONGE**

**Know and Grow!**

**INTRODUCTORY BIBLE COURSE**
by Rev. James M. Gray, D.D., LL. D.,
18 Lessons—**$3.50**

The outstanding facts of the entire Bible in 18 lessons! Here's a brief, yet comprehensive, study that will give you a clearer understanding of the Scriptures. Certificate upon completion. Personal, friendly counsel. Special low rates. ENROLL NOW!

15 OTHER COMPLETE COURSES
for individual or group study. 8 courses offer credit for residential study at Moody Bible Institute.

**DETACH AND MAIL THIS COUPON**

Dept. HM325 153 Institute Place, Chicago, Ill.
Please send at once:
☐ Folder on Introductory Bible Course.
☐ 40-Page Prospectus.
☐ FREE 5-Minute Bible Test.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

The MOODY Bible Institute
CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
153 INSTITUTE PLACE • CHICAGO, ILL.

*(Continued from page 17)*

simple process of piling up the sand into long heaps, make a goodly row of seats for those who desire to sit down. Services are conducted for children as well as the great services for grown people, and to stand with the listening men and women is all one needs to realize that here the church is alive to a great opportunity, the harvest of which must be found in many a changed life which the ordinary parish activities could never achieve.

These two ways of meeting a common problem are striking proof that the church is never defeated if only she will keep her faith in vital condition and remember that she MUST preach the Gospel to mankind. And that does not mean it is sufficient to preach it to the good souls who attend church even to the point of inconveniencing themselves. As the parable of Jesus states it, the church must "go into the highways and byways." We have not fulfilled our duty by holding a service of worship at eleven o'clock each Sunday morning. Almighty God never declared that to be the one hour in the week when His Word should be made known. If the people will not come to church on Sunday morning then hold services during the week when they will come. Or if they will not come to church at all, we must go to the place where they are and preach to them there. Every great revival of Christianity has accomplished much of its work in the open air. Are we too indifferent or too proud to go into the open air today?

This spirit of willingness to preach the Gospel at any time and in any place is of critical importance today. There has been a strong tendency in the church of the postwar period to be a respectable sort of club. We have met together in our increasingly magnificent buildings, to nod our heads in pious agreement with the preacher's eulogy of the glories of our faith. Outside the world has been growing more dangerous and sinful. We have affirmed the sinfulness, but what positive move have many of the churches made to overcome the condition? Some of us undoubtedly saw the thrilling moving picture of "The Hurricane." When the hurricane roared over the little South Sea island, the priest took his people to the shelter of the church. There he felt they would be safe. But those who were roped to the boughs of the great oak tree saw the gigantic waves of the sea crash against the walls of the church, and finally destroy both building and people. In that scene is a parable of our modern church. We have come to our churches and spiritually closed our doors to the storms outside. Here the pious gained a little comfort, some assurance that God was still with them. But the storm has come nearer until it is now at our doors.

This is terrifying to many church people. But if we had only read our Bibles or studied the history of the Christian religion we would have realized that such a result was inevitable. Karl Barth, the great Protestant theologian of Switzerland, has a sentence which reads, "When the church of Jesus Christ becomes conscious of itself it ceases to be the church of Jesus Christ." Because the church exists for one purpose —to preach Christ as the Saviour of the world. How long would the church have lasted, if on the day of Pentecost they had kept the door barred "for fear of the Jews"? It grew because those first Christians broke open those doors and went out into the market place to tell men of Christ. And St. Paul walked those ancient roads to declare to pagan men that God had revealed Himself to a sinful world. Contrast this with the smug respectability of our Sunday worship and true Christians will feel their need of repentance for their neglect of the church's duty.

It cannot be stated too emphatically that the church must return to her mission. This very question of lax Sunday observance is wrapped up in the larger issue. Frankly, a single day in seven when men should think of God is not particularly worthy of respect. If God should be thought about at all, He must be considered throughout the whole week. If our society is tending to overlook the sacredness of the Sunday, let us reply that *every day is Sunday.* For every day is the time when men should love and worship their God. When we convert people to think of God on Tuesday and Wednesday and on the other days, then there will be a very deep reason why one day in the week they should put ordinary affairs on one side to concentrate on the fundamental issue of man's relationship with his Creator. The Christian Sunday will regain its high purpose because men desire a special day to strengthen their lives for the remainder of the week. They will make Sunday a sacred day, not because of custom, but because of their own spiritual needs. That is the method with which we must attack: Instead of bemoaning a poorly attended Sunday service and timidly asking people to "give one hour to God," let the church courageously demand the whole of life for Christ. For when men and women are thoroughly convinced of Christianity the churches will soon find Sunday reestablished as a day "holy to the Lord."

## THANKS, AND GOD BLESS YOU, FRIENDS

**To open the door leading from the dismal, sad streets into the Bowery Mission's Chapel with its shining Christmas Tree, is like suddenly waking from a horrible dream and finding yourself at home in the midst of your family. We have a pretty tree this year—a tree with a path of light that will reach down deep into the hearts of weary men, making them forget for a time the misery of their wretched lives.**

**We are hoping that you have sent us enough presents to go the rounds—we cannot bear to think of having to turn away even one man without a gift, no matter how small,—to turn a man away on Christmas night without money to pay for a bed when we have filled the beds at the Mission. Could you stand at the foot of the Christmas Tree with me as the men pass by to receive their gifts, you would hear their "God Bless You" and see many a tear-filled eye.**

**To you who have shared in this work for many years, we say thanks; without you many worthwhile lives would have been lost, for without you there could be no Bowery Mission.**

# STAMPS . . .

## How To Sell

**By Winthrop Adams**

ON MY desk are at least two dozen letters that begin: "Dear Winthrop Adams: I have some old stamps that I want to sell. How do I go about it? How am I to know how much I should get for them? Can you suggest a reliable dealer?" In the last three weeks, we've answered a lot more that begin the same way.

If you have stamps to sell, the first thing for you to do is to get yourself a copy of Scott's Standard Stamp Catalogue; this will give you the current prices *at which you may purchase any postage stamp in the world.* That is not the price, of course, which you would be paid by a dealer for your stamps; it is the price he would charge you if you wanted to buy it from him. But it is the accepted price in the open market, and the basis of all selling in the field. Order that catalogue through *Christian Herald;* it is priced at three dollars, plus postage.

Now look up your stamps in the catalogue, and find out whether you have any really valuable ones or not; make a list of them; list the country, catalogue number, and a statement as to whether each stamp is used or unused. Then forward that list to your nearest reliable dealer and ask him what he will offer you for your collection. There are thousands of stamp dealers in the United States, and there are probably a dozen or so in the city near your home. If they are interested when they look over your list, they will ask to see your stamps.

Try more than one dealer, if you are not satisfied with what one offers you. Better still, locate other stamp collectors in your neighborhood, and offer your specimens to them; often you will find a collector who will pay a good price for a stamp that he needs and needs badly, offering you far more for it than any dealer ever would. Let a collector-friend take your collection to a stamp club and show it around.

We hesitate to suggest a "reliable dealer." The first one that comes to our mind is Scott's (1 West 47th Street, New York City). There are many, many others. You will find them listed in the stamp columns of your newspapers. But be sure, before you trust your stamps to them, that they are reliable.

Think twice before you sell. The strange thing about collecting stamps is that, like love, it is a disease you can catch twice. If you feel that you are getting tired of the hobby, put the albums away for awhile; the time will come when you will want to take it up again, and then your stamps are worth more than they were before. Every year you keep them adds to their value. I bought the old Parcel Post $1 at face value, at a post office, the year it was issued; for several years it was listed at a little over a dollar; today I could sell it for $15.00. Hold them!

Keep them in good condition. Never tear a stamp off a cover until you know its value; *never* tear a stamp off a cover older than 1900, under any conditions. Guard against creasing them, or smudging them with finger marks; condition means everything when you come to sell, if sell you must.

### New Issues

The 1939 stamp program of the U. S. Government is well under way, and several releases have reached our desk telling us what they will be about.

Three of the 1939 issues will conclude the celebration of the Constitution's 150th Anniversary series. They will show Washington taking the oath of office as first President on April 25th, 1789; the first meeting of the first Congress, and the first meeting of the Supreme Court.

There will probably be one stamp each for the New York World's Fair and the Golden Gate International Exposition in San Francisco and a stamp for the 400th anniversary of the landing of De Soto in Florida, which will be celebrated at the Hernando de Soto Exposition in Tampa next February.

Another series under consideration is one featuring Americans prominent in the arts, sciences and industry. It's about time for that one!

Not only the souvenir-sheet specialists but those collectors interested in American-history-on-stamps will want the new and very attractive Iceland issue commemorating "Leif Ericsson's Day," out October 9th. The sheet has three stamps in the center, bearing pictures of Leif the Lucky, a statue of the real discoverer of America (for this was Leif, and not Columbus), and a map of Iceland. It is a beautiful sheet.

Germany has a new issue commemorating the occupation of Aussig, a city in Bohemia. Get it—if you don't mind financing Mr. Hitler's push to the East.

### Question Box

C.P.S., California: "Must you use hinges, or can you just paste your stamps down with the gum on the back of the stamp?" (Our heart almost stopped at this one!) Heavens, NO! Never, never, never moisten the gum on the back of the stamp. *Always* use a hinge; better if your stamp is an unusually good one, slip it on one of the new cellophane covers for sale in every stamp store.

C.B.I., Colorado: Is it possible to sell certain (single) stamps, or must they be sold only as a collection?" It is possible, though not very profitable unless you have a rarity, to sell them one or two at a time. Few stamps, individually, are worth a great deal.

J.R.A., South Carolina: "What country issued the first postage stamp?" England. It is popularly known as "The Penny Black," and you can get a good canceled specimen of it for $2.00.


# OLD BOOKS WANTED

We pay big cash prices for thousands of different titles. We bought over 7,500 books in past twenty-one months, and have paid as high as $500.00 for a single book. For example, we will pay you cash for the following books as described in our price list:

| | |
|---|---|
| **Pilgrim's Progress** | **$4,000.00** |
| **Adventures of Tom Sawyer** | **200.00** |
| **Old Swimmin' Hole** | **75.00** |
| **Black Beauty** | **100.00** |
| **Treasure Island** | **50.00** |
| **Scarlet Letter** | **35.00** |
| **Venus and Adonis** | **5,000.00** |
| **Snow-Bound** | **45.00** |
| **Uncle Tom's Cabin** | **50.00** |
| **Leaves of Grass** | **250.00** |
| **Ben Hur** | **25.00** |
| **Last of the Mohicans** | **50.00** |
| **Moby Dick** | **100.00** |
| **Little Women** | **25.00** |
| **McGuffey Primer** | **100.00** |
| **Tamerlane & Other Poems** | **5,000.00** |

These are but a few of the many thousands of books we want. DON'T SEND BOOKS until you have checked our latest list giving full information. Don't delay—a single old school book, story book, Bible, poetry, history, travel, almanacs, newspapers, letters, autograph, etc., may bring you $25, $50, $100, $500 or even $5,000 cash for certain books. Better investigate NOW. Send 10c to the **American Book Mart, 140 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 221, Chicago,** and we will send you latest list of old books we want to buy and cash prices we will pay.

**MAN TO CALL ON CHURCHES** Amazing new bell tower chimes with music and voice reproduction. Can be heard 5 miles. Complete installation at sensational low price. Write us a letter, giving experience and references. Remarkable opportunity for the right man. $100 a week possible. Write **National Sound Service, 2631 Cora St., Dept. 21, Cincinnati, O.**

352 Musical Numbers, 23 Responsive Readings, 3 Bible Prayers

## Kindles Revival Zeal

This matchless collection of standard hymns and gospel songs will stir the hearts of your people to fresh consecration. Rich in hymns of the great redemptive themes: Atonement, Bible, Blood, Faith, Grace, Repentance, Salvation, Second Coming, etc. Strong collection of children's songs, choir numbers and solos.

### Unrivalled Value

"Tabernacle Hymns Number Three" beautifully bound in green silk cloth, lacquered to preserve fresh appearance. Binding reinforced. Title gold stamped. Price $50 per 100; strong Bristol covers, only $32.50 per 100. Prices not prepaid. Orchestrated.

*Mail Coupon* for returnable sample of this source of musical inspiration and spiritual power.

**TABERNACLE PUBLISHING COMPANY**

**344-A North Waller Avenue Chicago, Ill.**

Gentlemen: Please send returnable sample of "TABERNACLE HYMNS NUMBER THREE." We need new song books for the following uses:

☐ Worship Service ☐ Sunday School
☐ Young People ☐ Evan. Meetings

Name..... Official Title.....

Address.....

Church and Denom..... Total Membership.....

Pastor..... Address.....

**Stop POISONING YOUR BODY with FOOD!**

warns JOHN X. LOUGHRAN, Ph.D.

★ ★ ★ "If you suffer with **RHEUMATISM, STOMACH** or **KIDNEY** trouble, **NERVOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION** or other common ailment, **every meal you eat can make your condition Worse,"** says this noted author and health authority

**Learn to EAT!**

Learn which foods **poison** your system—which act as **medicines.** Find out why certain foods should never be combined at the same meal. Learn which foods help **Arthritis, Anemia, Constipation** — or whatever your particular trouble is. New knowledge of **Scientific Nutritional Control** is bringing new found health and happiness to many who had tried everything else without result. Now you, too, can learn these **vital secrets** in the privacy of your home. If you are sick or discouraged, you owe it to yourself and your family to investigate this modern road to **Vibrant Health and a happier life.**

**Free HEALTH BOOK**

This big illustrated book is filled with vital facts about common foods that will astonish you. It tells how you can learn and apply natural rules of health that have brought mental and physical happiness and success to thousands. Write for **Free Book** today. (Penny post card will do.) No cost or obligation.

**20th Century Health Institute, Dept. No. 17N**
**742 So. Hill St., Los Angeles, Calif., U.S.A.**

**A Book of Plain Facts for RECTAL SUFFERERS**

Read this enlightening and encouraging book. Describes the mild McCleary treatment for Hemorrhoids (Piles), Fistula and all non-malignant rectal ailments at McCleary Clinic. Book and reference list FREE.

**McCLEARY CLINIC**
**138 Elms Blvd. Excelsior Springs, Mo.**



**FREE CATALOG** 25,000 BARGAINS in **BOOKS**

Our 44th Annual 320-Page Bargain Catalog of new Books of all Publishers lists 25,000 titles—Fiction, Juvenile, History, Scientific, etc. Illustrated, Indexed. Used by schools, colleges, libraries, and thousands of individuals. **Write today for this new 1939 catalog, "Bargains in Books."**

**THE BOOK SUPPLY COMPANY, Dept. 38**
**564-566 West Monroe Street - - Chicago, Illinois**



**RUPTURED?**

**Get Up-To-Date Relief**

Why try to worry along with old-fashioned trusses that gouge your flesh—press heavily on hips and spine—enlarge opening—fail to hold rupture? You need the Cluthe. No leg-straps or cutting belts. Automatic adjustable pad seals opening—follows every body movement with instant increased support in case of strain. Cannot slip. Holds rupture whether at work or play. Light, easy to wear. Waterproof. Can be worn in bath. Send for amazing **FREE** 100 page, cloth-bound book "Advice To Ruptured" and details of liberal 60-day trial offer. Also names of grateful patrons in your neighborhood. Write:—Cluthe Sons, Dept. 292, Bloomfield, New Jersey.


# SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR JANUARY

*Stanley B. Vandersall, D. D.*

## JANUARY 1

### Peter Called to Serve

JOHN 1:35-42; LUKE 5:1-11
(Printed Lesson, John 1:40-42; Luke 5:1-11)

TWO distinct incidents are before us for consideration and blending. They have different times and locations, but both are necessary to bring Peter into the full picture of discipleship. The verses from John's Gospel rightly come first; they tell of the *conversion* of Peter—the surrender of his heart. The verses from Luke's Gospel tell of the commission of Peter—his surrendered life to be henceforth devoted to catching men alive.

1. *One conversation can do much.* It was four o'clock in the afternoon when John's disciples came to Jesus. We do not know how long they stayed. It was long enough for Andrew to get the biggest inspiration of his life. He got so full that he could not contain his joy.

2. *The value of winning one.* Viewed in the light of later accomplishments, Andrew's conversion to the cause of the Messiah bore its greatest fruit in its early hours. "He *first* found his brother," is a wonderful tribute to the power of a man who has seen Jesus.

3. *Conversion must be genuine.* We would like to know more of what passed between the Nazarene and Simon when Andrew "brought Simon to Jesus." Was there introduction? Was there explanation? Was there verbal committal? All we do know is that the conversion was genuine.

4. *Faith must be strong enough to overcome reason or adverse experience.* The word of address used by Simon is peculiar to Luke. The other Gospels, especially John, use *Rabbi,* but *Master* gives the correct idea. It is used of one who has the right to give orders. Simon did not argue. This is commendable faith.

5. *The real inspiration for service.* The miracle brought home to Peter two things, his own sinfulness and Christ's holiness. He feels a great contrast. This is indicated in his use of the word *Lord.* No *master* or *rabbi* could cause him to be conscious of sin. Only the divine One could do that.

## JANUARY 8

### Peter Commended and Rebuked

MATT. 16:13-25

ANY study of the life and works of the apostle Peter will give large place to the great confession. It was the peak of Peter's many superb statements.

*Two Questions.* The two queries put by Jesus to His disciples are related to each other. Particularly the first—Who do men say that I am?—was framed to get information as well as to pave the way for the second, which was the crucial one—Who do ye say that I am?

*One Great Answer.* The impulsive


**Remarkable SHAMPOO DISCOVERY**

**TINTS HAIR**
**Black or Brown Titian or Blonde**

Just shampoo your hair with this remarkable new discovery TINTZ Cake Shampoo. It washes out dirt, loose dandruff and grease and safely gives hair a real smooth **black, brown, titian or blonde** tint that fairly glows with life and lustre. Don't put up with faded, dull, burnt, streaked, off-color hair a minute longer. TINTZ hair tinting cake works gradual—each shampoo leaves your hair more colorful, lovelier, softer, easier to manage. No dyed look. Won't hurt permanents. State shade wanted. Full cake 50c (3 for $1). **SEND NO MONEY!** Just pay postman plus postage on our positive guarantee of satisfaction in 7 days or money back. Don't wait. Write today to **TINTZ CO., Dept. 920, 207 N. Michigan, Chicago, Ill.**



**Painful BUNIONS**

**HELPED QUICKLY!**

When **Fairyfoot** is applied—see how quickly pain STOPS and your bunion gets smaller. Enables you to wear proper shoes. Easy to use. Entirely harmless. Used on over 2,000,000 feet since 1897.

**FREE PROOF!**

Write for **free** trial treatment.
**Fairyfoot Products Co., Chicago**
**1223 S. Wabash Ave., Dept. 7231**



**HARD OF HEARING?**
**USE THIS EASY SIMPLE HOME METHOD!**

If you suffer from hardness of hearing or head noises caused by catarrh of the head, you will be glad to know of how we have improved the hearing of many suffering from this condition, with our simple home treatment. Nothing to wear—no one need know. Send today for proof and 30-day trial offer. No obligation.
**THE ELMO COMPANY, Dept. 148, Davenport, Iowa**



**Catarrhal Head Troubles?**

Do you worry over catching colds easily?—That sticky mucus in your nose?—A watery nasal discharge?—Phlegm in your throat?—Catarrhal bad breath?—Poor hearing at times?—Tickling, irritated sensitive throat?

Send for Free information from a Concern which has successfully employed an individual Home Method for Catarrhal troubles for over fifty years.

**Sproule-Stanley Method, 17 Cornhill Bldg., Boston, Mass.**



**HAVE YOU DISCOVERED?**

Christian Herald's plan that offers you a pleasant way of making money, acting as a local representative? Many men and women are finding it a sure way to real earnings. No expense to you, no previous experience needed.

You know Christian Herald, you know how valuable it is in your own life. Wouldn't you like to help introduce its valuable influence into the homes of others? Christian Herald will pay you generously for your help. Mail the coupon below for full particulars.

------USE THIS COUPON TODAY------

CHRISTIAN HERALD,
**Local Representatives Dept. Desk 19**
**419 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.**

Gentlemen: Let me know about your easy Money-Making Plan right away.

My Name .....
and
Address .....

Peter gave the answer as the belief of all the twelve. Mark's "Thou art the Christ," Luke's "The Christ of God" are set alongside of Matthew's "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God."

Three further promises appear in verses 18, 19. (1) The "gates of Hades" are the gates of Death," Death being represented as a fortress having strong gates. Strong as death is, and prevailing to the point of victory over mortality, there is a stronger power—My Church. In other words, "My Church shall never perish." (2) In the holding of the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven and (3) in binding and loosing, Peter was given unusual authority as a steward and also as a teacher. "To bind" and "to loose" are Jewish expressions with established meanings. The first means *to forbid*, the second *to permit*.

*The Eternal Contrast.* This Peter, so praised and given so high a place in the Kingdom, is next seen in the very opposite position. There is something about Peter's effort at protecting his Master that we admire. He was so well-intentioned, so sincerely trying to help. When Jesus spoke to him in no uncertain terms, "Get thee behind me, Satan."

*Exacting Discipleship.* Stern verses are 24 and 25. They declare that those who would follow Christ must be prepared for and willing to endure suffering. No half-hearted disciples will make the grade; no candidates for the Kingdom ought to enter it with an imperfect knowledge of its demands.

JANUARY 15

## Peter Sees Christ's Glory

MATT. 17:1-18; II PETER 1:16-18
(Printed Lesson, Matt. 17:1-9,14-18)

ONE can only imagine how great an effect the Transfiguration had on Peter as one views the later events of Peter's life and reads his statement (II Pet. 1:16-18) concerning that important event. With his own eyes he was an eye-witness of Christ's majesty; and with his own ears he heard the heavenly voice acclaiming Jesus as the Son of God.

*Contrasts in the Gospel narrative.* The vividness of the Gospel story is kept alive by its rapid movement from one scene to another, from one idea to its opposite. This makes the truth impressive. In this section we have the great confession sharply contrasted with Jesus' prediction of His death; Peter's lofty and noble words followed by his suggested defense of his Lord—the suggestion that brought him rebuke; and the supernatural spiritual blessing given to the few disciples on Mount Hermon, dulled in a way by the failure of the other disciples to perform a not too difficult miracle in the valley.

For a week the disciples had an opportunity to reflect on the events at Caesarea Philippi and particularly on the great statement of Peter, "Thou art the Christ!" But as if to add to their perplexity, He had almost immediately told them of His death and had referred to the establishment of the Kingdom of God.

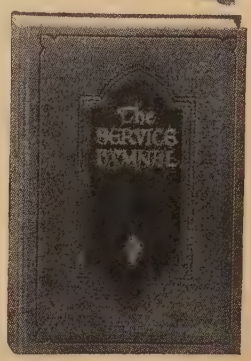
*What did the Transfiguration accomplish?* How did it affect future events? It gave to Jesus strength for the suffering He was to endure; it renewed His confi-


# Raise the Spiritual Temperature of Your Church

Leaders and ministers ask themselves and each other "How can we arouse our people to 'love, honor and cherish' the church . . . to build it up . . . to push it forward?"

Here is the answer! Send for our new "idea" folder of Finance Plans . . . NOT BECAUSE IT TELLS HOW TO RAISE MONEY FOR NEW HYMNBOOKS AT NO BUDGET INCREASE but because a small project successfully conducted will uncover "acres of diamonds"—the unsearchable riches of God's Providence—and set in motion larger projects. Inspired by faith born of a small achievement, your people will realize the abundant supply that God has made available for *all* needs.

Over 2,000 churches are stronger for using our hymnbook purchase plans. Their people have a new concept of giving, a new sense of power and unity, a new purpose for larger endeavors.




**THE SERVICE HYMNAL** is a book of exalted quality in contents and manufacture. Descants to established tunes are a popular feature. Fully classified—completely indexed, orchestrated. 480 pages, 501 numbers, 65 responsive readings. Covers lacquered for longer, brighter wear. Price per 100, $60, not prepaid.

**DEVOTIONAL HYMNS**
a smaller all purpose book for church and church school. Orchestrated. 310 hymns and songs, 34 readings, price per 100, cloth, $40. Bristol, price per 100, $25. Not prepaid.

Mail coupon for returnable samples and FREE hymnbook Finance Plans folder.

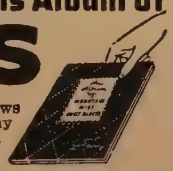
**HOPE PUBLISHING COMPANY**
only the best in song books
ESTABLISHED 1892
5705-A WEST LAKE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

**HOPE PUBLISHING COMPANY**
**5705-A West Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.**
Please send FREE folder of "Finance Plans" and returnable samples of books checked.
☐ THE SERVICE HYMNAL ☐ DEVOTIONAL HYMNS
Name..... Official Title.....
Address.....
City..... State.....
Church and Denom.....
Pastor..... Membership.....

**16 "GLORY SONGS" with ALL NEW words and music by Grant Colfax Tullar 15c**
These 16 Gospel Hymns are Mr. Tullar's latest and among his best compositions. Do yourself and your church a distinct service by sending 15c for one copy or 25c (in stamps or coin) for two copies or better still a dollar bill for ten copies clearly printed on good paper and substantially bound.
**TULLAR STUDIO** BOX 246-A ORANGE, N. J.

**5,000 CHRISTIAN WORKERS WANTED**
to sell Bibles, Testaments, good books, new Krystal Plax or velvet scripture mottoes, scripture calendars, greeting cards. Good commission. Send for free catalog and price list.
George W. Noble, Publisher, Dept. 9S, Monon Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

**Get Your Copy of this Album of QUILTS**



NEW Mountain Mist book shows over 50 quilt block designs, many in full color. Tells about designs, decoration value, quilting methods, "how to make" ideas. Learn about Mountain Mist filling that quilts quicker and easier . . . makes quilt look puffier after washing. Get Mountain Mist Quilt Cotton at dry goods and dept. stores. Send 10c (coin preferred) for new Mountain Mist 1939 Album.
STEARNS & FOSTER, DEPT. W-33
LOCKLAND • CINCINNATI, OHIO

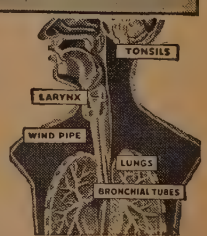
**INVENTIONS WANTED**
We successfully sell inventions, patented and unpatented. Write for proof, and tell us what you have for sale.
CHARTERED INSTITUTE, Dept. 35-A, Washington, D. C.

**MAKE YOUR OWN RAISED-LETTER STATIONERY**

Steel-Die Embosser, places name and address, monogram or initial in beautiful raised letters on letter paper and envelopes. Far more distinguished than printing, and SO economical. Personal embossers, $2 up; Notary, Corporate and Lodge seals, $3.60 up. Write for FREE STYLE SHEET of lettering, monograms, seals for hand or desk models. Lifetime guarantee. Orders shipped day received. Sold by stationery and department stores. **Roovers Embossers, 1447 37th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.**

**COUGHS...**

***Here's Why You Cough . . .***
**WHEN YOU CATCH COLD**
1 Congestion results and the tiny glands in your throat and windpipe cease to work properly.
2 The secretions of these glands often turn to heavy, clinging phlegm.
3 This sticky phlegm irritates your throat and you cough.




***How PERTUSSIN Relieves Coughs—***
1 Pertussin stimulates the glands in your throat and windpipe to pour out their natural moisture.
2 Then that sticky, irritating phlegm is loosened, and easily "raised" and expelled.
3 Your throat is soothed and your cough relieved quickly and safely by the Pertussin "Moist-Throat" Method.
**QUICK AND EFFECTIVE, AS PROVED BY MILLIONS OF BOTTLES USED**
**PERTUSSIN**
PRESCRIBED BY MANY DOCTORS FOR 30 YEARS

**FLINCH**
Now selling in its 8th million. A Great Standard Card Game for over a generation. Always popular — always a Best Seller! Flat or upright cases — 150 cards. 75 cents.
PARKER BROTHERS, Inc., SALEM, MASS.

# Beautiful Wall Calendar for 1939 in Full Color

# Let This Christian Home Calendar Serve You Thruout 1939

*At 25c each and less in quantities* you can afford to have one in your living room and in each bedroom in your house—you can afford to send one to each friend that you forgot at Christmas time.

The best, most useful calendar at this price, we recommend its many services especially to the Bible student. The Sunday School teacher will want to save the beautiful Biblical Pictures and paste them on cardboard to use in the S.S. class.

A beautiful painting "Jesus and the Children," makes the front cover; 12 beautiful paintings illustrating Bible passages add to the attractiveness of each calendar month. THIS IS THE ONLY SACRED CALENDAR THAT IS PRINTED IN FOREIGN LANGUAGES: German, Italian, Norwegian, Spanish and Swedish.

Here is a list of some of the services the CHRISTIAN HOME CALENDAR renders:

International Sunday School Lesson each week.

Golden Text for each Sunday.

Inspirational Scripture verse each day.

Story of each month's Bible picture.

"A year with the Bible.": Bible reading each day.

*Each page carries a three months calendar pad: the month preceding and following. Moon phases — Religious Holidays — AND a backcover full of valuable information; such as, Curious Bible Questions and Answers, Cities in the Life of Christ and a map of Palestine—and Household Information.*

**SINGLE COPIES, English 25c**
**Foreign..35c**

QUANTITY PRICES:—English—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 12 | calendars..... | $ 2.75 |
| 25 | " ..... | 5.50 |
| 50 | " ..... | 10.00 |
| 100 | " ..... | 15.00 |
| 200 | " ..... | 29.00 |
| 300 | " ..... | 42.00 |

Christian Herald Association 1939
419 Fourth Avenue, New York

Kindly send at once to list of names attached or address below

.....calendars for which I enclose

$.....

Name.....

Address.....


dence in His own relationship to the Father. As His ears heard the words, "This is my Son," all the resolution within Him was revived.

*Miracles by prayer.* The nine disciples were in trouble at the foot of the mountain while their Master was absent. What should have been a simple task was too hard for them to handle. No man can accomplish anything great without spiritual power. To have this he must know that God is near (that is *faith*) and he must commune with God (that is *prayer*). The disciples had tried and failed, but when Jesus had arrived and had done the blessed work, their question and His answer are important: "Why could we not cast it out?"

## JANUARY 22

## Peter Denies His Lord

LUKE 22:31-34,54-62

IT IS possible to gloss over Peter's errors, and to make them seem less heinous. Luke himself has done this by omitting from his account some of the more damaging details (as that Peter cursed and swore).

1. *Overconfidence.* When Jesus volunteered the information that Satan had brought it about that all the disciples would be severely tested, and that Peter in particular would be shaken as with a sieve, it was natural that Peter should be stirred to declare his loyalty. His answer was courageous enough, but was not based on solid judgment. He should have remembered that in his own strength he had not been able to avoid failure before.

Jesus spoke next. "You, who feel so confident, in this very night, before the cock crows to proclaim the dawn, will three times say that you do not know me and have no connection with me."

2. *Carelessness.* Almost immediately after Jesus' devastating prophecy the walk to Gethsemane began. Here, in a time of crisis, Peter was indifferent, weary, sleepy. Why did not Peter watch and pray? Why did he not pace back and forth in anguish of soul? He slept.

3. *Cowardice.* Is this too strong a word to use in description of the "rock-man"? We may excuse him because he had the company of the other ten disciples. When Jesus was led off by the soldiers, they all forsook Him and fled. At least it could be said of Peter that he followed his Master at a distance.

In the court of the high priest's palace, mingling with the servants and officers, Peter's loss of virtue was marked. His faith went first, then his courage, then his honesty, then his self-control.

*Jesus' searching look.* What could Peter see in his Master's eyes as they were turned upon him a short time after these accusations and denials? Certainly not contempt, nor hatred, nor criticism, nor separation; more certainly pity, and sympathy, and understanding, and love. And by that one look all the malefactions of Peter's uncertain lips were brought to light, and the man of weakness was made strong.

No good man is ever proud of his moral lapses when his sober judgment gets to work—nor was Peter, when the full sweep of recollection came.

*(Turn to page 62)*

*Shall it be said that we left them to starvation?*

# "There was Nothing for Supper"

*"ONE day we fed everything we had at noon. There was nothing for supper. I went to prayer that afternoon and spent most of the time on my knees; and before night I received a check from an absolute stranger."* Merlin Bishop has faith in the power of prayer—that same faith that gives him the strength and courage to face life as he now lives it in war-torn China. The city of Foochow has known bombing—your mission has suffered the loss of an out-building but the city is still in Chinese control. Your Mission work is still in full operation.

Father to nearly four hundred orphans, Merlin Bishop will never desert them—he sees his job as a God-appointed one and finds his days full of work—there is no time for fear and trembling. With your financial and spiritual support Merlin Bishop and his helpers will carry on and keep the strong foothold Christianity has made in southern China. By cable we can keep them supplied with money to buy rice—*can we count on you for the money?*

We haven't failed our orphaned children yet nor do we want to fail the little ones who come to the Ah Do gate and beg for food—the orphans of the war. We have built up a work in China that must and will carry on long after war has hidden its ugly head—the constructive work our Missions have been doing will survive and continue no matter who rules China—IF YOU CONTINUE YOUR FINANCIAL AND SPIRITUAL SUPPORT.

Hear the plea of these homeless little ones that depend for their lives on Christian love and charity—count *your* blessings and sacrifice that they be saved.

THE OLDER BOYS WATCH FROM UNDER THE "SAFETY" OF A TREE THE BURSTING BOMBS FROM ENEMY PLANES

Left years ago to starvation and the horrors of child slavery, our orphans have already suffered a living crucifixion that only their youth helped them survive—today they are knowing a life that Christ would have them live: reborn into a world of Christian love and charity, they would not understand the desertion of those who taught them according to Christ's teachings.

**$1 GOES FAR IN CHINA—3c CAN SAVE A LIFE FOR A DAY—NO AMOUNT IS TOO SMALL BUT SEND IT TODAY—OUR FUNDS ARE NEARLY EXHAUSTED.**

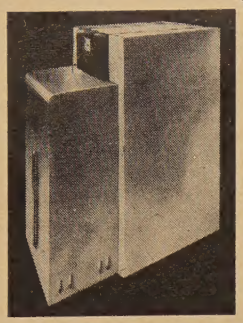
**CHRISTIAN HERALD INDUSTRIAL MISSIONS EMERGENCY FUND**

**Business Office, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City**

**I am sending you $..... to keep little children from starving.**

**Name**.....

**Address**.....



*It Stings the Fuel Bill*

**This Yello-Jacket Burnham Boiler**

IF YOU have ever been stung by an eight cylinder yellow jacket, you have a fair idea of the rumpus this new Yello-Jacket Boiler can play with your fuel bill.

Besides stinging the bill for heating your home, it also furnishes your bath and kitchen with a constant supply of hot water at practically no cost.

You don't even need the usual hot water storage tank. The Biltin Tankless Taco Heater that's part of the inside of the boiler, does the trick.

The jacket of this new boiler is a pleasing dandelion yellow.

You can use any fuel, any way you want to. If you want your fuel bill stung, you'll be sending for the booklet about this Yello-Jacket Boiler.

*Burnham Boiler*
CORPORATION
Irvington, New York
Zanesville, Ohio

**High School Course at Home** — **Many Finish in 2 Years**

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Course equivalent to resident school work — prepares you for entrance to college. Standard H. S. texts supplied — Diploma. Credit for H. S. subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. High school education is very important for advancement in business and industry and socially. Don't be handicapped all your life. Be a High School graduate. Start your training now. Free Bulletin on request. No obligation.
**American School, Dpt. H-133, Drexel at 58th, Chicago**

★

**NEWS ABOUT WOMEN!**

*Send for the*
**1939 WOMAN'S ALMANAC**
*and get a world of information for only* **$1.00**

Learn what women are doing in the world today. Read informative, helpful articles on home, fashion, beauty, careers and philosophies. Schedule your days by the interesting monthly calendar.

Enter the NEEDLEWORK Contest, with cash prizes of $25, $15 and $10.

*MAIL Coupon at once: for one of the soundest buys ever made.*

★

WOMAN'S ALMANAC, 570 Lexington Ave., New York City
Please send me the 1939 Almanac. $1 Enclosed.

Name.....

Address.....

★


*(Continued from page 60)*

JANUARY 29

## Peter Declares His Love

JOHN 21:11-19

OUR last lesson brought vividly to mind the weakness of human nature, even among those who are ardently devoted to the best things. Without any real cause, Peter was weak in a time of crisis, and three times denied his connection with his Master. This lesson points out the forgiving nature of the Saviour and His reinstatement of the erring disciple into a relationship of blessing.

Seven disciples (Simon Peter, Thomas, Nathaniel, James and John, and two others unnamed) returned to Galilee and resumed their occupation as fishermen. After a night of casting the net without success, they beheld in the early morning light a man on the shore whom they did not recognize. Over the one hundred yards' distance between boat and shore voices sounded. "You haven't caught anything, have you?" came from the shore. And from the boat went the answer, "No!" "Then cast the net on the right side of the boat." Doing this, they found so many fishes that they could not bring them into the boat.

The conversation between Jesus and Peter began with the simple question, "Simon, son of Jonas, is your love for me greater than that of these other men?" Peter had previously declared that when all others had forsaken Jesus he would still be loyal (Mark 14:29). The word which Jesus used, *agapas* (do you love me?) was the more dignified, really the nobler word, but as it seemed to Peter, in the ardor of his affection, the colder word for *love*. Peter's answer took no account of the contrast between his love and that of the others, but he did use a warmer, more affectionate word, *philo* (I do love). To this Jesus replied, "Feed my little lambs," meaning to set him to the humblest work, which needed much care and patience.

The second question used the same word again, *agapas*, but omitted the reference to the other disciples. Peter's reply continued this same word, *philo*, to which came Jesus' commission, "Tend my sheep!" The task was now enlarging—to tend is broader than to feed.

The third question shifts from Jesus' twice-used word to Peter's chosen warm one, *phileis:* "Simon, do you really love me in the sense of having an ardent, sacrificing love for me?" And from the depths of his loyal heart Peter gave reply, "Thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee." Jesus' command was fitting, "Feed my sheep." Only love could carry out that commission.

All these elements are to be found in Peter's reinstatement, as in yours and mine: (1) genuine sorrow, (2) forgiveness, (3) remembrance, (4) ardor, (5) communion, (6) testing, (7) declaration, (8) challenge, (9) response.

*(Continued from page 41)*

on His thirteenth birthday, when He became Bar Mizvah, a Son of the Commandment. But there can be little doubt that up to that time His life had been the normal one of Jewish boys.

But, though we would love to know all that is hidden from us about those early years, we do know sufficient to believe in Him as in very truth the Son of God, and the Saviour of the world.

*Blessed Jesus, we are thankful that Thou wast once a child, and lived as other children. And that Thou hast bid us to become as little children, whom Thou didst always love. Amen.*

THURSDAY, JANUARY 26

A LAMP TO MY FEET.
READ PSALM 119:105-106.

NAPOLEON once said to one of his officers, "Had I known that you do not read the Bible, I would not have made you a General." Even that great military genius recognized the value to him of men who were versed in the Holy Scriptures. To the true believer, the Bible is the one indispensable book. It is not just a theological treatise, a code of laws, or a religious homily, but the *Bible* the Book, at once the best book for the mind and the only book for the soul.

*We thank Thee, dear Father, for Thy Word, a light on the way as we pass through this world, a guide on our path toward the world to come. Amen.*

FRIDAY, JANUARY 27

NEITHER SHALL THEY LEARN WAR
READ ISAIAH 2:2-4.

YOU will be impressed, I think, by Mrs. Morrow's remark (on page 33,) about the poor animals which suffer from bombings during a great war—the horses and cattle and poor, innocent little birds, which, though without fault, lose their lives horribly. It seems especially pitiful that song birds, creatures which bring us hours of joy, should thus suffer tragedy.

Birds are no mean preachers. Their blithe songs should teach us to rise, to exalt our souls and lift them to heaven's heights. And their tragic deaths beneath the dropping bombs should teach all of us, once more, the inevitable horror of War.

*Deliver us, we pray Thee O God, from the colossal evils of War. May the time hasten when men at last are brothers. Amen.*

SATURDAY, JANUARY 28

VAIN MEN
READ JOB 11:11-15

SOME one has said that the best ball players are those who always sit in the grand stand and watch others play. They never go on the field, but can always tell us how much better they could have made the play.

Some Christians are like that. They are always ready with their criticisms, always inquiring why those in authority

in the Church do not do things some other way.

Such Christians may get to heaven, but I am sure they will not occupy very prominent seats.

*Keep us, dear Saviour, from being over-critical of those, Thy servants, who are striving to carry on the tasks Thou hast assigned them. Amen.*

## SUNDAY, JANUARY 29

GOD . . . SHALL BE WITH THEM.
READ REVELATION 21:1-7.

WHAT is the most beautiful verse in the whole Bible? Many answers have been given to that question since it was raised in *Christian Herald* several months ago.

The writer's choice is Rev. 21:4. "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain." My sainted mother loved that text.

*Dear Jesus, we thank and bless Thee for that beautiful promise in Thy word. Amen.*

## MONDAY, JANUARY 30

WHO BELIEVETH NOT THE TRUTH.
READ II THESS. 2:8-12.

A FEW years ago some 900 Swedes were allowed to leave Russia, where they had been living. They went first to Sweden, and from there to Western Canada, where they took up farms. A loan was arranged for them through officers of the Lutheran Church, to which denomination they belonged. Their reason for leaving Russia was that they were not allowed to worship God as they wished. So the Russian atheistic dictatorship was the means of depriving that country of nearly a thousand useful, God-fearing citizens, and Canada's gain was Russia's loss.

*We are thankful, dear Father, that we live in a Christian land, and can worship Thee as our consciences dictate. Amen.*

## TUESDAY, JANUARY 31

AS A TALE THAT IS TOLD.
READ PSALM 90:1-9.

ONE month of the New Year has already slipped by. With increasing swiftness, as we grow older, the days and months and years pass, almost as in a dream.

However there is nothing we can do to halt the onward sweep of the days and years. Rather than lamenting, it will profit us much more to make such use of the days as they come that we shall have no cause for regret when they no longer belong to us. "Live every day as if it were your last," advised the teacher. Use the days God gives us to the very best advantage—and trust the loving Father God for the future.

*May we dedicate to Thee, Father, all the days that are left of the year, and the years that are left of our lives.*


"I Count Upon Moody Annuities for Support"

"Promptly when due, I receive my semi-annual check. This gives me a sense of rest and security. And there's the joyful knowledge that my money will go on doing the very thing to which I have devoted my life—helping my fellow men."
Dr. M. W. Lau, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Investing in Moody Bible Institute Life Annuity Agreements means giving the use of your capital to the cause of training deserving young men and women for Christian service. For this, you receive during your lifetime—regularly and on time—dividend checks giving a return from 3¼ to 8½%, depending upon age. Your investment is guaranteed by the entire assets of Moody Bible Institute, plus a special annuity reserve. During 31 years, friends, like Dr. Lau—who have invested in more than 5,000 annuities—have been receiving Moody checks while sharing in soul-satisfying Christian service.

DETACH AND MAIL THIS COUPON
Annuity Dept. HM27, 153 Institute Pl., Chicago
Please send "Facts." No obligation incurred.
Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

*Write today for FREE booklet "Facts".*

The MOODY Bible Institute
OF CHICAGO
153 INSTITUTE PLACE • CHICAGO, ILL.

CLEANS WALLS NEW WAY!
Ends Drudgery..Lightning Seller
AMAZING NEW WALL CLEANER. Revolutionary invention. Banishes old-style housecleaning mess and muss. No dirty rags—no sticky "dough"—no red, swollen hands. No more dangerous step-ladders. Literally erases dirt like magic from wallpaper and painted walls. Also cleans ceilings, window shades, upholstered furniture, etc. SAVES REDECORATING! Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute! Low priced. Lasts for years. Housewives wild about it. Whirlwind seller. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. Hustlers cleaning up big money.

SAMPLE OFFER Samples sent on trial to first person in each locality who writes. No obligation. Get details. *Be first—send in your name TODAY!* THE KRISTEE CO., 511 Bar St., Akron, Ohio

The finest thing made for scraping dishes, pots, pans, sinks, etc. A scraping edge for every need. Won't scratch or mar the finest china. All rubber-plain hard wood handle. Entirely sanitary. Sent post paid to any address for 25 cents. Beautiful colored Catalin handles, 10 cents extra. Manufactured exclusively by
B. C. Tillinghast Rubber Co., Inc.
236 Market St. Philadelphia, Pa.
Special Rates to Church Societies, for Re-sale purposes.

COMMUNION WARE OF QUALITY
In Aluminum or Silver Plate

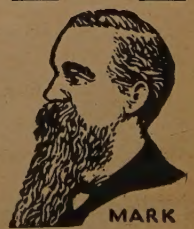
BEST MATERIALS · LOWEST PRICES
FINEST WORKMANSHIP
*Send for Illustrated Catalog*
INDIVIDUAL COMMUNION SERVICE CO.
ROOM 363 1701-03 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

TRY THE NEW GEM DEAF?
*The Latest Hearing Aid!*
Bone and Air Conduction.
Small in size . . . Clear in tone. Powerful, durable and simple to operate. LOW in price.
Write for Booklet "C-H."
GEM EAR PHONE CO. Inc.
47 W. 34th St. New York *and* 30 N. Michigan Blvd. Chicago, Ill.

EXTRA

TRADE

Remember—when you take a Smith Brothers Cough Drop you get Vitamin A—extra!
Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A
This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold infections.



MARK

Vol. 62 JANUARY, 1939 No. 1

## CONTENTS

Cover design—Ruins at Mattu Picchu
*Dmitri*

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES ..... 2
*The Editor*

OUT OF MY MAIL ..... 4
*Daniel A. Poling*

NEWS DIGEST OF THE MONTH ..... 7

FRONTISPIECE—PREPARATION ..... 12
*Grace Noll Crowell*

OUT OF THE MUD CAME DAWN ..... 13
*Richard T. Baker*

EVERY DAY IS SUNDAY ..... 16
*Ralph S. Meadowcroft*

ALARM CLOCK FOR 40,000,000 CHILDREN ..... 18
*James M. Ross*

WHAT THE WORLD MOST NEEDS ..... 21
*Dorothy Thompson*

PARSONAGE CANDLESTICK ..... 22
*Mary Heald Williamson*

KOREA'S FEMININE KAGAWA ..... 24
*William L. Stidger*

IT'S TIME TO CALL ON OUR NEIGHBORS ..... 26
*B. A. Decker*

A LAY SERMON ..... 28
*Hilton Gregory*

MARGARET SANGSTER'S PAGE ..... 29

MRS. CALEB'S BOARDER—PART V ..... 30
*Arthur C. Baldwin*

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS ..... 33
*Honoré Morrow*

EDITORIAL FORUM ..... 34

THE BEST IN RADIO ..... 35
*Aileen Soares*

AND I'LL BE PROUD! ..... 36
*Hayden Hall*

DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR ..... 38

CHURCH HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU ..... 40

THIS MAN INVENTS FLOWERS ..... 42
*Helen Welshimer*

STAMPS ..... 57
*Winthrop Adams*

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR JANUARY ..... 58
*Stanley B. Vandersall*

AFTER ALL ..... 64

Copyright, 1938

By Christian Herald Association, Inc.

★

## A GOOD NEIGHBOR CRUISE

IT has long been the belief of *Christian Herald* that the future of the United States is becoming more and more dependent upon our relation with the great Republics to the South. We feel that it has become a veritable duty for our citizens who can afford to do so, to visit South America.

Because of the many letters we have received from our readers, suggesting that we organize an all-expense Good Neighbor Cruise to South America, we have decided to go ahead.

Our party will sail from New York on the American Republic Liner "Brazil" February 11th, 1939, returning to New York March 27th. Among the cities visited will be Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Port of Spain, Trinidad.

An optional return trip through Chile and up the west coast of South America, and also arriving in New York on March 27th, has been arranged.

*For further details write*

Christian Herald Travel Bureau,

419 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

# After All!

## NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN

### It All Depends

What men call firmness in themselves they call contrariness in others.

—*Exchange.*

### Family Tie

There is always a tie between the father and son—and the son usually wears it.

—*Exchange.*

### Foolish Question

Jobyna—Ezry, would you marry a woman who is a great talker, or the other kind?

Ezry—What other kind?

—*Pathfinder.*

### Depopulated

Prof: "What's a skeleton?"

Frosh: "A stack of bones with the person scraped off."

—*Widow.*

### Inci-dent-ally

Ed Wynn's definition of a parking space is the place where you take your car to have those little dents put in the mudguards.

—*Exchange.*

### Looking Ahead

Customer—This photograph makes me look older than I really am.

Photographer—Well, that will save you the expense of having one taken later on.

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

### Transferable

Wise Guy (boarding a street car): "Well, Noah, is the Ark full?"

Conductor: "Nope, we need one more jackass! Come on in."

—*Maroon Bee.*

### Or A Press Agent

A fourteen-year-old school boy has been expelled because his teachers claim that he is incapable of telling the truth. If this young man doesn't mend his ways he will likely end up in the Weather Bureau.

—*Life.*

### Too Full for Utterance

Little Bobby had eaten unsparingly of cake, candy, nuts, popcorn, fruit, etc., at the party.

"Will you have a little more cake before you go?" asked his hostess.

"No, thank you, Mrs. Jones, I'm full," he replied.

"Then," said the hostess, "you'll put some nuts and candies into your pockets, won't you?"

"They're full, too," he said regretfully.

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

### Promotion

Dr. Charles M. Sheldon perpetrates this one: Cannibal Chief, to newly captured victim,

"What do you do?"

"I'm an editor."

"What sort of an editor?"

"Contributing editor."

"Well, after supper tonight you'll be editor-in-chief."

### Handicapped

"Are we going to try out young Roberts for the football squad?" asked the captain.

"No," replied the coach; "anybody who can spell such words as plenipotentiary, erysipelas, and plebiscite is no good as a football player."

—*Kablegrams.*

### Certainly Does

Auctioneer: "What am I offered for this beautiful bust of Robert Burns?"

Man in crowd: "That ain't Burns, that's Shakespeare."

Auctioneer: "Well, folks, the joke's on me. That shows what I know about the Bible."

—*Kitty Kat.*

### What's a Poor Girl to Do?

The co-ed complains that everything she likes to do is either illegal, immoral, or fattening.

—*Kablegrams.*

### Marble as Media

In a little cemetery in Arkansas there's a tombstone with this inscription:

"Here lies the body of Martha Hanks, beloved wife of Thomas Hanks, marble cutter. This monument was erected by her husband as a tribute to her memory, and as a specimen of his work. You, too, can have a monument of this same style, $250."

—*Exchange.*

### Established Reputation

The store manager said to the applicant, "What's your name?"

"Ford. Henry Ford."

The manager smiled. "Well, that's a pretty well-known name."

"Yes. It oughta be. I've been delivering groceries around here for two years now."

—*The Postage Stamp.*